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MODERN SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM.

NOTHING is more strange than the incessant reproduction of old thoughts under the guise of new and advanced opinions. It would seem as if the human mind, with all its restless activity, were destined to revolve in an endless circle. Its progress is marked by many changes and discoveries; it sees and understands far more clearly the facts that lie along the line of its route, and the modes or laws under which these facts occur; but this route in its higher levels always returns upon itself. Nature and all its secrets become better known, and the powers of Nature are brought more under human control; but the sources of Nature and life and thought—all the ultimate problems of being—never become more clearly intelligible. Not only so, but the last efforts of human reasoning on these subjects are even as the first. Differing in form, and even sometimes not greatly in form, they are in substance the same. Bold as the course of scientific adventure has seemed for a time, it ends very much as it began; and men of the nineteenth century look

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over the same abysses of speculation as did their forefathers thousands of years before. No philosophy of Theism can be said to have advanced beyond the Book of Job; and Professor Tyndall, addressing the world from the throne of modern science—which the chair of the British Association ought to be—repeats the thoughts of Democritus and Epicurus, as the last guesses of the modern scientific mind.

Professor Tyndall is well known as a clever and eloquent lecturer on scientific subjects. He has occupied himself with the popular exposition of science; and whatever doubts may be expressed of the solidity of his acquirements and the soundness and sobriety of his knowledge, none can well question that he has succeeded brilliantly in his chosen line. Both in this country and in America vast audiences have listened with enthusiasm to his expositions; and the wide-spreading interest in scientific education is largely indebted to his activity and zeal.

It is not our present purpose to

enter upon any estimate of Dr Tyndall's position as a man of science. The real or permanent value of his scientific labours are beyond our scope. But when he comes forth from his lecture-room to address the world on those old and great subjects which lie at the foundation of all human knowledge and belief, his utterances necessarily provoke criticism. Not content with the function of expositor, he has again, as occasionally before, affected the rôle of Prophet, and invited men to look beyond the facts and laws of science to the origin of things in its highest sense.

It may be questioned whether Nature has fitted him for this higher rôle. A man may have a keen and bright intelligence eminently fitted for scientific observation and discovery, and a fertile and lucid power of exposition, and yet no gifts of speculation or prophetic depth. The very keenness of vision which traverses rapidly the superficialities of things, often becomes blunted when trying to penetrate below the surface. The audacity which ministers to success in experiment often overleaps itself in the task of thought. Certainly neither Dr Tyndall nor any of his school are likely to suffer from any modesty of effort. If they do not scale the barriers which have hitherto confined human knowledge, it will not be because they have shrunk from assailing them. One remembers an old story of Newton, in the plenitude of his powers and of his marvellous discoveries, confessing to his immeasurable ignorance; comparing himself to a child who had only gathered a few pebbles on the shore of a boundless sea. This is possibly a myth, like others of those ages of reverence which have long since gone. Our modern scientists (as it is the fashion to call them) are certainly not animated by any such

spirit of modest humility. They rejoice in the great achievements of the scientific mind, and laud and magnify their own share in them. All "religious theories" must be brought to their lecture-rooms and tested. We do not quarrel with the pre-eminence thus claimed for science. But the spirit in which the claim is made is hardly a philosophical, and still less a religious spirit. Religion is, after all, a great fact in human life and history—as great as any with which science can deal. It is the highest of human experiences, and should never be approached without something of the reverence, and sense of mystery, and tenderness, and depth of insight which belong to its essential nature. It is a great thing, no doubt, to extend the boundaries of science, and to apply its verifying tests to the explanation of all phenomena; but it is also a serious thing to meddle rashly with the foundations of human belief and society, especially when one has nothing better to suggest than the old guesses of a philosophy which has more than once failed to satisfy even the intellectual aspirations of mankind.

Particularly it must be questioned whether the position temporarily occupied by Professor Tyndall was an appropriate one for the ventilation of materialistic theories. The British Association has outlived the early ridicule with which its annual meetings were greeted, and has gathered to itself the mass of scientific workers in the three countries. It is a representative institution, and its annual President ought to bear a representative character. His private religious opinions, or lack of religious opinions, are something with which the Association has nothing to do; and there is a degree of impertinence in the obtrusion on such an occasion of the "confession," whether of a new or

an old faith. Men do not expect to have their religious convictions either helped or hindered at the British Association, and it is not becoming that they should have to complain of the President's address as disturbing their customary tone of religious thought. If they wished to go into fundamental questions of cosmical origin, and the right which the idea of a divine Mind rather than mere Force has to stand at the head of all things, they would prefer, or at least all sensible men would prefer, leisure of inquiry and of interrogation for such questions. The chair of the British Association, no less than the Christian pulpit, offers no opportunity of reply. It is a place of privilege, and every such place has its decent reserves as well as its duties. Professor Huxley, who has shown his prophetic aspirations no less than Professor Tyndall, and a considerably deeper capacity of treating both philosophical and religious questions, wisely abstained as its President from turning the British Association into a propaganda of scientific belief or no-belief. He spoke with authority on the progress of a most interesting branch of science, to the culture of which he had devoted himself. It would have been well, we think, if Professor Tyndall had followed his example, for the sake both of his own reputation and of the reputation of the British Association.

For, after all, the British Association, while it has survived ridicule, and no doubt worked its way into some real function of usefulness in the promotion of science, is not without its ridiculous side. Like every other popular institution, it has gathered to itself not only wise and able workers in science, but many of those spurious theorists, and vague intellectual fanatics, who are constantly seeking an oppor-

tunity of presenting themselves before the public. It has its crowds of hangers-on who know little of science, and not much of anything else, but who find its Sections an appropriate sphere for their windy declamation on all subjects which can possibly be brought within their scope. These are the devotees of what is known as the Modern Spirit, waiting with greedy ears upon the utterances of its apostles and prophets, and ready to catch at any sound of scepticism as a breath of life. It is a strange phenomenon, this enthusiasm of unbelief, which is in the air of our time, and the rush which so many minds are making towards negations of some kind or another. There is nothing apparently so difficult for men as to stand alone, and calmly inquire into the truth of great questions. But few men, in point of fact, are fitted by native strength of mind or training to face such questions themselves. They are either scared by them, and so revert to some blind form of faith, or vaguely fascinated by them, and ready to take up with the first daring solution that comes in their way. The latter class of enthusiasts are apt to fancy themselves independent thinkers, because they go with the new spirit of the times, and throw off so readily the garments of their former profession. But, in point of fact, they are often more bigoted and slavish in thought than the blindest partisans of an ancient faith. Men and women who profess their inability to believe anything their fathers did, "look up," and feign to be fed with the emptiest generalisations of a pseudoscience. They are disciples of authority as utterly as those who are willing to abjure all science at the bidding of a supposed supernatural voice.

It is a bad thing in itself, and it

is bad for the British Association, to minister to the crude appetites of these neophytes of the Modern Spirit, who have laid aside religion without any capacity of rational thought on their own behalf. Dr Tyndall, in his better moments, can hardly be gratified by the enthusiasm of such disciples; and yet it may be said that they are the only class to whom such an address as his would be perfectly welcome. His more thoughtful hearers might be charmed by its eloquence, and the brilliant clearness and rapid ease of its diction here and there; but they must, at the same time, have been pained by its one-sidedness and superficiality, and the inconclusive vanity of its results. To them it could be no revelation to have all things traced to a material origin, on the supposition of matter being endowed with all possible potencies of life. On such a supposition hardly anything remains to be explained, only that it is as easy to make an hypothesis on one side as the other, and the hypothesis of the materialist is at least as unverifiable as that of the theist. Dr Tyndall himself, no doubt, knows this, and the difficulties which beset his own theory no less than all theories on the subject. But he ought to have remembered that there were many of his hearers who could receive the theory on trust from him, as a sort of temporary Pope of science; and that the last thing any really scientific man should wish to encourage is that species of presumptuous ignorance which mistakes hypothesis for fact, and "guesses after truth" for the truth itself. Few things are more intolerable than the confidence of ignorance on any subject; but the confidence of an ignorance that thinks itself in the front of knowledge, because it has learned the most recent nomenclature of scientific pretension, is

something from which all wise men would shrink, and of which all modest men feel ashamed.

But it is necessary to look more carefully at Professor Tyndall's address. Our criticism will be better applied when we have submitted its main points to the reconsideration of our readers. It is only fair that we should hear him speak for himself, and with the force due to the order and connection in which he has himself set forth his thoughts. His address is partly historical and partly argumentative. It is written throughout with great clearness, and a brilliant lightness and expressiveness of touch of which the author has frequently shown himself master; and yet, as a whole, there is a lack of coherence and higher order of ideas in it. He glances from topic to topic with great adroitness, and mixes up history with argument, and argument with history, in ingenious combination; but neither is the history accurate or exhaustive, nor the argument carried out with consistency and force. It is possible, therefore, to mistake his meaning here and there, and the exact conclusions to which he points; but it is hardly possible to misunderstand the drift of his thought, and the antagonism which he everywhere implies betwixt science and religion, or, at least, religion in any fashion such as men have hitherto been accustomed to receive it. It will be our care in the sequel to show that he, as well as his whole school, greatly exaggerate this antagonism, and, in fact, only impart any reality to it by perverting theological conceptions on the one hand, and, on the other hand, claiming for science what can never come within its sphere.

Dr Tyndall's address strikes, in its very opening sentences, the keynote of this alleged opposition betwixt science and religion. "An

impulse inherent in primeval man," he says, "turned his thoughts and questionings betimes towards the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day. Determined by it, by a process of abstraction from experience, we form physical theories which lie beyond the pale of experience, but which satisfy the desire of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting upon a cause. In forming their notions of the origin of things, our earliest historic (and doubtless, we might add, our prehistoric) ancestors pursued, as far as their intelligence permitted, the same course. They also fell back upon experience, but with this difference—that the particular experiences which furnished the web and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men. Their theories, accordingly, took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, 'however potent and invisible, were nothing but a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites,' were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena."

The words marked as a quotation in this paragraph are from the third section of Hume's 'Natural History of Religion.' The object which Hume has in view is not exactly that professed by Professor Tyndall; yet the language of the great sceptic of the eighteenth century naturally comes to the assistance of his followers in the nineteenth. It is singular, indeed, how all the most characteristic ideas of modern positive thought were anticipated by Hume, and not merely in vague

hint, but in clearer and more outspoken words than are now frequently used. All the prevailing talk as to *anthropomorphism* is merely an echo of Hume, or of the sceptical Philo, who may be supposed to represent him in the 'Dialogues concerning Natural Religion.' In the Essay from which the above quotation is made, he speaks "of the universal tendency among mankind to conceive all beings like themselves, and to transfer to any object those qualities with which they are familiarly acquainted.* He is everywhere full of the modern conception of mind as the mere efflux of Nature, just as "heat or cold, attraction or repulsion," or any other phenomena which falls "under daily observation."† Nay, he is the noted precursor of that very tone of condescension as to religion which is so common to the present school, and which appears with such disagreeable emphasis in the close of Dr Tyndall's address—the tone which allows it a subjective validity in the region of faith or emotion, but no objective validity in the truth of things. It is very natural, therefore, to find the President of the British Association leaning upon the arm of the good-natured and keen-witted Scotch philosopher, who has done so much of the work of thought for our modern philosophers before they were born.

All the same, Professor Tyndall hardly makes a fair use of the quotation of Hume. Hume is writing of the origin of religion, and not of supposed theories of "the origin of things." The origin of religion, he maintains, is not to be sought in the contemplation of natural phenomena—for such a contemplation could hardly fail to lead men to the conception of a universal cause, or

* Sect. iii.

† Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, Part ii.

"of one single being who bestowed existence and order on this vast machine, and adjusted all its parts according to one regular plan or connected system. . . . All things," he adds, "in the universe are evidently of a piece. Everything is adjusted to everything. One design prevails throughout the whole. And this uniformity leads the mind to acknowledge one author."* It is not the observation of nature, but of human life in its thousand accidents and variations, which leads men to the conception of a 'mob of gods' invested with the governance of the world. Whether Hume's theory be correct or not, is nothing to the point. It is a theory of the origin of religion in man's heart that he is in quest of, and not a theory of man's earliest thoughts about natural phenomena.

While these thoughts, according to our lecturer, necessarily took at first 'an anthropomorphic form,' there yet rose, "far in the depths of history, men of exceptional power" who rejected anthropomorphic notions, and sought "to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles." And prior even to such mental efforts men's thoughts were stimulated by commerce and travel; and "in those regions where the commercial aristocracy of ancient Greece mingled with its Eastern neighbours, the sciences were born."² A quotation from Euripides follows standing on the same page of Hume with the sentence already quoted, and descriptive of the caprices practised by the popular deities in order that man may worship them the more. This was "the state of things to be displaced," says Dr

Tyndall, by the progress of science, which "demands the radical extirpation of caprice, and the absolute reliance upon law in Nature."

Among the great men who lead in this process of scientific extirpation, Democritus stands pre-eminent. Few men "have been so despitely used by history," under the name of the "laughing philosopher." But his true greatness was long since seen by Bacon, who "considered him to be a man of weightier metal than either Plato or Aristotle, though their philosophy was noised and celebrated in the schools amid the din and pomp of professors."

In his account of Democritus, Professor Tyndall frankly expresses his obligations to Lange's 'History of Materialism'—"a work," he says, "to the spirit and letter of which I am equally indebted." He may well make this confession, for he can hardly be said in this part of his address to do more than repeat—no doubt in his own flowing language—Lange's description and analysis of the Atomic Philosophy. His summary of its principles in the fourth paragraph is little else than a translation from Lange, although with some variety in the order of the six propositions into which the summary is thrown in both cases—the combination of two of Lange's propositions into one, and the addition of a well-known principle elsewhere derived by our lecturer. The principles as given by the latter are briefly these: "1. From nothing comes nothing. Nothing that exists can be destroyed. All changes are due to the combination and separation of molecules. 2. Nothing happens by chance. Every oc-

* Natural History of Religion, sect. ii. Here, as in many other places, Hume's theism may be said to be ostentatious. And it was probably sincere. While the chief author of many of the ideas which have been applied by the modern philosophy to sap the foundations of theism, he cannot be said himself to have abandoned the theistic position, or at least he never professes to have done so.

currence has its cause from which it follows by necessity. 3. The only existing things are the atoms and empty space ; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form ; they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of the worlds. 5. The varieties of all things depend upon the varieties of these atoms in number, size, and aggregation. 6. The soul consists of free, smooth, round atoms like those of fire. These are the most mobile of all. They interpenetrate the whole body, and in their motions the phenomena of life arose."

As arranged in the first section of the first book of Lange's work (p. 7, 8), the most important of the Democritian principles stand as follows: "1. The principles of all things are atoms and empty space. All else is mere opinion. 2. There are infinite worlds in number and extent which continually arise and pass away. 3. Out of nothing comes nothing, and nothing can be destroyed. 4. The atoms are in continual movement, and all changes are to be explained by their combination and separation. 5. The varieties of things depend upon the varieties of their atoms in number and size ; originally there is no qualitative difference of atoms. 6. Everything happens through necessity. Final causes are to be rejected."

There is just so much similarity betwixt the two statements as to show how liberally Dr Tyndall has used Lange, and how truly, according to his own confession, he has been indebted to the "letter" as well as the spirit of the German historian of Materialism. It would hardly have been worth while to point this out, save that he has borrowed still more largely from

another work to which he alludes more than once, but without expressing at large his indebtedness—viz., Dr Draper's 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.' When he drops Lange, he takes up Draper. The former serves as the basis of his address to the close of the paragraphs on Lucretius—the latter as the main source of its subsequent historical analysis, till he leaves the field of history and entertains us with the clever dialogue betwixt Bishop Butler and the disciple of Lucretius. It is not merely that he quotes facts and allusions ; but all that he says as to the influence of the Arabian intellect during the middle ages, and "our scientific obligations to the Mahommedans," is almost literally transferred from the sixteenth chapter of Draper's work. The picture of scientific precocity presented by Alhazen, "about A.D. 1100;" the contrast betwixt the dirt and stupidity of the medieval Christians, and the "cleanliness, learning, and refinement" of the Moors ; and the delicate allusion to "the under-garment of ladies," as retaining its Arab name to this hour,—are all from Draper. Considering how largely our lecturer has used Dr Draper's work, it is a wonder that its author (who is still living) should not have come in for some of that fulsome eulogy which it is so much the habit of the members of this school to bestow upon one another, and which is so roundly administered in this very address. We observe that an admirer of Dr Draper, who has "intimately known his work for ten years," and is greatly gratified by Professor Tyndall's obligations to it, yet expresses his disappointment that his "acknowledgment of them was not fuller, wider, and more emphatic." The paragraphs he adds "on the Arabs and Bruno are almost slavishly recast from Professor Draper's

text."* Dr Tyndall, indeed, expresses his "entire confidence" in Dr Draper; and he has shown this confidence by the indiscriminate manner in which he has borrowed from him. He could hardly otherwise have adopted so one-sided and superficial an estimate of the Scholastic Philosophy, nor even committed himself to such a bit of learned pleasantries as that about the under-garment of ladies. A glance into Du Cange's Dictionary of Mediæval Latin would have satisfied him that *Camisa* or *Camisia* is of much older use than Dr Draper or he seems to imagine. The truth is, that Draper's volumes, although not without a certain merit, are not of such solid value as to warrant the use made of them. A President of the British Association should go deeper for his facts and authorities. Hardly "the outcome of vigorous research" themselves, they cannot be the basis of any such research in others. Especially they are deceptive, in their one-sided and unsifted accumulations of details, and their thin and partial vein of generalisation, to one who like Dr Tyndall has abandoned himself with unreserved faith to their guidance, and simply transferred their generalisations to his pages.

There is nothing more characteristic of the members of the Modern School than the confidence and admiration which they express towards all who agree with them. Names, however unknown or obscurely known, if only associated with some attack on theology, or some advance of materialistic speculation, are brought into the full blaze of applausive recognition. So far as ancient names are concerned, we do not ourselves much quarrel with this. We are glad to see men like Democritus and Epi-

curus, and Alhazen and Bruno, receive, it may be, even more than their measure of justice, as some of them may have hitherto received less than this measure. Church writers long had it their own way, and it is only fair that science should have its turn. Truth is not likely to be advanced, however, by men of science not only vindicating names which they may consider to have been aspersed in the past, but repeating towards others a similar exaggeration of abuse to that which they have deprecated when directed against their own intellectual ancestry. We have no objection to see both Democritus and Epicurus set upon their pedestals; but why should poor Aristotle not only be dethroned from his eminence, but degraded and kicked away in disgrace, like a lad who had got to the top of his class and kept it for years under false pretences?

"Whewell," says Dr Tyndall, "refers the errors of Aristotle not to a neglect of facts, but to a 'neglect of the idea appropriate to the facts; the idea of mechanical cause, which is force, and the substitution of vague or inapplicable notions, involving only relations of space or emotions of wonder.' This is doubtless true; but the word 'neglect' implies mere intellectual misdirection; whereas in Aristotle, as in Goethe, it was not, I believe, misdirection, but *sheer natural incapacity*, which lay at the root of his mistakes. As a physicist, Aristotle displayed what we should consider some of the worst attributes of a modern physical investigator—*indistinctness of ideas, confusion of mind, and a confident use of language which led to the delusive notion that he had really mastered his subject, which he has as yet failed to grasp, even the elements of it. He put words in the place of things, subject in the place of object.*"

This—and there is a good deal more of the same emphasis of abuse

* Spectator, August 29.

bestowed upon the old Stagirite—is hardly decent language in the mouth of a President of the British Association towards one who has so long held such a lofty pre-eminence. There may be good ground for lowering Aristotle from the position of intellectual authority which he has enjoyed almost beyond precedent, and to the disadvantage in many cases of a free and true method of investigation. But a man lives by his excellencies, and not by his faults; and the imperial faculties which in so many departments of knowledge so long swayed the human mind, will not suffer from Dr Tyndall's aspersion. The true way, of course, to test Aristotle, as well as any ancient name, is not by comparing him with any "modern physical investigators," but with the investigators and thinkers of his own time. Professor Tyndall, it has been well said, would be at a loss to "offer a shadow of proof that the physical inquiries of the Atomists were conducted on sounder principles than those of the Stagirite—for example, that the arguments of Epicurus for the existence of a vacuum were a whit more satisfactory than the opposite arguments of Aristotle."*

It is curious to trace the revival of the Atomic Philosophy and the rejuvenescence of its great leaders, Democritus and Epicurus, with every repeating wave of materialistic speculation. Some of Dr Tyndall's auditors probably heard of the philosopher of Abdera for the first time; and many more of them, it is no want of charity to say, had no conception either of his historical position or of his special opinions. Even Dr Tyndall himself appears to have been somewhat hazy about his position, when he speaks of him in connection with Empedocles,

and of the latter noticing a "gap in the doctrine of the former," and striking in to fill it up. The four "rudiments" of Empedocles are generally supposed to represent a prior stage of speculation to the "atoms" of Democritus. To a slip of this kind little importance need be attached. But it is surely absurd for our modern Positive philosophers, with their advanced ideas, to make so much of these ancient names. Even if it were true, that more than two thousand years ago the "doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest,' which in our day, not on the basis of vague conjecture, but of positive knowledge, has been raised to such extraordinary significance, had received at all events partial enunciation"—it would not matter in the least as to the truth of this doctrine, or the truth of the views with which it is associated. If we must discard Plato and Aristotle, we are not likely to shelter ourselves under the cloak of Democritus or Empedocles. Even if the former has been "despitefully used" by history, and we are wrong in regarding him as the "laughing philosopher," at any rate we know little or nothing of his philosophy. For, says Mr Lewes—whose authority should be congenial to Dr Tyndall—speaking of the evidence which survives on the subject, it is "so obscure that historians have been at a loss to give it (the system of Democritus) its due position in relation to other systems. Reinhold, Brandis, Marbach, and Hermann view him as an Ionian; Buhle and Tenneman, as an Eleatic; Hegel, as the successor of Heraclitus; Ritter, as a Sophist; and Zeller, as the precursor of Anaxagoras." Ferrier is inclined to claim him, with all his materialistic tendencies, as in some degree an adherent of the phi-

* Letter on Dr Tyndall's address by Professor Smith Robertson.

losophy of the Absolute.* Altogether he is a shadowy figure, and probably owes something of his very vitality to the vagueness of his outline, and the ease with which the modern mind reads its own meaning into him.

In the seventeenth century, when the first wave of materialistic speculation passed over England, it was in the same manner Democritus and Epicurus who came to the front as its representatives. They impersonated to Cudworth and others that "Atheism of Atomicism" with which they fought so stoutly. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that then, as now, a clear discrimination was made by all enlightened theists betwixt the atomic theory itself as a physical hypothesis, and the materialistic atheism which has been associated with it. The former is a perfectly valid theory, resting on its own evidence, and, according to Cudworth, as ancient as speculation itself. In its true interpretation it professed to explain the *physical origin* of the universe, and nothing else. As such, theism has nothing to say against it. "But Leucippus and Democritus, and after them Protagoras and Epicurus, cast off the spiritual side of the philosophy, and left only the material. They took away the highest part, and left only, as Cudworth says, the 'meanest and lowest.'"[†] In this respect Hobbes followed them in the seventeenth century, just as others are doing in the nineteenth. It may surely be said that the course of materialistic thought shows little sign of originality. With all

the commotion it again makes in our day, it is where it was, standing by the names of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius. It vaunts itself of new and higher methods of investigation, but its theories are not a whit more valid and satisfactory than they were in former centuries; and the powerful language of Lucretius, to which the pen of Tyndall naturally reverts, is probably to this day their best and most felicitous expression.

But, absurd as is all this historical appeal on such a subject, and especially so in a school whose pretension it is to disclaim authority, it is far more excusable than the manner in which living names are used by the same school. Anything more offensive than the vulgar admiration so largely interchanged amongst its members it is hard to imagine, and Dr Tyndall's address is a conspicuous instance of this offensiveness. His friends and admirers are everywhere bespattered with the most ridiculous praise; while, as if to set off their merits to more advantage, we have a strongly-drawn picture of those "loud-tongued denunciators" who venture to open their lips against the divine claims of science—"rash and ill-informed persons who have been hitherto so ready to thrust themselves against every new scientific revelation, lest it should endanger what *they are pleased to consider theirs*." These "objectors," like the noxious thistle which "produces a thistle and nothing else," "scatter their germs abroad, and reproduce a new kind, ready to play again the part of their intellectual

* Lewes's Hist. of Philosophy, vol. i. p. 96, 97; Ferrier's Greek Philosophy, p. 163. Some fragments of Democritus survive, gathered from Aristotle and others. They were published at Berlin in 1843 by Mullach, under the title '*Democriti Abderitæ operum fragmenta*.' Of Epicurus the philosophical remains (found among the rolls at Herculaneum, and published by Orelli, 1818) are still more imperfect. Not one of the 300 volumes ascribed to him survives.

† See Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy, vol. ii. p. 249, by Principal Tulloch, where the conflict of materialism with Christian thought in the seventeenth century is fully told.

progenitors; to show the same virulence, the same ignorance; to achieve for a time the same success; and, finally, to suffer for a time the same inexorable defeat." In comparison with this noxious race stand the enlightened group of Evolutionists, who are now leading the van of the world's thought, with Mr Charles Darwin and Mr Herbert Spencer at their head. The former is a man of "profound and synthetic skill," who "shirks no difficulty," and has so "saturated" his subject "with his own thought," that he must "have known better than his critics the weakness as well as the strength of his theory." This, Dr Tyndall continues, would be of little avail were Mr Darwin's object "a temporary dialectic victory, instead of the establishment of the truth which he means to be everlasting. But he takes no pains to disguise the weakness he has discovered; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others," so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that if they be not completely answered, they certainly are not fatal. This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. . . . He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate," and all "without a trace of ill-temper. . . . But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colours and warms the pages of Mr Darwin."

Mr Darwin, we trust, has more good sense than to welcome this outburst of nauseous compliment. An accomplished naturalist, with rare powers of observation, and

an entertaining and often graceful power of describing the results of his patient and prolonged investigations, he is eminently deserving of all due honour. Whatever merit there may be in the elucidation of the principle of natural selection to which he has devoted his life, let him by all means have it. For ourselves, we believe that the importance of the principle has been greatly exaggerated. But, withal, Mr Darwin is as little of a philosopher as any man who ever lived. His genius is almost solely a genius of observation and narration, with very faint powers of argument, and, as it appears to us, with almost no depth of synthetic insight. He fails frequently to understand the true meaning of the facts which he describes, and still more frequently the higher conclusions to which they plainly lead. He is weak in logic, and especially weak in every attempt to rise into the higher region which he sometimes essays of abstract discussion; and this mainly owing to that very absorption of mind with his own subject, which Dr Tyndall considers one of his special merits. If there was no other evidence of all this, and of the confusion of thought which runs through a great deal of Mr Darwin's most ingenious writing, the fact that, according to his ardent encomiast, "he needed an expounder," would suffice to prove as much. This expounder he found in Mr Huxley; and, of course, Dr Tyndall "knows nothing more admirable in the way of scientific exposition than those early articles of Mr Huxley on the origin of species." In a similar manner Mr Herbert Spencer comes in for his share of glory as "the apostle of the understanding,"—"whose ganglia are sometimes the seat of a nascent poetic thrill."

But enough of this. We have

taken the pains to point out these features of Dr Tyndall's address, because they furnish conspicuous evidence of an increasing vice in contemporary literature. It is bad enough that the intellectual world should be divided into so many schools as it is. It narrows intellectual work, and sectarianises culture. Our scientific and literary coteries jostle one another like so many sects in the religious world, each often with a jargon of its own, and a *mission* in comparison with which nothing else is of any consequence. This is sufficiently intolerable; but it is still more intolerable that these coteries should constitute themselves into societies for mutual admiration, and that the Chair of the British Association should not be free from this vulgar species of flattery. If Mr Darwin, Mr Herbert Spencer, and others, are really the great philosophers which their friends and admirers declare them to be, then their intellectual character may be safely left to the future. They do not need to have their merits emblazoned as on a sign-post for the applausive gaze of the "common herd." The Evolutionists should leave this exaggerated talk to others whom they are apt to despise, and remember that the habit of emphasis is seldom the sign of a strong cause, and never the sign of the highest range of intellectual simplicity and power.

We said in the outset that one of the main objects of Dr Tyndall's address was to emphasise an antagonism betwixt religion and science; and to this more important point we must return. There is a certain sense, indeed, in which he and all his school are deferential towards religion, and even warmly disposed to allow its claims. In the close of his address he adverts to these claims, and makes his meaning sufficiently clear. Religious feeling is

an undoubted element of human nature, and cannot be ignored by any wise observer, no more than "that most powerful of passions—the amatory passion," which Mr Spencer (of course) has indicated as "antecedent" in its first occurrence "to all relative experiences whatever"! "There are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, and wonder; and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deepest feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. *You*, who have escaped from these religions" (the scientific fledglings, we presume, surrounding the Chair of the British Association) "into the high-and-dry light of the intellect, may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present time. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are—dangerous, nay, destructive to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to *recognise them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper and elevated sphere.*" Again, in almost the closing words of the lecture, we are told that "the world embraces not only a Newton but a Shakespeare, not only a Boyle but a Raphael, not only a Kant but a

Beethoven, not only a Darwin but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be left free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs,—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however,”—and with this sentence the original lecture concluded—“I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.”

This bit of rhetorical pathos has been removed in the Address as published by Messrs Longman, and two quotations substituted,—one of them a well-known quotation from Wordsworth’s “Tintern Abbey,” and the other a remark of Goethe—“Fill thy heart with it, and then receive it as thou wilt.”

These extracts are to be taken for what they are worth. They seem to many to mean a great deal—to open, as it were, a new door for religion when the old one has been shut. They are all the more deserving of notice because they contain a certain measure of truth, which every enlightened student of

the history of religious opinion recognises. The conclusive beliefs of mankind as to the objects of religion necessarily undergo modification and change ‘with each succeeding age.’ No one who has pondered the subject would be disposed to claim, in the region of religious knowledge, “an ultimate fixity of conception.” But this is something very different from Dr Tyndall’s position. He denies, it is obvious, not only the adequacy of our religious ideas—but that these ideas have any veritable objects at all. Such religion as he would condescendingly make room for is a religion of mere subjectivity, not “permitted” to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, but confined to its proper sphere of *emotion*. In short, it is such a religion as *need not, in any sense, be true*—a mere emotional flower on the upspringing growth of humanity, having no deeper root than the vague soil of wonder or of tenderness that lies in human nature, and pointing nowhere,—such a religion, therefore, as may perfectly consist with a doctrine of material evolution. Suppose man, along with all other creatures, to be a mere efflux of nature—to come forth from her teeming womb, as the universal mother—and you may have such religion as grows with other growths from this fruitful source. Religion, like other things, is a part of the general evolution, and must be allowed its sphere.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is an essentially different conception of religion from that which is embodied in Christianity, and recognised by all Christian Churches. And it is well that the clear distinction betwixt the two systems should be understood. According to the one, man is the mere product of nature—the highest organism which its teeming and fertile power

has thrown off in its ever-upward movement. According to the other, he is not only at the head of nature as its highest consequence, but as endowed with a reasonable soul which is the divine image, and not the mere play of natural forces, however subtle or beautiful.

This is the essential question betwixt the two schools, What is man? or, more strictly, What is Mind in man?—a question as old as the dawn of speculation, and which the progress of science, with all its modern pretensions, is no nearer solving than it was centuries ago. This deeper question it is which lies at the root of all the modern contention about the idea of design in nature. If Mind, of course, is merely one form of force amongst many, why should it be conceived of as underlying other forms, and regulating and controlling them? As Hume long ago put it, with a pertinence which none of his followers have rivalled, "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the universe?"* Why should the source of the universe be conceived as analogous to it rather than to what we call matter? The Modern scientific School has deliberately espoused the rights of matter. Some of its members may say, that in the end they cannot tell whether the source of being is material or spiritual. "Matter may be regarded as a form of thought—thought may be regarded as a property of matter; each statement has a certain relative truth."† But beneath all this indifference and frequent confusion of language, there is an essential discrepancy in the two modes of thought which touches almost every aspect of life and determines the true char-

acter of religion. Dr Tyndall is well aware of this, and his language leaves no doubt on which side he is proud to rank himself.

In speaking of the origination of life, he says he does not know what Mr Darwin conclusively thinks of it.

"Whether he does or does not introduce his 'primordial form' by a creative act I do not know. But the question will inevitably be asked, 'How came the form there?' With regard to the diminution of the number of created forms, one does not see that much advantage is gained by it. The anthropomorphism which it seemed the object of Mr Darwin to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Two courses, and two only, are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus, and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable; but the definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover the purely physical and mechanical properties; and taught, as we have been, to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of *such* matter any form of life could possibly arise. But are the definitions complete? Everything depends upon the answer to be given to this question. Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have 'a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character.' Can we pause here? We break a magnet, and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but however small

* Dialogues concerning Natural Religion, Part ii.

† Professor Huxley.

the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we break no longer, we *prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules*. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close, to some extent, with Lucretius, when he affirms that 'Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods;' or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not 'that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb'? The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or irreverence. *Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.*"

In his Address, as revised and published by himself, Dr Tyndall has slightly modified the expressions of this significant passage. The conclusion to which he comes no longer appears as "a confession" which he is bound to make, but as "an intellectual necessity." "The vision of the mind" is introduced as authoritatively supplementing "the vision of the eye." And in the end, as throughout, in the description of matter, and its identity with every form of life, there is more the semblance of reasoning, and less the air of a devotee eager to proclaim his gospel of Materialism.

At the best, however, it requires only the most cursory examination of the passage to see how far the lecturer commits himself, and in so doing, how far he exceeds the

bounds of science. Plainly, according to his own words, he makes a leap from the visible to the invisible. Whether this leap be made in the strength of faith, or of "an intellectual necessity," is little to the point. Intellectual necessities are as little valid as faith in the school of science or the sphere of mere observation and experiment. "*Hypotheses non fingo*" was the old motto of Physicisin; and it is an absolute motto of all true science, discarded as it has been by the Modern School. When once a conclusion is made to hang not on observed facts, and the generalisations in which the facts verify themselves, but upon a vision confessedly prolonged beyond the facts, and crossing the boundary of experimental evidence, it is no longer in any sense a scientific conclusion. It may be as visionary as—it probably is far more so than—any of those theological or so-called anthropomorphic conclusions which are the special bane of Dr Tyndall. It is indeed a strange outcome of all our boasted scientific progress, before which so many theological spectres are to disappear, and the reign of natural law over all things is to be inaugurated, that its last word for us is as pure an hypothesis as the scholastic or religious genius of past ages ever conceived. What has this genius in its wildest flights ever done more than prolong its vision beyond the bounds of experience, and confidently apply the suggestions of one department of knowledge to another, or, in the language of the Address, do *something* similar, in the one as in the other? If men have erred in the past, in judging too much of nature by themselves, and investing it with their own limitations, which may be readily admitted, does this warrant the modern physicist in applying to man, or the universe as a whole, a

new class of notions derived from the lower fields of nature, and as yet wholly unverified even there? If we are only to get quit of anthropomorphism at the expense of materialism, it is but a sorry exchange. If the Mind which lives in man is to be cast out of nature only that the Force which moves in nature may be transferred in its primordial generality, and without the slightest evidence, to man with all his god-like qualities, then we have no hesitation as to which hypothesis is the grander and even the more scientific of the two.

We have no quarrel with the evolutionary hypothesis in itself. It is an inspiring conception to look upon nature in all its departments as intimately linked together from "primordial germ" to the most fully developed organism—from its rudest speck to its subtlest symmetry of form, or most delicate beauty of colour. The idea of *growth* and *vital affinity* is, we readily grant, a higher idea than that of mere *technic* after the manner of men. There is no call upon us to defend the imperfect analogies by which past generations may have pictured to themselves the works of nature. There was no finality, and there may have been something of human pride and prejudice, in these analogies. In so far as science helps us to understand better and more wisely all the activities of the world around us, we are indebted to it. But it will hardly help us to do this, to substitute one unverified hypothesis for another, and to conceive of nature as a great mother self-produced and self-producing, any more than as a great workshop with the traces of artificers' tools all scattered up and down in it.

It is unnecessary to argue at length the unverified character of

the *naturalistic* hypothesis of Evolution. It stands confessed in Dr Tyndall's language. The power of self-transmutation which it attributes to matter is as yet wholly unproved, and nothing can show this more distinctly than the manner in which he speaks of the subject. With all his wish to read below the lines of nature, and trace them with his mental vision running into one another, he is forced to say that all the evidence hitherto proffered in behalf of 'spontaneous generation' cannot be accepted. It is all very well to qualify this admission with the statement that there are those who consider this evidence "as perfectly conclusive;" "and that were some of us who have pondered this question to follow a *very common example, and accept testimony because it falls in with our belief*, we also should eagerly close with the evidence referred to." This is but a poor insinuation, and merely shows how impossible it is for men like him to forget the hated and despised theologian who haunts their scientific dreams. Does not this constant hitting at a "sad example" betray their own liability to follow it; and to accept testimony for little other reason than that it falls in with their belief? The present lecture, in its attempt to explain the rise of higher from lower organisms, is not without specimens of this mode of reasoning. Let our physicists forget theology for a little—put it out of sight—as indeed they have nothing to do with it, and science will be all the better, although it may prove less exciting and theorising in their hands.

Withal, Dr Tyndall clearly admits that the essential point of the origin of life from anything but antecedent life—a point which enters into the very conception of a process of mere natural evolution—

remains unproved to all true men of science. "They know full well that the chemist now prepares from inorganic matter a vast array of substances which were some time ago regarded as sole products of vitality. They are intimately acquainted with the structural power of matter as evidenced in the phenomena of crystallisation. They can justify scientifically their *belief* in its *potency*, under the proper conditions, to produce organisms. But they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life."

In short, the materialistic conclusion is only to be reached—the leap made—by finding that there is no necessity for inference or leap at all; or, in other words, by endowing matter from the first with a mysterious potency, capable of all which they attribute to it, but the operation or manifestation of which they have wholly failed to trace. This is really, as we implied at the outset, a begging of the whole question. If matter in reality be something quite different from what we have been hitherto in the habit of thinking it to be; if it include within itself from the beginning not merely *life* but *mind*, then the appearance of both in the course of its development need excite no surprise, and no puzzle. But this is only to say in other words that all force is in its origin material rather than intellectual or spiritual—another unproved hypothesis—and one not only unproved, but at variance with all our best and directest knowledge of the subject. For undoubtedly our primary and our highest analogue of force is not matter, but what we call Mind—the operation of our

own self-consciousness. No one has better shown than Dr Tyndall himself how impossible it is to arrive at this self-consciousness from any form of matter—how vainly we try to account for even the lowest sensation by the mere molecular change in the brain which may be its concomitant. "We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them." And again elsewhere: * "Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organs, nor apparently any rudiment of the organs, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other." If thought and its material correlate be thus distinct and untranslatable; and if our self-consciousness, standing not indeed apart from matter—for nothing is or can be now known to us apart from it—but majestic in its own supremacy more than any form matter can ever yield to us,—if this be the true source of power within us, and the loftiest conception of it we can have, why should it not also be to us the true image of that which confessedly underlies all things, and moves in all?

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things."

These words of Wordsworth,

* In his paper on "Scientific Materialism."

which our lecturer makes use of, appear to apply far more grandly to a great Mind, living in nature, than to matter of whatever promise or potency. If intellectual necessities are to be our guide, the conception of such a Mind is a far stronger necessity to the majority of enlightened intellects in all ages, than any such conception of matter as he eloquently portrays. Why, after all, this strange jealousy of Mind in nature which possesses our Modern School? Why, at the utmost, must we own an inscrutable Potency, and nothing else, working darkly forward through all forms of being? It is the savage who, when he hears the thunder amongst his woods, or looks around upon the riot of nature in a storm, trembles before a mighty force which he fails to understand. It is the Hebrew prophet or Grecian sage, in whose own mind has risen the dawn of creative thought, who clothes the Mystery of power with intelligence and life. If this be anthropomorphism, it is an anthropomorphism which illuminates nature not less than it dignifies man. Man can only think after his own likeness on any subject; and it may be safely left to the future to settle whether the conception of mere Force, inscrutable in its secrecy—an unknown *c* of which nothing can be affirmed save potentiality—or the conception of an intelligent Will, supreme in foresight as in power, bears least the mark of human weakness.

It is strange that our modern philosophers should crave so much for a material rather than a spiritual origin—and still more strange that they should think the one mode of origin more dignified than the other. It is well to give its due to nature, and to recognise that we are only parts in the great "cosmical life" around us; but it is an odd phase

of human vanity which insists on setting physical phenomena above those of the human mind, and seeing in the former, rather than in the latter, the type of all being. Man may have made too much of himself in the past, but after all he has his rights; and there is surely nothing greater in nature than that Mind which alone understands it, and reduces it to science.

The truth is, that at the bottom of all this modern depreciation of Mind in nature there is a deep-seated hostility not only to the old mechanical conceptions of the universe, with which we may so far sympathise, but to the distinctive ideas which lie at the basis of Christianity or any form of spiritual worship. All genuine spiritual reverence lies in the acknowledgment of the affinity of man with God—as being made in the image of God, and having all his true excellence in a growing conformity to the Divine image. The acknowledgment of a Divine Reason alike in man, in the world, and above the world, is a fundamental postulate of true religion. If there is not such a Reason, in obedience to which there is order and happiness, and in disobedience to which there is wrong and misery, the very idea of religion disappears. It is needless to talk of our emotions of wonder and awe and tenderness finding their natural scope, and creating for themselves appropriate vehicles of religious sentiment—changing with the changing thoughts of successive ages. They will do this, no doubt. Religious sentiment will assert itself, do what we will. As Strauss has shown, men will worship the *Universe*—for which Dr Tyndall's Potential Matter may very well stand—rather than worship nothing at all. But, after all, such nature-worship, or mere emotional piety, does not deserve

the name of religion—the essential idea of which is surely to exercise some restraining moral power over man. And how can you get this power, if you have no moral or rational fixity beyond man himself? Laws of nature are very good, and we will always be better to know these laws and to obey them; but what man needs in all his higher being is not merely blind restraint, but moral restraint—and not merely this, but moral education. And how can this come to him except from a Mind above him—an intelligent Being—not in dream or fancy, but in reality at the centre of all things—“who knoweth his frame, and remembereth that he is dust”—in whose living will is the control of all things, and who yet numbereth the hairs of his head, and “without whom not a sparrow fall-eth to the ground”?

It should be said, in conclusion, that the antagonism which is everywhere in the writings of Evolutionists, and especially so in Dr Tyndall's Address, presumed to lie betwixt the idea of evolution and the old idea of design or Mind in nature, is entirely gratuitous. Even if the hypothesis of evolution were proved, and science were able to demonstrate the continuity of nature from first to last, this would not render the idea of a Divine Mind originating nature and working in it through all its evolutions the less tenable. The intellectual necessity which demands a creative mind or an intellectual origin of all things would remain the same. The evidence of what is called design might be modified, but it would not be the less clear and forcible. For it is an essential mistake underlying all the thought of the Modern School that the ideas of design and of continuity or order are incompatible—a mistake arising from the excess of that

very anthropomorphism which they so much repudiate in their opponents. Continually they write as if design, intention, purpose, applied to nature, were necessarily of the same tentative and irregular character as the operations of human genius. It is the mere human Mechanician they imagine, and suppose others to imagine, when they speak contemptuously of the theistic conception. But no modern theist makes use of such words in any such sense as they suppose. The idea of design is no longer a mere mechanical idea, as if representing the work of a human Artificer, but simply a synonym for some manifestation of order, or group of regulated or subordinated facts. The notion of design which the Modern School repudiate, was in fact never anything but a caricature. It is impossible for them, or for any, to conceive too grandly of Nature, or of the unbroken harmony and continuity of its movements. The very magnificence of its order is only a further illustration of Divine wisdom; for surely the very thought of a Divine Mind implies the perfection of wisdom, or, in other words, of order, as its expression. The more, therefore, the order of nature is explained and its sequences seen to run into one another with unbroken continuity, only the more and not the less loftily will we be able to measure the working of the Divine Mind. The necessity which makes us postulate such a Mind has nothing to do *with special phenomena or the modes of their production*. It is a purely rational necessity, the dictate of our highest consciousness and insight into the meaning both of man and of the world around him. The intellectual compulsion which forces Dr Tyndall across the boundary of experimental evidence to “discern in nature the

promise and potency of all terrestrial life" appears to us far less reasonable or well founded than that which has forced so many of the highest and most philosophical intellects of all ages to recognise this promise and potency—not in matter, but in Mind. And, this recognition once made, the mere modes of natural phenomena are of no consequence. They may be after the manner of special contrivance or of continuous development—it matters not. Religion has no concern with any mere physical theories of the origin of the universe. It has no quarrel, or ought to have none, with either atomism or evolution when kept within their proper sphere. So Cudworth announced long ago. Nothing within the province of nature, no change in the manner in which science comes to view its operations, affects the primal thought. Mind is there, as "the light of all our seeing," whether nature works, or rather is worked, by evolution or by special fiat. Science is free to reveal its plans, to modify our notions of its plans, and to exalt them as it can; but the mere fact *that they are plans*, under any mode of conception, is the witness to our minds of another Mind behind all. Mind is, in short, the synonym of order everywhere—it matters not what may be the special form of that order.

It would be well if both our scientific men and our theologians would see and acknowledge that more plainly. It clears for the one the whole province of nature to investigate as they will—to unfold and explain as they can. It would ease the other from all apprehension of the progress of science. Nothing in that progress can ever touch the great conclusions of religion, which take their rise in a wholly different

sphere, and find all their life and strength elsewhere. In so far as theology in the past may have intruded upon science, and refused its claims of investigation and of judgment in the domain of nature, theology was in error; and it ought to be grateful rather than recriminatory that science has taught it its error. At the same time, science need hardly harp, as with Dr Tyndall it does, over the old strain of persecution. It is time to forget old conflicts which all wise thinkers have abandoned; and it is hardly a sign of that healthy life which he and others proclaim as the chief characteristic of the modern giant, rejoicing as a strong man to run his race—to have such a plaint made over its old sorrows. Dr Tyndall knows well enough that the days of persecution have ended *on the side of religion*. It is not from the theologian that danger is any longer to be apprehended in that direction. Let him pursue his investigations without fear or alarm. But let him also bear in mind that, if science has her rights, so has religion, and that the great ideas which lie at the foundation of all religion are unspeakably precious to many minds no less enlightened than his own, if not exactly after his fashion of enlightenment. What such minds resent in his Address is not, what he seems to think, any free handling of old ideas, so far as they come legitimately within the range of science—but the constant insinuation that these new conceptions of science are at variance with the old truths of religion, or with the truths of a Personal God and of immortality. Dr Tyndall may be able to conceive of religion apart from these truths. He may or may not himself be a materialistic atheist. We are glad to see that he disavows the charge in the preface which he has

published to his Address. We have certainly not made it against him. Nor is it, let us say, of consequence what Dr Tyndall's own views of religion are. This is a point quite beside the purpose. If he has, like other men, his "times of weakness and of doubt," and again his "times of strength and of conviction"—of healthier thought when the doctrine of "material atheism" seems to fall away from him—this is his own concern. And we should deem it impertinent to obtrude upon either his darker or his brighter hours. *Sursum corda*, we might say to him, by way of brotherly encouragement, but nothing more. What we and the public have to do with are not Dr Tyndall's moods of mind, nor his personal creed, but his treatment of grave questions in the name of science. That treatment, in our judgment, and in the judgment of many besides, has been neither dignified nor just. It has meddled with much which lay quite outside his province,

and upon which science, following its only true methods, can never be able to pronounce. It has been, if not incompetent, yet highly inadequate and unphilosophical, constantly suggesting what it has not proved, and leading, without excuse, the thoughts of his hearers towards wild negations—hanging out, in short, old rags of Democritism as if they were new flags of scientific triumph.

It is very easy for Dr Tyndall to speak of the fierceness of his critics, and to give them, from his scornful isolation, "the retort courteous." It is always easy to be mild when one cares little about a matter; but the deeper feeling, he may be sure, which has been called forth by his Address, is one of regret that he should have used so ill a great opportunity, and in the name of the British Association said so much which can neither do honour to that Association, nor to the cause of science with which it is identified.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE ;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XI.—CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Valentine disappeared in the moonlight from the Hewan, his mind was in a state happily very unusual to youth, but to which youth adds all the additional bitterness of which it is capable. He was not only outraged, wounded to the quick, every comfort and consolation taken from him for the moment, but his heart and imagination had no refuge to fall back upon, no safe shelter which he could feel behind him whatever might happen. Everything he was familiar with and every being he loved was involved in the catastrophe that had overwhelmed him. In other circumstances, had anything equally dreadful befallen him at home, he would have had his young love to fall back upon, and his tender, sympathising Violet, whose soft eyes would have given a certain sweetness even to misery itself ; or had Violet failed him, he might have had at least the tender peacefulness of the old home, the old people who adored him, and to whom he was all in all. But in this horrible crisis everything seemed gone from him. The very thought of home made his heart sick ; he had been shamed in it, and made a shame to it ; and poor Lord Eekside's kind mistaken assurance, so tenderly and solemnly made, that in his own mind there was not a doubt of Val's identity, had almost broken the poor young fellow's heart. Heaven above ! what must his condition be, when his grandfather, the old lord himself, whose idol he was, had to say this to him ? When the recollection recurred to

Val, it was with all the fainting sickness of soul with which a deathblow is received. It was not a deathblow, but in his misery this was how he felt it. And Violet was separated from him, it seemed for ever, by her father's enmity and unprovoked assault ; and if that had not been enough, by his own mad assault upon Sandy, who, he knew well enough, was his friend, and would never have harmed him. This completed, he felt, his isolation and miserable loneliness ; he had nowhere to turn to for relief. Once indeed he thought of his father ; but had not his father prophesied to him how it would be ? and could he go now and tell him all had happened as he prophesied, and yet expect consolation ? Thus poor Val felt the ground cut from under his feet ; he had nowhere to turn to, no one to fall back upon. For my part, I think this makes all the difference between the bearable and the unbearable in human trouble. This is what clothes in armour of proof a man who has a wife, a woman who has a child. Something to fall back upon, something to turn to, whatever your ill is, to find support, backing, consolation. Poor boy ! he gazed round him with hot eyes, hopeless and unrefreshed, and saw nowhere to go, no one to throw himself on. It was not that he doubted the love of his grandparents, who had never given him a moment's cause to distrust them ; but there it was that his wound had been given him, and he wanted to get away, to get away ! to look at it from a distance and see

if perhaps it might be bearable—but found nowhere to go to, no one to receive him. And the kind reader must remember what blood Val had in his veins before he condemns him—wild blood, oftentimes almost more than he could struggle against even in his calmest moments, and a heart full of chaotic impulses, now fired by misery and left to torment him like a pack of demons. He did not know what to do, nor what he wanted to do; but something must be done, and at once, for to keep still was impossible. Therefore as movement was the best thing for him at all events, he walked to Edinburgh through the moonlight, through the tranquil country roads, on which he met no one, through still villages where all the world was asleep. Now and then a watchful dog, roused by the passing step, barked at him as he went along, which seemed somehow to give him an additional conviction of being a castaway, abandoned by all the world—but that was all. Deep silence surrounded him, a still, soft night, but chill with a cold that went to his heart; and the moon was cold, and the world slept, and nobody cared what Valentine might do with himself—Val, who had been so loved, so cared for, and who was so sure three days ago that the whole world took an interest in him, and, in its heart, was on his side!

I do not know precisely why he went to Oxford—probably because he was accustomed to go there, and it gave him less trouble to think of that place than of anywhere else when the moment came to decide where he was going—for I don't think it was any conscious recurrence of mind to friendly Dick and his mother. He was too unhappy to remember them. Anyhow he went to Oxford—where he arrived half-dead with fatigue and misery. He had not eaten, he had not slept, since

Lord Eskside gave him that paper in the library, and he had been subject to all the excitement of the election while in this state. He went to bed when he got to the hotel, to the astonishment of the inn people, for he had not even a bag with him, no change of dress, or any comfort—and spent the night in a confused stupor, full of dreams, which was not sleep. Next morning he got up late, went down to the river side, hardly knowing what he was about, and got into a boat mechanically, and went out upon the river. As it happened, of all days in the year this was Easter Monday, a day when many rude holiday parties were about, and when the Thames is generally avoided by well informed persons. It was crowded with boats and noisy parties, heavy boatloads, with rowers unfit for the responsibility they had undertaken,—the kind of people who cause accidents from one year's end to another. Val did not think of them, nor, indeed, of anything. I doubt even whether he was capable of thought: his pulse was galloping, his head throbbing, his eyes dull and red, and with an inward look, seeing nothing around. As it happened, Dick was not on the wharf at the moment to notice who was going or coming, and was quite unaware of the presence of his young patron. Dick's mother, however, was standing in her little garden, looking out over the wall. She had no one to look for now, but still her eyes kept their wistful habit, and the even flow of the stream and perpetual movement seemed to soothe her. She was standing in her abstracted way, one arm leaning upon the little gate, gazing without seeing much,—not at the familiar Thames, but into the unknown. She came to herself all at once with a start, which made the gate quiver: came to herself? nay—for herself, poor

soul, had not much share in her thoughts then—but came back to consciousness of the one thing which seemed to give life a certain reality for her. All in a moment, as if he had dropped from the skies, she saw Valentine stepping into his boat ; how he had come there, where he was going, she could not tell ; but there he stood, wavering slightly as he stepped into the light outrigger, swaying it dangerously to one side, in a way very unlike Val. Her heart sprang up in her breast, her whole nature came to life at the sight of him, and at something, she could not tell what, in the look of him—something uncertain, helpless, feeble. Her figure lost its droop, her head its musing attitude. She stood alert, in the intensest eager attention and readiness for everything, watching her boy.

Val paddled out into the stream, poising his long oars, I cannot tell how, in a vague uncertain way, as if he did not well know which end of them was in his grasp. Then he let himself float down past her, feebly steering himself, but doing little more ; and then some sudden idea seemed to come to him—or was it rather a cessation of ideas, a trance, a faint? He stopped his boat in the middle of the crowded river, and lay there with long oars poised over the water—wavering, reflected in it like the long dragon-fly wings—his figure bent a little forward, his face, so far as she could see it, blank and without expression. There he came to a dead stop, of all places in the world—in the middle of the stream, in the middle of the crowd—taking no notice of passing boatmen that shouted to him, “Look ahead !” and had all the trouble in the world to steer their course about him and keep out of his way. A thrill of strong anxiety came into the woman’s mind—*anxiety* such as had never moved

her before. Heretofore she had been passive, doing nothing, taking no active part in any one’s affairs. This stir of life was such that it set her into sudden energetic movement almost unawares. She went outside her gate, and closed it behind her, watching intently, her heart beating high in her breast, and a sense as of some coming emergency moving her. There he sat in his boat, lying still upon the shining water, the long oars with a faint flutter in them as if held in unsteady hands, not straight and motionless as they ought to be—and crowds of unwary boats, ignorantly managed, stumbling about the stream, boats all ripe and ready for an accident, with people in them shouting, singing, jumbled together. There was a small green eyot, a bundle of waving willows, nothing more, just in front of Valentine’s boat, which was a partial shield to him ; but what had happened to Val that he lay thus, taking no precaution, with the long oars trembling in his hands?

“Look ahead there ! look ahead, sir !” cried the men on the river. Val never moved, never turned to see what it was. What did it matter to him (the watcher thought), a capital swimmer, if anything did happen ? How foolish she was to be afraid ! Just then a great lumbering boat, with four oars waving out of it in delightful licence and impartiality, like the arms of a cuttle-fish, full of holiday folk, came up, visible behind the eyot. There was a jar, a bump, a shout. “It aint nothing, he swims like a duck,” cried some voice near her. She could not tell who spoke ; but through the dazzle in her eyes she saw that the long oars and the slim boat had disappeared, and that the holiday party—shouting, struggling about the river—were alone visible. Swim ? Yes, no doubt he

could swim ; but the woman was his mother—his mother ! She gave a great cry, and rushed with one spring into the punt that lay moored at the steps immediately in front of her door. She was not like one of you delicate ladies, who, all the same, would have done it too, had your boy been drowning. She knew how to do a great many rough, practical things. She pushed the big boat into the stream, and with her big pole, flying like a mad creature, was under the green willows looking for him before any one else could draw breath.

And it was well for Val, poor boy, that though he did not know it, his mother was by, with divination in her eyes. The best swimmer on the Thames could not have contended with the stupor of fever that was on him. When his boat was upset, rousing him out of a bewildering dream, he gave but one gasp, made one mechanical grasp at something, he knew not what, that was near him, and then was conscious of nothing more. His limbs were like steel, his head like lead. There was no power in him to struggle for his life. The boatmen about who knew him did not stir a step, but sat about in their boats, or watched from the rafts, perfectly easy in their minds about the young athlete, to whom a drench in the Thames was nothing. Only the woman, who was his mother, knew that on that particular day Val would sink like a stone. She was at the spot with the punt before any one knew what she was doing, but not before one and another had asked, calling to each other, "Where is he? He is too long under water. He don't remember it's March, and cold." "He'll get his death of cold," said one old boatman. "Man alive!" cried out another, jumping over the boats that lay drawn up upon the rafts, "out with a boat!—

he's drowning. Out with your boat !"

What Val had clutched at was the root of one of the willows. He caught it without knowing, clenched it, and when he sank, sank with his drooping head on the damp soil of the eyot—into the water to his lips, but yet supported and moored, as it were, to life and safety by the desperate grasp he had taken of the willow. There the woman found him when she reached the spot. He had fainted with the shock, and lay there totally helpless, the soft wavelets floating over his dark curls, his face half buried in the soft, damp soil, like a dead man, making no effort to save himself. She gave a cry which echoed over all the river. People a mile off heard it, and shivered and wondered—a cry of longing and despair. But before even that cry had roused the echoes, several boats had shot forth to her aid. The men did not know what had happened, but something had happened ; they came crowding about her, while she, half sunk in the soft slime, dragged up in her arms out of the water the unconscious figure. She had his head on her arm, holding him up, half on land half in water, when they got to her. She was paler than he was, lying there upon her, marble white in his swoon. "Is he dead?" they said, coming up to her with involuntary reverence. She looked at them piteously, poor soul, and held the inanimate figure closer, dragging, to get him out of the water. Her pale lips gave forth a low moan. No one asked what right this strange woman had to look so, to utter that hopeless cry. No one even said, "He is nothing to her;" they recognised the anguish which gave her an unspoken, unasked right to him, and to them, and to all they could do. And nothing could be easier than to draw him from the river, to place him

in the punt, where she sat down beside him, and with a gesture of command pointed to her house. They took him there without a word. "Carry him in," she said, and went before him to show them the room. "Go for a doctor." They obeyed her as they would have obeyed Lady Eskside herself. They thought Val was dead, and so did she. She stood and looked at him, when they rushed away to get help for her, in a misery of impotence and longing beyond all words to say. Oh, could she do nothing for him! nothing! She would have given her life for him; but what is a poor mother's life, or who would accept so easy a ransom? She could only stand and gaze at him in hopeless, helpless, miserable anguish, and wring her hands. She did not know what to do.

Fortunately, however, the doctor came very speedily, and soon engaged all her powers. He turned away the good fellows who had fetched him, and called the servant from the kitchen. "Quick, quick! every moment he remains in this state makes it worse for him," said the man, who knew what could be done; and, though he was kind and pitiful, had no sword in his breast piercing him through and through. Val came back to life after awhile and to semi-consciousness. She had not expected it. She had obeyed the doctor's orders in a stupor, docile but hopeless; but what a tumult, what a tempest woke and raged in her as she saw life come back! She kept quiet, poor soul, not daring to say a word; but her joy worked through her veins like a strong wine; and she felt as if she could scarcely keep standing, scarcely hold her footing and her composure against the rapture that seemed to lift her up, to make a spirit of her. Saved! saved!—was it possible? She had borne

speechless the passion of her anguish, but it was harder to fight with and keep down the tumult of her joy.

"Come here," said the doctor, speaking in peremptory tones, as it was natural when addressing a person of her class. "I want to speak to you down-stairs. Sit down. Have you any wine in the house? where do you keep it? Be still, and I'll get it myself. Now take this; what's the matter with you? Did you never see a man nearly drowned before?"

"No," she said, faintly, keeping up her struggle with herself. She wanted to cry out, to laugh, to dance, to shout for joy; but before the man who eyed her so strangely, she had to keep still and quiet. She put the wine aside. "I don't want anything," she said.

"Your pulse is going like a steam-engine," said the doctor; "cry, woman, for God's sake, or let yourself out somehow. What's the matter with you? Can't you speak?—then cry!"

She sank down on her knees; her heart was beating so that it seemed to struggle for an exit from her panting, parched lips. "I think I'm dying—of joy!" she said, almost inaudibly, with a sob and gasp.

"Poor creature, that is all you know," said the doctor, shaking his head; "he is not round the corner yet by a long way. Look here, do you know anything about nursing, or do you often give way like this? On the whole, I had better have him moved at once, and send for a nurse."

"A nurse!" she said, stumbling up to her feet.

"Yes, my good woman. You are too excitable, I can see, to look after him. There's something the matter with him. I can't tell what it is till I see him again. Who is he? but how should you know? He had better go to the hospital, where he can be well looked to——"

"Sir," she said, eagerly, "I'm myself now. I am not one to get excited. I thought he was dead; and you brought him back. God bless you! He has been as good as an angel to my boy. I'll nurse him night and day, and never give way. Let him stay here."

"You are not strong enough; you'll get ill yourself," said the doctor. "Then you know who he is? Be sure you write to his friends at once. But he'd much better go to the hospital; you'll get ill too——"

"No, no," she said; "no, no. I never was ill. It was I who got him out of the water. I'm strong; look, doctor, what an arm I have.

I can lift him if it's wanted. Let him stay; oh, let him stay!"

"Your arm is all very well, but your pulse is a different thing," said the doctor. "If you go and fret and excite yourself, I'll have him off in an hour. Well, then, you can try. Come and let us see how he is getting on now."

"They are as like as two peas," he said to himself, as he went away. "He's somebody's illegitimate son, and this is his aunt, or his sister, or something, and he don't know. God bless us, what a world it is! but I'd like to know which he's going to have, that I may settle what to do."

CHAPTER XXXII.

I am afraid I cannot tell any one "which" it was that poor Val had, not having any medical knowledge. He was very ill, and lay there for the week during which Dick was absent on his master's affairs, knowing nobody, often delirious, never himself, unable to send any message, or even to think of those he had left behind, who knew nothing of him. He talked of them, raved about them when his mind wandered, sometimes saying things which conveyed some intelligence to the mind of the anxious woman who watched over him, and often uttering phrases which she listened to eagerly, but which were all blank and dark to her. Poor soul! how she watched, how she strained her ear for every word he said. Her own, thus, once more; thus at last in her hands, with none to come between them; dependent on her—receiving from her the tendance of weary days and sleepless nights. Receiving from her, not she from him—eating her bread even, so to speak, though he could eat nothing—living under her roof—depend-

ent on her, as a son should be on a mother. I cannot describe the forlorn sweetness there was to her in this snatch of nature; this sudden, unexpected, impossible crisis which, for the time, gave her her son. I do not know if it ever occurred to her mind that the others who had a right to him might be wondering what had become of their boy. Even now her mind was not sufficiently developed to dwell upon this. She thought only that she had him—she, and no other. She closed her doors, and answered all questions sparingly, and admitted nobody she could help; for what had anybody to do with him but she? When the doctor asked if she had written to his friends, she nodded her head or said "Yes, yes," impatiently. His friends! who were they in comparison to his mother? They had had him all his life—she had him for so short a time, so very, very short a time!—why should any one come and interfere? She could get him everything he wanted, could give up all her time to watch him and

nurse him. Once she said, when the doctor pressed her, "I have let his mother know;" and he was satisfied with the reply. "If his mother knows where he is, of course it is all right," he said. "Oh yes, yes," she cried, "his mother knows;" and what more was necessary? She had not the faintest intention of revealing herself to him afterwards, of taking the advantage of all she was doing for him. No! it seemed to her that she could die easier than say to Val, "I am your mother;" a subtle instinct in her—delicacy of perception communicated by love alone—made her feel that Val would receive the news with no delight—that to be made aware that she was his mother would be no joy to him; and she would have died rather than betray herself. But to have him there, unconscious as he was, "wandering in his mind," not knowing her, or any one—but yet with her as if he had been a baby again, dependent on her, receiving everything from her! No words can say what this was. She passed the time in a strange trance of exquisite mingled pleasure and pain; suffering now and then to see him ill, to feel that he did not know her, and if he knew her, would not care for her; suffering, too, from the sleepless nights to which she was totally unaccustomed, and the close confinement to one room, though scarcely realising what it was that made her head so giddy and her sensations so unusual; but all this time and through all the suffering rapt in a haze of deep enjoyment—a happiness sacred and unintelligible, with which no one could intermeddle; which no one even knew or could understand but herself. She had no fear for Valentine's life; though the doctor looked very grave, it did not affect her; and though her brain was keen and clear to understand

the instructions he gave, and to follow them with pertinacious, unvarying, almost unreasoning exactitude, she did not study his looks, or ask with brooding anxiety his opinion, as most other women in her circumstances would have done. She never asked his opinion, indeed, at all. She was merely anxious, not at all afraid; or if she was afraid, it was rather of her patient getting well than dying. The doctor, who was the only one who beheld this strange sickbed, was more puzzled than tongue could tell. What did the woman mean? she was utterly devoted to the sick man—devoted to him as only love can be; but she was not anxious, which love always is. It was a puzzle which he could not understand.

In a week Dick came back. He had been away on his master's business, being now a trusted and confidential servant, with the management of everything in his hands. It was Easter week, too, and his business had been combined with a short holiday for himself. His mother was not in the habit of writing to him, though she did, in some small degree at least, possess the accomplishment of writing—so that he came home, utterly ignorant of what had happened, on one of those chilly March evenings when the light lengthens and the cold strengthens, according to the proverb. Dick was tired, and the landscape, though it was home, looked somewhat dreary to him as he arrived; the river was swollen, and muddy, and rapid; the east wind blanching colour and beauty out of everything; a pale sunset just over, and a sullen twilight settling down, tinting with deep shadows and ghostly white gleams of light the cold water. He shivered in spite of himself. The door was not standing open as usual, nor was

there any light in the little parlour. He had to stand and knock, and then, when no one answered, went round to the back door (which was his usual entrance, though he had chosen the other way to-night) to get in. The kitchen was vacant, the maid having gone to the doctor's for poor Val's medicine. Dick went into the parlour, and found it dreary and deserted, looking as if no one had been there for months. Finally, he went up-stairs, and found his mother at the door of a bedroom coming to meet him. "I thought it must be you," she said, "but I could not leave him." "Leave him? Leave whom, mother? what do you mean?" he said, bewildered. "Hush, hush," she cried, looking back anxiously into the room she had just left; then she came out, closing the door softly after her. "Come in here," she said, opening the next door, which was that of his own room. "I can speak to you here; and if he stirs I'll hear him." Dick followed her with the utmost astonishment, not knowing what his mother meant, or if she had gone out of her wits. But when he heard that it was Mr Ross who lay there ill, and that his mother had saved his young patron's life, and was now nursing him, with an absorbing devotion that made her forget everything else, Dick's mind was filled with a strange tumult of feeling. He showed his mother nothing but his satisfaction to be able to do something for Mr Ross, and anxiety that he should have everything he required; but in his heart there was a mixture of other sentiments. He had not lost in the least his own devotion to the young man to whom (he always felt) he owed all his good fortune; but there was something in his mother's tremulous impassioned devotion to Valentine that had disturbed his

mind often, and her looks now, engrossed altogether in her patient, thinking of nothing else, not even of Dick's comfort, though she knew he was to return to-day, affected him, he could scarcely tell how. When he had heard all the story, he laid his hand kindly on her shoulder, looking at her. "You are wearing yourself out," he said; "you are making yourself ill; but it's all right. To be sure, when he was taken ill like this, he could go nowhere but here."

"Nowhere," she said with fervour. "Here it's natural; but never mind me, boy, I'm happy. I want nothing different. It's what I like best."

"I'll just step in and look at him, mother."

"Not now," she said quickly, with an instinct of jealous reserve. She did not want any one to interfere—not even her boy. Then she added—"He's sleeping. You might wake him if he heard another step on the floor. Go and get your supper, Dick; you're tired—and maybe after, if he wakes up——"

"Is there any supper for me?" said Dick, half laughing, but with a momentary sensation of bitterness. He felt ashamed of it the moment after. "Go in, go in to him, mother dear," he said. "You're in the right of it. I'll go and get my supper; and after that, if he wakes I'll see him—only don't wear yourself out."

"I do nothing but sit by him—that's all; doing nothing, how could I wear myself out?" she said. "But oh, I'm glad you're home, Dick; very glad you're home!"

"Are you, mother?" Dick said, with a vague smile, half gratified, half sceptical. Perhaps she did not hear him, for she was already in Val's room, watching his breathing. Dick went down-stairs with

the smile still upon his face, determined to make the best of it—for after all Mr Ross had the best right to everything that was in the house, since, but for him, that house would never have belonged to Dick at all. He called the maid, who had come back, to get him his supper, and stepped outside while it was getting ready, to take counsel of the river and the skies, as he had done so often. It was now almost dark, and the river gleamed half sullen, under skies which were white and black, but showed no warmer tinge of colour. Heavy clouds careered over the blanched and watery firmament—a dreary wind sighed in the willows on the eyot. They did not give cheery counsel, that river and those trees. But Dick soon shook off this painful jealousy, which was not congenial to his nature. What so natural, after all, as that she should give her whole mind to the sufferer she had nursed, even at the risk of momentarily neglecting her son who was quite well, and could shift for himself? Dick laughed at his own foolishness, and felt ashamed of himself that he could have any other feeling in his mind but pity and interest. He stole up, after his meal, to look into the sickroom, and then the tenderest compassion took possession of him. Val was lying awake with his eyes open but seeing nothing—noticing no one. Dick had never seen him otherwise than in the full flush of strength and health. A pang of terror and love took possession of him. He thought of all Val had done for him, since they met, boys, on the river at Eton, generously exaggerating all his boy-patron's goodness, and putting his own out of sight. The tears came to his eyes. He asked himself with awe, and a pang of sudden pain and terror, could Valentine be going to die? His mother sat quite motionless

by the bedside, with her eyes fixed on the patient. There was in her face no shadow of the cloud which Dick felt to be hanging over the room, but only a curious dim beatitude—happiness in being there—which the young man divined but could not understand.

Dick stole down again quietly to the little parlour, where his lamp gave a more cheerful light to think by than the eerie river. It would be absurd were I to deny that his mind had been troubled by many painful and anxious thoughts touching the connection of his mother with the Rosses. He thought he had come to a solution of it. In his class, as I have already said, people accept with comparative calm many things which in higher regions would be considered very terrible. Dick had made up his mind to a conclusion such as would have horrified and driven desperate a man differently brought up. He concluded that probably Val's father was his own father, that his mother had been very young, beautiful, and easily deceived, and he himself was the son of this unknown "gentleman." Dick was not ashamed of the supposed paternity. It had given him a pang when he thought it out at first; but to a lad who has been born a tramp, things show differently, and have other aspects from that which they bear to the fear of the world. Putting feeling aside, this is what he thought the most probable solution of the mystery; and Val, she knew, was this man's son, and therefore he had a fascination for her. Probably, Dick thought, with a little pang, Val was like his father, and reminded her of him; and it did wound the good fellow to think that his mother could forget and set aside himself for the stranger who was nothing to her, who merely reminded her of a lover

she had not seen for years and years. When he thought of his own problematical relationship to Valentine, his heart softened immensely. To think that it was to his brother he owed so much kindness—a brother who had no suspicion of the relationship, but was good to him out of pure generosity of heart and subtle influences of nature, was a very affecting idea, and brought a thrill to his breast when it occurred to him. These were the conclusions he had hammered out by hard thinking from the few and very misty facts he knew. Some connection there clearly was, and this seemed so much the most likely explanation. Dick thought no worse of his mother for it; he knew her spotless life as long as he could remember—a life remarkable, even extraordinary, in her class—and his heart swelled with pity and tenderness at thought of all she must have come through. He had too much natural delicacy to ask her any questions on such a subject; but since he had (as he thought) found out, or rather divined this secret, it had seemed to account for many peculiarities in her. It explained everything that wanted explanation—her extraordinary interest in Val, her fear of encountering the lady who had been with him, her strange lingerings of manner and look that did not belong to her class. Dick thought this all over again, as he sat in the little parlour gazing steadily into the lamp; and, with a strange emotion in which pain, and wonder, and pity, and the tenderest sympathy, were all mingled together, tried to make himself master of the position. His lip quivered as he realised that in reality it might be his brother, his father's son, who lay unconscious in the little room up-stairs. No doubt Val was like his father—no doubt he recalled

to the woman, who had once been proud (who could doubt?) of being loved by “a gentleman,” the handsome, noble young deceiver who had betrayed her. But Dick did not use such hard words; he did not think of any betrayal in the case. He knew how tramp-girls are brought up, and only pitied, did not blame, or even defend, his mother. It seemed to him natural enough; and Val no doubt recalled his handsome father as homely Dick never did and never could do. Poor Dick! if there was a little pang in this, it was merely instinctive and momentary. The thought that Val might be—nay, almost certainly was—his father's son, half his brother, melted his heart entirely. He would have sat up all night, though he was tired, if his mother had permitted him. His brother! and in his ignorance, in his youthful kind-heartedness, how good he had been! They had taken a fancy to each other the moment they set eyes upon each other, Dick remembered; and no wonder if they were brothers, though they did not know. The good fellow overcame every less tender feeling, and felt himself Val's vassal and born retainer when he thought of all that had come and gone between them. He scarcely slept all night, making noiseless pilgrimages back and forward to the sick room, feeling, unused as he was to illness, as if some change might be taking place for better or worse at any moment; and though he had as yet no real clue to the devotion with which his mother watched the sufferer, he shared it instinctively, and felt all at once as if the central point of the universe was in that uneasy bed, and there was nothing in the world to be thought of but Val.

“Mother, you've sent word to—his friends?” Dick had some feel-

ing he could not explain which prevented him saying "his father." This was early next morning, when she had come out to say that Val was asleep, and had spent a better night.

She looked at him with a look which was almost an entreaty, and shook her head. "No—don't be vexed, Dick ; I'm bad at writing—and besides, I didn't want no one to come."

"But they must be anxious, mother. Think ! if it had been yourself ; and you know who they are. If it wasn't far off in the north I'd go."

"Ah," she said, with a gasping, long-drawn breath—"if it must be done, that's the way, Dick. I'm bad at writing, and a letter would frighten 'em, as you say."

"I didn't say a letter would frighten them. Mother, I can write well enough. It's Lord Eskside—I recollect the name. Tell me where, and I'll write to-day."

"No," she said, "no ; a letter tells so little—and oh ! I don't want 'em to come here. There's things I can't tell you, boy—old things—things past and done with. You've always been a good son, the best of sons to me—"

"And I'll do anything now, mother dear," said poor Dick, moved almost to tears by the entreaty in her face, and putting his arm round her to support her ; "I'll do anything now to give you a bit of ease in your mind. You've been a good mother if I've been a good son, and never taught me but what was good and showed me an example. I'll do whatever you would like best, mother dear."

He said this, good fellow, to show that he found no fault with her if it was shame that kept her from speaking to him more openly. But she who had no shame upon her, no burden of conscious wrong, did

not catch this subtle meaning. She was not clear enough in her mind to catch hidden meanings at any time. She took him simply at his word.

"Dick," she said softly, entreating still, "he's better—he'll get well—why shouldn't he get well ? he's young and strong, the same age as you are—a bit of an illness is nothing when you're young. He'll get well fast enough ; and then," she said, with a sigh, "he'll go and tell his people himself. What is the use of troubling you and me ?"

Dick shook his head. "They must be told, mother," he said. "I'll write ; or if you like, I'll go."

She gave a long weary sigh. He was reluctant, he thought, to have any communication with those unknown people, Val's father, and perhaps his mother, some great lady, who would have no pity for the woman thus strangely thrown in her son's path. This was quite natural, too, and Dick, in his tender sympathy with her, entered into the feeling. His tenderness and compassion made a poet of him ; he seemed to see every shade of emotion in her disturbed soul.

"Mother dear," he said again, still more gently, "you don't want to have aught to do with them ? I can understand. Tell me where it is and I'll go. The master will let me go easy. We're not busy yet. I'll see the doctor, and go off directly ; for whether you like it or not, it's their right, and they ought to know."

"Well, well," she said, after a pause, "if it must be, it must be. I've never gone against you, Dick, and I won't now ; and maybe my head's dazed a bit with all the watching. It makes you stupid like."

"You'll be ill yourself, mother, if you don't mind."

"And if I was !" she cried. "If they take him, what does it matter ?

and they're sure to take him. Dick, it's like taking the heart out of my bosom. But go, if you will go."

"I must go, mother," he said, sorrowfully. This passion was strange to him—hurt him even in spite of himself. Because Val was like his father! The depth of the passionate interest she had in him seemed so disproportionate to the cause.

But when Dick saw the doctor, he was more and more determined to go. The doctor told him that in another week the crisis of the fever might come—one week had passed without any change, and the sufferer was embarked upon the dark uncertain tideway of another, which might be prolonged into another still; but this no one could tell. "I thought your mother had let his friends know—she told me so," he said. "They ought to be made aware of the state he is in,—they ought to be here before the week is out, when the crisis may come."

"But you don't think badly of him, doctor?" said Dick, with tears in his eyes. The mother had never asked so much, the doctor reflected; and he felt for the young man who felt so warmly, and was interested in the whole curious mysterious business, he could scarcely tell why.

"Your mother is a capital nurse," he said, assuming a confidence he scarcely felt, "and please God, he'll pull through."

"Oh, thank you, doctor!" cried honest Dick, drying his eyes, and feeling, as do all simple souls, that it was the doctor who had done it, and that this vague assurance was very sure. He went to see Valentine after, who, he thought, gave him a kind of wan smile, and looked as if he knew him, which Dick interpreted, knowing nothing about it, to be a capital sign; and then he extorted from his mother directions for his

journey. Reluctantly she told him where to go."

"Oh, Dick," she said, "you'll do it, whether I will or not—and there's things will come of it that you don't think of, and that I don't want to think of; but don't you name me, boy, nor let 'em know about me. Say your mother—I'm just your mother, that's all. And if they come I'll not see 'em, Dick; no, I'm not going away. Don't look scared at me. I haven't it in me now to go away."

"Take care of yourself, mother," he said; "don't watch too long, nor neglect your food. I'll not be long gone; and I'll take care of you, whoever comes; you needn't be afraid."

She shook her head, and followed him with mournful eyes. She did not know what she feared, nor what any one could do to her, but yet in her ignorance she was afraid. And Dick went away, still more ignorant, determined to keep her secret, but feeling in his superior knowledge of the world that it was a secret which no one would care to penetrate. "Gentlemen" seldom try, he knew, to find out a woman thus abandoned, or to burden themselves with her, or any others that might belong to her. He smiled even at the idea. "They"—and Dick did not even know who they were—would think of Val only, he felt sure, and inquire no further. He was still more completely set at rest when he discovered that it was Val's grandmother he was going to see—the old lady who had sent him a present when he was a boy, by Valentine's hands. Dick somehow had no notion that this old lady was in any way connected with himself, even assuming, as he did, that his own divinations were true. She was a stranger, and he went quite calmly into her presence, not doubting anything that might befall him there.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Richard Ross left Lasswade as Dick Brown entered, totally unconscious of him or his errand. They passed each other on the bridge,—the father in the carriage, with his servant on the box, and a hundred delicate comforts about him; the son trudging along the muddy road, somewhat tired from jolting all night in a third-class carriage, but refreshed by the “good wash” which, almost more than his breakfast, had set him up again to encounter strangers. He was well dressed, in something of the same mode as Val, whose coats he had worn when he was a lad, and whom he unconsciously copied; and though there was a something about him which indicated his lower position, or rather an absence of something which externally marks “a gentleman,” his open countenance and candid straightforward look gave the merest stranger who looked at him a confidence in Dick, and conferred upon him a distinction of his own. Richard Ross, however, did not so much as notice the young man as he drove to the railway. He was not anxious about Val in the sense in which his mother was anxious; but his mind was strangely disturbed and jumbled—turned upside down, so to speak. All the common conditions of life had changed for him;—his repose of twenty years was broken, and his thoughts sent back upon the early beginning of his career, when he was so different a man. To be driven back at forty-five to the thoughts and feelings of twenty-five, how strange it is!—and stranger to some men than to others. To those who have lived but little in this long stretch of existence the return costs less; but Richard Ross had not changed by

the action of years, only—he was another man; everything in him was altered. And yet he was going back, as it were, to twenty-five, to look at the passion and folly and infatuation of that period of his existence; but with the interval so clearly marked, not only in himself, but in all the others concerned. He was not old, nor did he feel old: in himself he was conscious, not of decay, but of progress. He looked back upon himself at that early age, not with envy, as so many men of the world do, but with a wondering contempt. What a fool he had been! Was it possible that he could ever have been such a fool? Or must it not rather have been some brother, some cousin, some other, not himself, who had been such an idiot?—some visionary man, whose faults somehow had fallen upon *his* shoulders? This was the feeling in his mind, though, of course, he knew very well that it was an absurd feeling. And then, with a curious wonder and bewildering sense of suppressed agitation, he remembered that he was going to see her. Should he know her after three-and-twenty years?—he had recognised her picture, which was strange enough;—and would she know him? And must they meet, and what would they say to each other? There had never been very much to say, for she was incapable of what he called conversation; and, except words of fondness and attempts at instruction, it had been impossible for him, a cultivated and fastidious man, to have any real communication with the wild creature of the woods whom he never even succeeded in taming. What should he find to say to her now, or she to him? The

inquiry thrilled him strangely, giving him that bewildering sense of unreality which mixes so deeply in all human emotion. His brain seemed to turn round when he thought of this possible interview. Was she a real being at all, or was he real who was thinking? Had that past ever been? Was it not an imagination, a dream? Ah! it does not even require such a long interval as twenty years to bring this strange giddiness on the soul. That which we have lost, did we ever have it?—the happiness, the life, the other who made life and happiness? I know some houses now, occupied by strange people, whose very names I can't tell you, where yet I feel my own old life must be in full possession of the familiar place, while this dim ghost of me outside asks, Did it ever exist at all? Richard felt this all the more strongly that he was not an imaginative man by nature. He felt his head swim and the world go round with him, and would not believe that the young fool who had borne his name three-and-twenty years before, was or could have been *him*. But yet he was going to see *her*, the other dream, in whom there was not, nor ever had been, any reality. On the whole, instead of perplexing himself with such thoughts, it is better for a man to read in the railway, if he can manage it, even at the risk of hurting his eyes, which require to be *ménagés* at forty-five; or if that will not do, to close his eyes and doze, which is perhaps, where it is practicable, the best way of all.

He got to Oxford the next day in the afternoon—another pale, somewhat dreary afternoon of March, typical day of a reluctant spring, with dust in the streets, and east wind spreading a universal grey around, ruffling the river into pale lines of livid light and gloomy shade,

and pinching all the green buds spitefully back to winter again. Heavy clouds were rolling over the heavens when he made his way down to the wharf. His old Oxford recollections and Val's indications guided him. He knew the boating wharf of old, though he had never himself been aquatic in his tastes. And there was the little house with its narrow strip of garden towards the river, in which a few sickly primroses were trying to flower. No one had thought of the garden since Val's accident, and already it had a neglected look. "Who lives there?" he asked of a bargeman who was lounging by. "It's Brown's, as is head man at Styles's," was the answer. "Head man at Styles's! I thought a woman lived there," said Richard. Then he suddenly recollected himself. "I had forgotten the boy," he added, under his breath. How strange it was! and this was his son too—his son as well as Val! But, to tell the truth, for the moment he had forgotten the boys, the known and the unknown. He had forgotten that Val was lost, and that he had come here in search of him. He was only conscious, in a strange suppressed haze of excitement, that probably she was within these walls—she—the woman of whom he had said *maladetta*; of whom Val had said that she looked as if she had been a lady. This strange notion made him laugh within himself even now.

It was about five in the afternoon, still good daylight, though the day was a dim one. The maid, who was but a maid-of-all-work, and no better than her kind, had taken advantage of the entire absence of supervision, and was out somewhere, leaving the garden-gate and front-door both open. Richard went up to the door with a certain hesitation, almost diffidence, and knocked softly. He did not want to have any one come, and it was a re-

lief to him when a sufficient interval had elapsed without any response, to justify him, as he thought, in going into the house. Then he stepped across the threshold, casting a glance behind to see if any one outside observed him; and seeing no one, he went in—first to the little parlour, which had been “cleaned up,” fortunately, that morning. It was a strange little room, as I have already said, with tokens in it of instinctive good taste struggling against circumstances. Richard closed the door behind him, and looked round it with a curious irregularity in his heart’s beats. He sat down, somehow not feeling equal to anything more, and gazed at those little familiar evidences of the kind of being who had been living here. It was, in reality, Dick who had left his traces all about, but Richard Ross knew nothing about Dick, and had at the present moment very little curiosity as to that unknown and unrealised person. He thought only of *her*: somehow Val’s description, at which he had laughed within himself so often, and at which still he tried to laugh feebly, seemed less impossible here. A lady might have lived within these four walls, at the little window which looked out upon the river. The arrangements of the room—its books (which no one read), its pretty carvings and nicknacks (for which Dick alone was responsible)—fitted into the conventional idea of a poor gentleman’s tastes, which even Richard, though he ought to have known better, had received into his mind. The embroidered shawl which covered the little table caught his eye as it had caught his mother’s—he, too, remembered it; and that undoubted sign of her made his heart beat loudly once more.

He seemed to be all alone in the solitary house—there was not a sound: he had come in and taken

possession, and nobody offered to interfere with him. After a little time, however, he began to realise that the position was rather a strange one; and recovering himself from the curious spell under which he had fallen, he opened the door softly and listened. Then it seemed to him that he heard some faint stir up-stairs. Accordingly he went up the narrow winding staircase, feeling somehow that in this place he could go where he would, that it was not the house of a stranger. He went up, wondering at himself, half bold, half hesitating, and opened the first door he came to. It was the room in which Valentine lay sick—his boy whom he sought. Richard opened the door softly. Everything was very still in it. The patient slept; the watcher, poor soul, in her exhaustion, perhaps was dozing by him, lulled by the profound quiet; or else her brain was confused by the long nursing, and was not easily roused except by the patient, whose lightest movement always awakened her attention. And the light was dim, the blind drawn down, every possibility of disturbance shut out. Richard stood like one spellbound, and looked at them. His heart gave a wild leap, and then, he thought, stood still. He recognised Val in a moment, and so perhaps had some anxiety set at rest; but indeed I doubt whether, in the strange excitement in which he found himself, anxiety for Val told for much. She sat by the bedside in a large old-fashioned chair, high-backed and square-elbowed, which made a frame to her figure. Her eyes were closed, but the intent look in her face, which gave it an interest even to the mere passer-by, was there in a softened form, giving a pure and still gravity, almost noble, to its fine lines; the hair was smoothed off her forehead; the white kerchief, which was her usual head-dress, tied

loosely about her head; her hands, glimmering white in the partial darkness, crossed upon her lap. Richard stood still, not daring to breathe, yet catching his breath and hearing his heart beat in spite of himself, afraid to disturb her, yet wondering what she would say to him, how she would look at him when she was roused, as she must be. He was much and strangely agitated, but the reader must not suppose that it was any wild renewal of old love, any passion, or even the agitation of longing and tenderness, which so moved him. He was curious beyond anything he could say—troubled by the sight of her, strangely eager to know what kind of being this was. She was another from the girl he had known, though the same. She of time past had been a wild thing out of the woods, not much above birds or other woodland creatures. All her humanity, all her development of mind and heart, had come since then; and of this human soul, this developed being, he knew nothing, absolutely nothing; and a thirst came upon him to find out, the intensest curiosity to know, what manner of woman she was.

All at once she opened her eyes and saw him; but did not start or cry, for, waking or sleeping, Valentine was her first object, and she would not have disturbed him had all heaven and earth melted and given way round about her. She opened her eyes, and saw a man looking at her. She raised her head, and knew who it was. The blood rushed back to her heart in a sudden flood, making it beat hard and loud against her side, taking away her breath; but she did nothing more than rise softly to her feet and look at him. Yes, it was he. She knew him, as he had known her, at once. She had expected him. Without any knowledge

where he was, or how he could hear, she had yet felt sure that he must come. And therefore she was scarcely surprised; she had the advantage of him so far. She knew him, though to him she was an unknown creature—knew him ignorantly, not having been able to form any judgment of his character; yet had as much acquaintance with him as her mind was capable of; while he had no acquaintance with her. She rose up to meet him, and stood wistful, humble, yet with something which looked like pride in her erect figure, and that face which had changed so strangely since he knew it. They stood on either side of the bed upon which their son was lying, scrutinising each other in that strange pathetic gaze. Were there things to be repented of, even in her dim soul?—I cannot tell. She did not think of judging herself. What she felt was that he was here, that she was in his power, and all that was hers; that she was not strong enough to resist him, whatever he might do; that the known and actual had come to an end for her, and all the future was dark in his hands. A dim anguish of fear and impotence came over her. He might send her away from the boy; he might change her life all at once as by the waving of a wand. She looked at him piteously, putting her hands together unawares; but while she was thus startled into painful life, plunged into the anxious inquietude of ignorance, roused to fear and uncertainty, not knowing what was to be done with her, she was at the same time incapacitated from any evidence of emotion, silenced, kept still, though her heart beat so; speechless, though the helpless cry of appeal was on her lips—because she would not wake Val who was sleeping, and, whatever she might be capable of otherwise, could not,

would not, disturb the weary rest of the boy.

At length he waved his hand to her impatiently, calling her to follow him out of the room. He did not know what to say to her. Words had gone from him too, though from other reasons ; but he could not stand there, however bewildering were his feelings, looking at this woman who was so familiar to him and so unknown. She followed him noiselessly, not resisting, and they stood together on the narrow landing outside, close to each other, her dress almost touching him, her quick breath crossing his. What were they to say to each other ? She was not capable of embarrassment in the simplicity of her emotions. But Richard standing by her, man of the world as he was, was totally helpless in this emergency. His gaze faltered ; he turned his eyes from her ; he trembled, though only he himself was conscious of it. To be so close to her affected him with a hundred complicated feelings. What could he say ? Faltering, his lips scarcely able to form the confused words, he asked, faintly, "How long has he been ill ? how long has he been here ?"

"Ten days," she answered, briefly. She did not hesitate, nor cast down her eyes. She answered with a kind of despairing calm ; for to be sure it was certain he would take the boy away, and she had nothing else in her mind. Her own standing in respect to him—the attitude of his mind towards her—her position in the world as it depended on him—all these were nothing to her. She was thinking of the boy, of nothing else.

"He has been very ill ; what is it ? Have you a doctor for him ?" said Richard, getting used to the suppressed sound of his own voice. He was speaking like a man in a

dream, struggling against some necessity which forced him to say this. It was not what he wanted to say. Had he been able to manage himself, to do as he wished, he would have said something to her very different—something kind—something to show her that he was not sorry he had seen her again—that he was not angry, but came to her with friendly feelings. But he could not. The only words he could manage to get out were these bare business-like questions, which he might have put to a nurse—only that if she had been a mere nurse, a stranger who had been kind to his boy, Richard would have been full of gratitude and thanks. He felt all this, but he could not help it ; and the more he wished to say, the less he said.

He felt this to the bottom of his heart ; but she did not feel it all. She took the questions quite naturally, and answered them with calm simplicity. "The doctor comes twice a-day. He'll be here soon. I cannot keep the name of it in my mind. Sitting up of nights makes me stupid like ; but when he comes, you'll hear."

Then there was a pause. She stood before him, with her hands clasped, waiting for what he was going to say. She had no thought of resisting or standing on her rights, for had she not given up the boy long ago ?—and waited with keen but secret anguish for the sentence which she believed he must be about to pronounce. The door was open behind her. While she stood waiting for Richard's words, her ear was intent upon Val, ready to hear if he made the slightest movement. Between these two things which absorbed her, she was completely occupied. She had no leisure to think of herself.

But he who was alive to all the strange troubles of the position, at

what a disadvantage he was! His embarrassment and overwhelming self-consciousness were painful beyond description, while she was free from self altogether, and suffered nothing in comparison. While she stood so steadily, a tremulous quiver ran through his every limb. He was as superior to her as it is possible to conceive, and yet he was helpless and speechless before her. At last he made out, faltering, the confused words, "Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, I know," she said, with a panting breath. A gleam of light came over her face. "I have known him ever since he was a boy. He's been Dick's friend. No lad had ever a better friend. They took a fancy to each other the first day. I heard his name—it's seven years since—and knew——"

"And you told—Val——"

She gave a slight start, and looked at him reproachfully, appealingly, but made no other reply. This look disturbed Richard more and more. There was in it a higher meaning than any he seemed capable of. He felt that, from some simple eminence of virtue, impossible to him to conceive, she looked down upon him, quietly indignant of, yet half pitying, his suspicions of her. And, in fact, though she was not capable of any sentiments so articulate, these, in a rudimentary confusion, were the feelings in her mind.

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly. "Then he knows nothing? And the other, the younger—he who is with you——"

How he faltered! man of the world, and high-bred gentleman as he was; he did not know how to put the inquiry into words.

"Oh," she said, roused from her stillness of expectation, "don't meddle with Dick! Oh, sir, leave my boy alone! You don't know—

no one knows but me—how good he is. He's put up with all my wild ways. He's been willing to give up all he likes best for me; but God's given me strength, and I've mastered myself. I've stayed quiet, though it went near to kill me," she said, clasping her hands tightly; "I wouldn't shame him, and take his home from him. Oh, don't meddle with Dick! He's happy now."

Her entreating look, her appeal to his generosity, her absolute detachment from all emotion except in connection with her children, worked upon Richard in the strongest way. They moved him as he had never thought to be moved. His heart swelled, and filled with a novel emotion. "Is this all you think of?" he said, with, in his turn, a strange tone of reproach in his voice—"only of the children! when we meet like this after so many—so many years!"

She raised her eyes to him, wondering. I think she scarcely understood what he could mean. Her mind was so deeply occupied with other thoughts, that the tide of feeling which encountered hers was driven back by the meeting. "I'm not clever," she said, in a very low voice. "I'm ignorant—not fit to talk to you."

"But you know me?" he said, driven to his wits' end. She looked up at him quickly, with a strange suffusion in her eyes, a momentary dilation. She did not mean it to be reproachful this time. Then she said quickly—"We'll trouble no one, Dick and me. He's well off, and doing well. If you will let the other stay till he's better—who could nurse him as I would?—and leave Dick alone. I'll trouble nobody, nobody!"

"Myra," said Richard, more moved than he could say. It was not love so much as a strange reluc-

tance to be so powerless—a curious longing to get some sign of feeling from her. He could not bear the composure in her eyes.

She gave a low cry, and made a step backwards, withdrawing from him; and at that moment a faint sound from within the sick-room caught her ear. Her expression, which had changed for the moment, came back again to that of the patient sick-nurse, the anxious watcher. "He's stirring," she said. "He wants me. I mustn't leave him. I've been too long away."

To describe the feelings of Richard Ross when she left him outside the door of the room in which his son lay ill is more than I am able for. Not since she had fled from him at first, three-and-twenty years ago, had there been such a tumult in his mind;—not the sharp tumult of passion and grief, but the strangest maze of embarrassment, pain, defeat, surprise—and yet for the moment relief. Passion was altogether out of his way nowadays—I don't know that he was capable of the feeling; but all the secondary emotions were warm in him. He had been playing with the thought of this woman for a long time, saying *maladetta*, yet scarcely meaning it—wondering, half attracted in spite of himself, and beyond measure curious to know what changes time had wrought in her, and how far Valentine's unconscious judgment was true. During this long succession of thoughts, his semi-hatred of her as the curse of his life had strangely evaporated, he could not have told how. And from the moment when he had received that first sudden shock which was given him by the little photograph, down to the present time when she left him standing outside the door, Richard had been the subject of a mental process of the most complicated and mysterious kind. From

that first simple introduction of the idea of her, not as a past curse, but as a living and known human being, his thoughts had gone through a long dramatic course, picturing her, realising her, following the unknown line of her existence—making acquaintance with her image, so to speak. She had never been quite absent from his mind since Valentine had reintroduced her to it. He had imagined (in spite of himself) how she would look, what she would say and do—had even pictured to himself how she would meet him, perhaps with terror, perhaps with penitence, with a developed sense of the grievous harm she had done him, and capacity at last to understand how much he had sacrificed for her. If she had grown into an intelligent being, with that look Valentine described, "as if she had once been a lady,"—which was so curious, so bewildering a travesty of all fact—this was how she must have learned to feel; and, no doubt, Richard thought her first meeting with him would be trying for both, but most trying for her as the one most certain to betray emotion—the wrong-door in whose awakened mind all feeling must be more strong. He had opened the very door of the room in which she sat with this expectation—nay certainty—in his mind. Now she had left him, and he stood bewildered, confounded, excited, not knowing what to think, and still less what to do. Was it possible that she had not a thought for him, this woman who had destroyed his life?—no feeling that she had destroyed it?—no desire for his forgiveness, no eagerness to make up, no tremulous impassioned anxiety as to what he would think of her? For all these feelings he had given her credit, and curiously, with an interest which attracted him in spite of himself, had speculated how she would show them. But now!

After a little pause, Richard Ross, Secretary of Legation at Florence, her Majesty's future representative to some crowned head, went quite humbly down the little creaking staircase. He knew how to deal with Prime Ministers, and would not have allowed himself to be put down by Prince Bismarck himself; but he was utterly discomfited by Dick Brown's mother, and stole down-stairs with his heart beating, and the most unexampled commotion in his whole being. When he thought of it, he even laughed at himself feebly, so confounded was he. What was to be done now? He could not steal away as he had come, with no result to his visit. Now that they had met, and looked each other in the face again, they could not part simply with nothing further said. Was it for him to make advances? to propose some ground of meeting? though he was the wronged person, and though she ought in reality to approach him on her knees. When he got down-stairs, he paused again to think what he would do. And it was only then that it occurred to him that his mission here was not to reconcile himself to *her*, but to inquire after Valentine. Strange! He had seen

Valentine lying ill—he had even asked questions about him—and yet his son's state, or his son's existence, had made no impression whatever on his mind. In the curious ferment and tumult of his feelings, it occurred to him to remember the half amusement, half pain, with which he had felt two days ago that his mother hustled him off, scarcely having patience to let him eat and rest, in order that he might see after Val; and here was his wife treating him in the same way—thrusting him aside, postponing him altogether! There was a whimsical aggravation in this double slight which made him laugh even now; and then a sudden heat flamed all over his frame, like a sudden blaze scorching him; his wife! He had used the words unconsciously, unawares—not *maladetta*!—not the woman who had been his curse. In the curious excitement of that thought, he went in once more to the little parlour, and sat down instinctively to get quiet and calm himself; and then, catching at the first straw of reason which blew his way in this strange tempest of feeling, he decided that he must wait there, now that he was there, till the doctor came.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

PART III.—THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE cut bridle-path, which has been dignified by the name of "The Great Hindústan and Tibet Road," that leads along the sides of the hills from Simla to the Narkunda Ghaut, and from Narkunda up the valley of the Sutlej to Chini and Pangay, is by no means so exasperating as the native paths of the inner Himáliya. It does not require one to dismount every five minutes; and though it does go down into some terrific gorges, at the bottom of which there is quite a tropical climate in summer, yet, on the whole, it is pretty level, and never compels one (as the other roads too often and too sadly do) to go up a mile of perpendicular height in the morning, only to go down a mile of perpendicular depth in the afternoon. Its wooden bridges can be traversed on horseback; it is not much exposed to falling rocks; it is free from avalanches, either of snow or granite; and it never compels one to endure the almost infuriating misery of having, every now and then, to cross miles of rugged blocks of stone, across which no ragged rascal that ever lived could possibly run. Nevertheless, the cut road, running as it often does without any parapet, or with none to speak of, and only seven or eight feet broad, across the face of enormous precipices and nearly precipitous slopes, is even more dangerous for equestrians than are the rude native paths. Almost every year some fatal accident happens upon it, and the wonder only is that people who set any value upon their lives are so foolhardy as to ride upon it at all. A gentleman of the Forest Department, re-

sident at Nachar, remarked to me that it was strange that, though he had been a cavalry officer, he never mounted a horse in the course of his mountain journeys; but it struck me, though he might not have reasoned out the matter, it was just because he had been a cavalry officer, and knew the nature of horses, that he never rode on such paths as he had to traverse in Kunáwar. No animal is so easily startled as a horse, or so readily becomes restive: it will shy at an oyster-shell, though doing so may dash it to pieces over a precipice; and one can easily guess what danger its rider incurs on a narrow parapetless road above a precipice where there are monkeys and falling rocks to startle it, and where there are obstinate hillmen who will salaam the rider, say what he may, and who take the inner side of the road, in order to prop their burdens against the rock, and to have a good look at him as he passes. One of the saddest of the accidents which have thus happened was that which befell a very young lady, a daughter of the Rev. Mr Rebsch, the missionary at Kotgarh. She was riding across the tremendous Rogi cliffs, and, though a wooden railing has since been put up at the place, there was nothing between her and the precipice, when her pony shied and carried her over to instant death. In another case the victim, a Mr Leith, was on his marriage trip, and his newly married wife was close beside him, and had just exchanged horses with him, when, in trying to cure his steed of a habit it had of rubbing against the rock wall, it backed towards the precipice, and its hind

feet getting over, both horse and rider were dashed to pieces. This happened between Serahan and Taranda, near the spot where the road gave way under Sir Alexander Lawrence, a nephew of Lord Lawrence, the then Governor-General. Sir Alexander was riding a heavy Australian horse, and the part of the road which gave way was wooden planking, supported out from the face of the precipice by iron stanchions. I made my coolies throw over a large log of wood where he went down; and, as it struck the rocks in its fall, it sent out showers of white splinters, so that the solid wood was reduced to half its original size before it reached a resting-place. In the case of the wife of General Brind, that lady was quietly making a sketch on horseback, from the road between Theog and Muttiana, and her syce was holding the horse, when it was startled by some falling stones, and all three went over and were destroyed. Not very long after I went up this lethal road, a Calcutta judge, of one of the subordinate courts, went over it and was killed in the presence of some ladies with whom he was riding, owing simply to his horse becoming restive. An eyewitness of another of these frightful accidents told me that when the horse's hind foot got off the road, it struggled for about half a minute in that position, and the rider had plenty of time to dismount safely, and might easily have done so, but a species of paralysis seemed to come over him; his face turned deadly white, and he sat on the horse without making the least effort to save himself, until they both went over backwards. The sufferer is usually a little too late in attempting to dismount. Theoretically, it may seem easy enough to disengage one's self from a horse

when it is struggling on the brink of a precipice; but let my reader try the experiment, and he will see the mistake. The worst danger on these cut roads is that of the horse backing towards the precipice; and when danger presents itself, there is a curious tendency on the part of the rider to pull his horse's head away from the precipice towards the rock wall, which is about the worst thing he can do. The few seconds (of which I had some experience further on) in which you find yourself fairly going, are particularly interesting, and send an electric thrill through the entire system.

I rode almost every mile of the way, on which it was at all possible to ride, from Chinese Tartary to the Kyber Pass, on anything which turned up—yaks, zo-pos, cows, Spiti ponies, a Khiva horse, and blood-horses. On getting to Kashmir I purchased a horse, but did not do so before, as it is impossible to take any such animal over rope and twig bridges, and the rivers are too rapid and furious to allow of a horse being swum across these latter obstacles. The traveller in the *Himáliya*, however, ought always to take a saddle with him; for the native saddles, though well adapted for riding down nearly perpendicular slopes, are extremely uncomfortable, and the safety which they might afford is considerably decreased by the fact that their straps are often in a rotten condition, and exceedingly apt to give way just at the critical moment. An English saddle will do perfectly well if it has a crupper to it, but that is absolutely necessary. Some places are so steep that, when riding down them, I was obliged to have a rope put round my chest and held by two men above, in order to prevent me going over the pony's head, or throwing it off its balance. But on

the Hindústhan and Tibet road I had to be carried in a *dandy*, which is the only kind of conveyance that can be taken over the Himáliya. The dandy is unknown in Europe, and is not very easily described, as there is no other means of conveyance which can afford the faintest idea of it. The nearest approach to travelling in a dandy I can think of, is sitting in a half-reefed topsail in a storm, with the head and shoulders above the yard. It consists of a single bamboo, about 9 or 10 feet long, with two pieces of carpet slung from it—one for the support of the body, and the other for the feet. You rest on these pieces of carpet, not in line with the bamboo, but at right angles to it, with your head and shoulders raised as high above it as possible; and each end of the pole rests on the shoulders of one or of two bearers. The dandy is quite a pleasant conveyance when one gets used to it, when the path is tolerably level and the bearers are up to their work. The only drawbacks then are that, when a rock comes bowling across the road like a cannon-shot, you cannot disengage yourself from the carpets in time to do anything yourself towards getting out of the way; and that, when the road is narrow, and, in consequence, your feet are dangling over a precipice, it is difficult for a candid mind to avoid concluding that the bearers would be quite justified in throwing the whole concern over, and so getting rid of their unwelcome and painful task. But when the path is covered with pieces of rock, as usually happens to be the case, and the coolies are not well up to their work, which they almost never are, the man in the dandy is not allowed much leisure for meditations of any kind, or even for admiring the scenery around; for, unless he confines his

attention pretty closely to the rocks with which he is liable to come into collision, he will soon have all the breath knocked out of his body. On consulting a Continental *savan*, who had been in the inner Himáliya, as to whether I could get people there to carry me in a dandy, he said, "Zey vill carry you, no doubt; but zey vill bomp you." And bump me they did, until they bumped me out of adherence to that mode of travel. Indeed they hated and feared having to carry me so much, that I often wondered at their never adopting the precipice alternative. But in the Himalayan states the villagers have to furnish the traveller, and especially the English traveller, with the carriage which he requires, and at a certain fixed rate. This is what is called the right of *bigír*, and without the exercise of it, travelling would be almost impossible among the mountains. I also had a special *puricannah*, which would have entitled me, in case of necessity, to seize what I required; but this I kept in the background.

The stages from Simla to Pangay, along the cut bridle-path, are as follows, according to miles:—

Fagú,	.	.	10 miles.
Theog,	.	.	6 "
Mutlana,	.	.	11 "
Narkunda,	.	.	12 "
Kotgarh,	.	.	10 "
Nirth,	.	.	12 "
Rampur,	.	.	12 "
Gaura,	.	.	9 "
Seralau,	.	.	13 "
Taranda,	.	.	15 "
Poynda,	.	.	5 "
Nachar,	.	.	7 "
Wangti,	.	.	10 "
Oorni,	.	.	5 "
Rogi,	.	.	10 "
Chini,	.	.	3 "
Pangay,	.	.	7 "

This road, however, has four great divisions, each with marked characteristics of its own. To Narkunda it winds along the sides of

not very interesting mountains, and about the same level as Simla, till at the Narkunda Ghaut it rises nearly to 9000 feet, and affords a gloomy view into the Sutlej valley, and a splendid view of the snowy ranges beyond. In the second division it descends into the burning Sutlej valley, and follows near to the course of that river, on the left bank, until, after passing Rampur, the capital of the state of Bussahir, it rises on the mountain-sides again up to Gaura. Thirdly, it continues along the mountain-sides, for the most part between 6000 and 7000 feet high, and through the most magnificent forests of deodar, till it descends again to the Sutlej, crosses that river at Wangti Bridge, and ascends to Oorni. Lastly, it runs from Oorni to Pangay, at a height of nearly 9000 feet, on the right bank of the Sutlej, and sheltered from the Indian monsoon by the 20,000 feet high snowy peaks of the Kailas, which rise abruptly on the opposite side of the river.

The view of the mountains from Narkunda is wonderful indeed, and well there might the spirit

"Take flight ;—inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine !
With the morning's roseate spirit
Sweep the length of snowy line."

But the view down into the valley of the Sutlej is exceedingly gloomy and oppressive ; and on seeing it, I could not help thinking of "the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The same idea had struck Lieut.-Colonel Moore, the interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, whom I met at Kotgarh, a little lower down, along with Captain De Roebeck, one of the Governor-General's aides-de-camp. No description could give an adequate idea of the tattered, dilapidated, sunburnt, and woe-begone appearance of these two officers as they rode up to Kotgarh after their

experience of the snows of Spiti. Colonel Moore's appearance, especially, would have made his fortune on the stage. There was nothing woful, however, in his spirit, and he kept me up half the night laughing at his most humorous accounts of Spiti, its animals and its ponies ; but even this genial officer's sense of enjoyment seemed to desert him when he spoke of his experience of the hot Sutlej valley from Gaura to Kotgarh, and he said, emphatically, "It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death." I was struck by this coincidence with my own idea, because it was essential for me to get up into high regions of pure air, and I could not but dread the journey up the Sutlej valley, with its vegetation, its confined atmosphere, its rock-heat, and its gloomy gorges. I had a sort of precognition that some special danger was before me, and was even alarmed by an old man, whose parting benediction to us was, "Take care of the bridges beyond Nachar." This was something like, "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch," and I began to have gloomy doubts about my capacity for getting high enough. Mr Rebsch, the amiable and talented head of the Kotgarh Mission (of which establishment I hope elsewhere to give a fuller notice than could be introduced here), gave me all the encouragement which could be derived from his earnest prayers for my safety among the *hohe Gebirge*. There were two clever German young ladies, too, visiting at Kotgarh, who seemed to think it was quite unnecessary for me to go up into the high mountains ; so that, altogether, I began to wish that I was out of the valley before I had got well into it, and to feel something like a fated pilgrim who was going to some unknown doom.

Excelsior, however, was my unalterable motto, as I immediately

endeavoured to prove by descending some thousand feet into the hot Sutlej valley, in spite of all the attractions of Kotgarh. I shall say very little about the journey up to Chini, as it is so often undertaken, but may mention two incidents which occurred upon it. Between Nirth and Rampúr the heat was so intense, close, and suffocating, that I travelled by night, with torches; and stopping to rest a little, about midnight, I was accosted by a native gentleman, who came out of the darkness, seated himself behind me, and said in English, "Who are you?" I had a suspicion who my friend was, but put a similar question to him; on which he replied, not without a certain dignity, "I am the Rajah of Bussahir." This Bussahir, which includes Kunáwar, and extends up the Sutlej valley to Chinese Tibet, is the state in which I was travelling. Its products are opium, grain, and woollen manufactures, and it has a population of 90,000, and a nominal revenue of 50,000 rupees; but the sums drawn from it in one way or another, by Government officers, must considerably exceed that amount. Its rajah was exceedingly affable; and his convivial habits are so well known, and have been so often alluded to, that I hope there is no harm in saying that on this occasion he was not untrue to his character. I found him, however, to be a very agreeable man, and he is extremely well-meaning—so much so, as to be desirous of laying down his sovereignty if only the British Government would be good enough to accept it from him, and give him a pension instead. But there are much worse governed states than Bussahir, notwithstanding the effects on its amiable and intelligent rajah of a partial and ill-adjusted English education, in which

undue importance was assigned to the use of brandy. He caused some alarm among my people by insisting on handling my revolver, which was loaded; but he soon showed that he knew how to use it with extraordinary skill; for, on a lighted candle being put up for him to fire at, about thirty paces off, though he could scarcely stand by this time, yet he managed, somehow or other, to prop himself up against a tree, and snuffed out the candle at the first shot. On the whole, the rajah made a very favourable impression upon me, despite his peculiarity, if such it may be called; and my nocturnal interview with him, under huge trees, in the middle of a dark wet night, remains a very curious and pleasant recollection.

The other incident was of a more serious character, and illustrated a danger which every year carries off a certain number of the hillmen. Standing below the bungalow at Serahan, I noticed some men, who were ascending to their village, racing against each other on the grassy brow of a precipice that rose above the road leading to Gaura. One of them unfortunately lost his footing, slipped a little on the edge, and then went over the precipice, striking the road below with a tremendous thud, after an almost clear fall of hundreds of feet, and then rebounding from off the road, and falling about a hundred feet into a ravine below. I had to go round a ravine some way in order to reach him, so that when I did so he was not only dead, but nearly cold. The curious thing is, that there was no external bruise about him. The mouth and nostrils were filled with clotted blood, but otherwise there was no indication even of the cause of his death. The rapidity of his descent through the air must have made him so far insensible as to prevent that contraction of the

muscles which is the great cause of the bones being broken; and then the tremendous concussion when he struck the road must have knocked every particle of life out of him. This man's brother—his polyandric brother, as it turned out, though polyandry only commences at Serahan, being a Lama and not a Hindú institution, but the two religions are mixed up a little at the points of contact—reached the body about the same time as I did, and threw himself upon it, weeping and lamenting. I wished to try the effect of some very strong ammonia, but the brother objected to this, because, while probably it would have been of no use, it would have defiled the dead, according to his religious ideas. The only other sympathy I could display was the rather coarse one of paying the people of Serahan, who showed no indications of giving assistance, for carrying the corpse up to its village; but the brother, who understood Hindústhani, preferred to take the money himself, in order to purchase wood for the funeral pyre. He was a large strong man, whereas the deceased was little and slight, so he wrapped the dead body in his plaid, and slung it over his shoulders. There was something almost comic, as well as exceedingly pathetic, in the way in which he toiled up the mountain with his sad burden, wailing and weeping over it whenever he stopped to rest, and kissing the cold face.

The road up to Chini is almost trodden ground, and so does not call for special description; but it is picturesque in the highest degree, and presents wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur. It certainly has sublime heights above, and not less extraordinary depths below. Now we catch a glimpse of a snowy peak 20,000 feet high

rising close above us, and the next minute we look down into a dark precipitous gorge thousands of feet deep. Then we have, below the snowy peaks, Himáliyan hamlets, with their flat roofs, placed on ridges of rock or on green sloping meadows; enormous deodars, clothed with veils of white flowering clematis; grey streaks of water below, from whence comes the thundering sound of the imprisoned Sutlej—the classic Hesudrus; almost precipitous slopes of shingle, and ridges of mountain fragments. Above, there are green alps, with splendid trees traced out against the sky; the intense blue of the sky, and the dark overshadowing precipices. Anon, the path descends into almost tropical shade at the bottom of the great ravines, with ice-cold water falling round the dark roots of the vegetation, and an almost ice-cold air fanning the great leafy branches. The trees which meet us almost at every step in this upper Sutlej valley are worthy of the sublime scenery by which they are surrounded, and are well fitted to remind us, ere we pass into the snowy regions of unsullied truth untouched by organic life, that the struggling and half-developed vegetable world aspires towards heaven, and has not been unworthy of the grand design. Even beneath the deep blue dome, the cloven precipices and the sky-pointing snowy peaks, the gigantic deodars (which cluster most richly about Nachar) may well strike with awe by their wonderful union of grandeur and perfect beauty. In the dog and the elephant we often see a devotion so touching, and the stirring of an intellect so great and earnest as compared with its cruel narrow bounds, that we are drawn towards them as to something almost surpassing human nature in its con-

fiding simplicity and faithful tenderness. No active feeling of this kind can be called forth by the innumerable forms of beauty which rise around us from the vegetable world. They adorn our gardens and clothe our hillsides, giving joy to the simplest maiden, yet directing the winds and rains, and purifying the great expanses of air. So far as humanity, so dependent upon them, is concerned, they are silent; no means of communication exist between us; and silently, unremonstrantly, they answer to our care or indifference for them, by reproducing, in apparently careless abundance, their more beautiful or noxious forms. But we cannot say that they are not sentient, or even conscious, beings. The expanding of flowers to the light, and the contraction of some to the touch, indicate a highly sentient nature; and in the slow, cruel action of carnivorous plants, there is something approaching to the fierce instincts of the brute world. Wordsworth, than whom no poet more profoundly understood the life of nature, touched on this subject when he said—

“Through primrose turfs, in that sweet
lower,

The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.”

If anything of this kind exists, how great and grave must be the sentient feeling of the mighty pines and cedars of the Himáliya! There is a considerable variety of them,—as the *Pinus excelsa*, or the “weeping fir,” which, though beautiful, is hardly deserving of its aspiring name; the *Pinus longifolia*, or Cheel

tree, the most abundant of all; the *Pinus Khutrow*, or *Picea Morinda*, which almost rivals the deodars in height; and the *Pinus Morinda*, or *Abies Pindrow*, the “silver fir,” which attains the greatest height of all. But, excelling all these, is the *Cedrus deodara*, the Deodar or Kedron tree. There was something very grand about these cedars of the Sutlej valley, sometimes forty feet in circumference, and rising almost to two hundred feet, or half the height of St Paul's, on nearly precipitous slopes, and on the scantiest soil, yet losing no line of beauty in their stems and their graceful pendant branches, and with their tapering stems and green arrowy spikes covered by a clinging trellis-work of Virginia creepers and clematis still in white bloom. These silent giants of a world which is not our own, but which we carelessly use as our urgent wants demand, had owed nothing to the cultivating care of man. Fed by the snow-rills, and by the dead lichens and strong grass which once found life on the debris of gneiss and mica-slate, undisturbed by the grubbing of wild animals, and as undesirable in their tough green wood when young as unavailable in their fuller growth for the use of the puny race of mankind which grew up around them, they were free, for countless centuries, to seek air and light and moisture, and to attain the perfect stature which they now present, but which is unlikely to be continued now that they are exposed to the axes of human beings who can turn them “to use.” If, as the Singalese assert, the cocoa-nut palm withers away when beyond the reach of the human voice, it is easy to conceive how the majestic deodar must delight in being beyond our babblement. Had Camoens seen this cedar he might have said of it, even more appropriately

than he has done of the cypress,
that it may be a

“Preacher to the wise,
Lessening from earth her spiral honours
rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear’d, the topmost
spray,
Points to the Eden of eternal day.”

The view from Chini and Pangay of the Raldung Kailas, one portion of the great Indian Kailas, or Abode of the Gods, is very magnificent; but I shall speak of that when treating generally of the various groups of the higher Himāliya. At Pangay there is a large good bungalow; and the Hindústhan and Tibet road there comes to an end, so far as it is a cut road, or, indeed, a path on which labour of any kind is expended. It is entirely protected by the Kailas from the Indian monsoon; and I found a portion of it occupied by Captain and Mrs Henderson, who wisely preferred a stay there to one in the more exposed and unhealthy hill stations, though it was so far from society, and from most of the comforts of life. The easiest way from Pangay to Lippe is over the Werung Pass, 12,400 feet; but Captain Henderson, on his returning from a shooting excursion, reported so much snow upon it that I determined to go up the valley of the Sutlej, winding along the sides of the steep but still pine-covered mountains on its right bank. So, on the 28th June, after a delay of a few days in order to recruit and prepare, I bade adieu to civilisation, as represented in the persons of the kind occupants of the bungalow at Pangay, and fairly started for tent-life. A very short experience of the “road” was sufficient to stagger one, and to make me cease to wonder at the retreat of two young cavalry officers I met, a few days before, on their way back to Simla, and who had started from Pangay with some

intention of going to Shipki, but gave up the attempt after two miles’ experience of the hard road they would have to travel. The great Hindústhan and Tibet affair was bad enough, but what was this I had come to? For a few miles it had once been a cut road, but years and grief had made it worse than the ordinary native paths. At some places it was impassable even for hill ponies, and to be carried in a dandy over a considerable part of it was out of the question. But the aggravation thus caused was more than compensated for by the magnificent view of snowy peaks which soon appeared in front, and which, though they belonged to the Kailas group, were more striking than the Kailas as it appears from Chini or Pangay. Those enormous masses of snow and ice rose into the clouds above us to such a height, and apparently so near, that it seemed as if their fall would overwhelm the whole Sutlej valley in our neighbourhood, and they suggested that I was entering into the wildest and sublimest region of the earth. These peaks had the appearance of being on our side of the Sutlej, but they lie between that river and Chinese Tartary, in the bend which it makes when it turns north at Buspa; they are in the almost habitationless district of Morang, and are all over 20,000 feet high. My coolies called them the Shurang peaks; and it is well worth while for all visitors to Pangay to go up a few miles from that place in order to get a glimpse of the terrific Alpine sublimity which is thus disclosed, and which has all the more effect as it is seen ere vegetation ceases, and through the branches of splendid and beautiful trees.

At Rarang, which made a half day’s journey, the extreme violence of the Himāliyan wind, which blows usually throughout the day,

but most fortunately dies away at night, led me to camp in a sheltered and beautiful spot, on a terraced field, under walnut and apricot trees, and with the Kailas rising before my tent on the other side of the Suttlej. Every now and then in the afternoon, and when the morning sun began to warm its snows, avalanches shot down the scarred sides of the Kailas; and when their roar ceased, and the wind died away a little, I could hear the soft sound of the waving cascades of white foam—some of which must have rivalled the Staubbach in height—that diversified its lower surface, but which became silent and unseen as the cold of evening locked up their sources in the glaciers and snow above. Where we were, at the height of about 9000 feet, the thermometer was as high as 70° Fahrenheit at sunset; but at sunrise it was at 57°, and everything was frozen up on the grand mountains opposite. Though deodars and edible pines were still found on the way to Jangi, that road was even worse than its predecessor, and Silas and Chota Khan several times looked at me with hopeless despair. In particular, I made my first experience here of what a granite avalanche means, but should require the pen of Bunyan in order to do justice to its discouraging effects upon the pilgrim. When Alexander Gerard passed along this road fifty-six years before, he found it covered by the remains of a granite avalanche. Whether the same avalanche has remained there ever since, or, as my coolies averred, granite avalanches are in the habit of coming down on that particular piece of road, I cannot say; but either explanation is quite sufficient to account for the result. The whole mountain-side was covered for a long way with huge blocks of gneiss and granite, over which we had to scramble as best we could, inspired

by the conviction that where these came from there might be more in reserve. At one point we had to wind round the corner of a precipice on two long poles which rested on a niche at the corner of the precipice which had to be turned, and which there met two corresponding poles from the opposite side. This could only have been avoided by making a detour of some hours over the granite blocks, so we were all glad to risk it; and the only dangerous part of the operation was getting round the corner and passing from the first two poles to the second two, which were on a lower level. As these two movements had to be performed simultaneously, and could only be accomplished by hugging the rock as closely as possible, the passage there was really ticklish; and even the sure-footed and experienced hillmen had to take our baggage round it in the smallest possible instalments.

At Jangi there was a beautiful camping-place, between some great rocks and under some very fine walnut and *gneu* (edible pine) trees. The village close by, though small, had all the marks of moderate affluence, and had a Hindú as well as a Lama temple, the former religion hardly extending any further into the Himáliya, though one or two outlying villages beyond belong to it. Both at Pangay and Rarang I had found the ordinary prayer-wheel used—a brass or bronze cylinder, about six inches long, and two or three in diameter, containing a long scroll of paper, on which were written innumerable reduplications of the Lama prayer—"Om ma ní pad ma houn"—and which is turned from left to right in the monk's hand by means of an axle which passes through its centre. But in the Lama temple at Jangi I found a still more powerful piece of devotional machinery, in the shape of a gigantic prayer-mill

made of bronze, about seven or eight feet in diameter, and which might be turned either by the hand or by a rill of water which could be made to fall upon it when water was in abundance. This prayer contained I am afraid to say how many millions of repetitions of the great Lama prayer; and the pious Ritualists of Jangi were justly proud of it, and of the eternal advantages which it gave them over their carnal and spiritually indifferent neighbours. The neophyte who showed the prayer-mill to me turned it with ease, and allowed me to send up a million prayers. In describing one of the Lama monasteries, to be met farther on in the Tibetan country, I shall give a fuller account of these prayer-wheels and mills. The temple at Jangi, with its Tibetan inscriptions and paintings of Chinese devils, told me that I was leaving the region of Hinduism. At Lippe, where I stopped next day, all the people appeared to be Tibetan; and beyond that I found only two small isolated communities of Hindú Kunais, the one at Shaso and the other at Namgea. The *gnew* tree, or edible pine (*Pinus Gerardina*), under some of which I camped at Jangi, extends higher up than does the doodar. I saw some specimens of it opposite Pú at about 12,000 feet. The edible portion is the almond-shaped seeds, which are to be found within the cells of the cone, and which contain a sweet whitish pulp that is not unpleasant to the taste. This tree is similar to the Italian *Pinus pinea*; and varieties of it are found in California, and in Japan where it is called the *ginko*.

The road to Lippe, though bad and fatiguing, presented nothing of the dangers of the preceding day, and took us away from the Sutlej valley up the right bank of the Pijar, also called Teti, river. In colder weather, when the streams are

either frozen or very low, the nearest way from Jangi to Shipki is to go all the way up the Sutlej valley to Pú; but in summer that is impossible, from the size and violence of the streams, which are swollen by the melting snows. At this large village a woman was brought to me who had been struck on the head by a falling rock about a year before. It was a very extraordinary case, and showed the good effects of mountain air and diet, because a piece of the skull had been broken off altogether at the top of her head, leaving more than a square inch of the brain exposed, with only a thin membrane over it. The throbbing of the brain was distinctly perceptible under this membrane; and yet the woman was in perfect health, and seemed quite intelligent. I once saw a Chinaman's skull in a similar state, after he had been beaten by some Tartar troops, but he was quite unconscious and never recovered; whereas this young woman was not only well but cheerful, and I recommended her to go to Simla and get a metallic plate put in, as that was the only thing which could be done for her, and her case might be interesting to the surgeons there.

But at Lippe it became clear to me that, while the mountain air had its advantages, the mountain water, or something of the kind, was not always to be relied upon, for I found myself suffering from an attack of acute dysentery of the malignant type. As to the primary origin of this attack I was not without grave suspicions, though far from being sure on the subject. At Pangay one day I congratulated myself on the improved state of my health as I sat down to lunch, which consisted of a stew; and half an hour afterwards I began to suffer severely from symptoms correspondent to those caused by irritant metallic poisoning. I spoke to my

servants about this, and have not the remotest suspicion of Silas; but it struck me that another of them showed a certain amount of shamefacedness when he suggested bad water as the cause; and though Captain and Mrs Henderson had been living for a month at Pangay, they had found nothing to complain of in the water. It is very unpleasant when suspicions of this kind arise, because it is almost impossible to disprove them; and yet one feels that the harbouring of them may be doing cruel injustice to worthy men. But, some time before, I had become convinced, from a variety of circumstances, that drugging, which the people of India have always had a good deal of recourse to among themselves, is now brought to bear occasionally upon Anglo-Indians also, when there is any motive for its use, and *where covering circumstances exist*. It may seem easy to people who have never tried it, and have never had any reason to do so, to determine whether or not poisonous drugs have been administered to them; but they will find that just as difficult as to dismount from a horse when it is going over a precipice. Such is the fact even where the poison is one which can be detected, but that is not always the case; and, in particular, there is a plant which grows in almost every compound in India, a decoction of the seeds of one variety of which will produce delirium and death without leaving any trace of its presence behind. The pounded seeds themselves are sometimes given in curry with similar effect, but these can be detected, and it is a decoction from them which is specially dangerous. Entertaining such views, it appeared to me quite possible that some of the people about me might be disposed not so much to poison me as to arrest my

journey by means of drugs, whether to put an end to what had become to them a trying and hateful journey, or in answer to the bribery of agents of the Lassa Government, whose business it is to prevent Europeans passing the border. I don't suppose any one who started with me from Simla, or saw me start, expected that I should get up very far among the mountains; and, indeed, Major Fenwick politely told me that I should get eaten up. A nice little trip along a cut road, stopping a week at a bungalow here and another bungalow there, was all very well; but this going straight up, heaven knew where, into the face of stupendous snowy mountains, up and down precipices, and among a Tartar people, was more than was ever seriously bargained for.

I could not, then, in the least wonder, or think it unlikely, that when it was found I was going beyond Pangay, some attempt might be made to disable me a little, though without any intention of doing me serious injury. However, I cannot speak with any certainty on that subject. If the illness which I had at Pangay was not the producing cause of the dysentery, it at least prepared the way for it. What was certain at Lippe was, that I had to meet a violent attack of one of the most dangerous and distressing of diseases. Unfortunately, also, I had no medicine suited for it except a little morphia, taken in case of an accident. Somehow, it had never occurred to me that there was any chance of my suffering from true dysentery among the mountains; and all the cases I have been able to hear of there, were those of people who had brought it up with them from the plains. I was determined not to go back—not to turn on my journey, whatever I did; and it occurred

to me that Mr Pagell, the Moravian missionary stationed at Pú, near the Chinese border, and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr Chapman, would be likely to have the medicines which were all I required in order to treat myself effectually. But Pú was several days' journey off, more or less, according to the more or less bad road which might be followed; and the difficulty was how to get there alive, so rapidly did the dysentery develop itself, and so essential is complete repose in order to deal with it under even the most favourable circumstances. The morphia did not check it in the least. Chlorodyne I was afraid to touch, owing to its irritant quality; and I notice that Mr Henry Stanley found not the least use from treating himself with it when suffering from dysentery in Africa, though it is often very good for diarrhœa.

The next day's journey, from Lippe to Súgnam, would have been no joke even for an Alpine Clubsman. It is usually made in two days' journey; but by sending forward in advance, and having coolies from Labrang and Kanam ready for us half-way, we managed to accomplish it in one day of twelve hours' almost continuous work. The path went over the Rúhang or Roonang Pass, which is 14,354 feet high; and as Lippe and Súgnam are about 9000 feet high, that would give an ascent and descent of about 5300 feet each. But there are two considerable descents to be made on the way from Lippe to the summit of the pass, and a smaller descent before reaching Súgnam, so that the Rúhang Pass really involves an ascent of over 8000 feet, and a descent of the same number.

Here, for the first time, I saw and made use of the yak or wild ox of Tibet, the *Bos grunniens*, or grunting ox, the *Bos poephagus* and the

poípayos of Arrian. It certainly is a magnificent animal, and one of the finest creatures of the bovine species. In the zoological gardens at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, there are some specimens of yaks from Siberia; but they are small, and are not to be compared with the great yak of the Himáliya, the back of which is more like an elephant's than anything else. The shortness of its legs takes away somewhat from its stature; and so does its thick covering of fine black and white hair, but that adds greatly to its beauty. Indeed it is the shaggy hair and savage eye of the yak which make its appearance so striking, for the head is not large, and the horns are poor. The tail is a splendid feature, and the white tails of yaks are valuable as articles of commerce. The zo-po, on which I often rode, is a hybrid between the yak and the female *Bos indicus*, or common Indian cow. It is considered more docile than the yak, and its appearance is often very beautiful. Curiously enough, when the yak and the zo-po are taken to the plains of India, or even to the Kúlú valley, which is over 3000 feet high, they die of liver-disease; and they can flourish only in cold snowy regions. I was not fortunate enough to see any of the wild yaks which are said to exist on the plains of the upper Sutlej in Chinese Tibet, and in some parts of Ladak. I heard, however, of their being shot, and that the way this was accomplished was by two holes in the ground, communicating with each other beneath, being prepared for the hunter in some place where these animals are likely to pass. If the wild yak is only wounded, it rushes, in its fury, to the hole from whence the shot came, on which the hunter raises his head and gun out of the other hole and fires again. This rather ignoble game may go on for some time, and the yak is

described as being in a frenzy of rage, trampling in the sides of the holes and tearing at them with its horns. Even the yaks of burden, which have been domesticated, or rather half domesticated, for generations, are exceedingly wild, and the only way they can be managed is by a rope attached by a ring through the nose. I had scarcely had time at Lippe to admire the yak which was brought for my use, than, the man in charge having dropped this rope, it made a furious charge at me; and I found afterwards that yaks invariably did this whenever they got a chance. I cannot say whether this was done because I was evidently a stranger, or because they regarded me as the cause of all their woes; but certainly, as we went up that terrible and apparently endless Rühang Pass, with one man pulling at the yak's nose-ring in front, and another propping it behind with the iron shod of my alpenstock, the *Bos grunniens* had an uncommonly hard time of it, especially when he tried to stop; he did not keep grunting without good reason therefor; and I could not help thinking that my Poe-phagus had been perfectly justified in his attempt to demolish me before starting.

If my reader wants to get an idea of the comfort of riding upon a yak, let him fasten two Prussian spiked helmets close together along the back of a great bull and seat himself between them. That is the nearest idea I can give of a yak's saddle, only it must be understood that the helmets are connected on each side by ribs of particularly hard wood. The sure-footedness and the steady though slow ascent of these animals up the most difficult passes are very remarkable. They never rest upon a leg until they are sure they have got a fair footing for it; and, heavy as they

appear, they will carry burdens up places which even the ponies and mules of the Alps would not attempt. There is a certain sense of safety in being on the back of a yak among these mountains, such as one has in riding on an elephant in a tiger-hunt; you feel that nothing but a very large rock, or the fall of half a mountain, or something of that kind, will make it lose its footing; but it does require some time for the physical man to get accustomed to its saddle, to its broad back, and to its deliberate motion when its rider is upon it and not in a position to be charged at.

So up I went on a yak along a most curious pathway which slanted across the face of an immense slate precipice. From below it appeared impossible for any man or animal to pass along it, and sometimes I had to dismount, and even the saddle had to be taken off my bulky steed, in order that it might find room to pass. From the top of this precipice there was a descent of about 800 feet, and then a tremendous pull up to what I fancied was the top of the pass, but which was far from being anything of the kind. The path then ran along a ridge of slate at an elevation of about 13,000 feet, affording most splendid views both of the Morang Kailas and of the great mountains within the Sassa territory. After a gradual descent we came upon an alp or grassy slope, where we were met by people from Labrang and Kanam, all in their best attire, to conduct us the remainder of the way to Súgnam. These mountaineers, some of whom were rather good-looking women, tendered their assistance rather as an act of hospitality than as a paid service; and the money they were to receive could hardly compensate them for the labour of the journey. There

is a Lama monastery at Kanam, in which the Hungarian Csomo de Körös lived for a long time when he commenced his studies of the Tibetan language and literature. It is well known now that the Maggyars are a Tartar race, and that their language is a Tartar language; but thirty years ago that was only beginning to appear, so Csomo de Körös wandered eastward in search of the congeners of his countrymen. At that time Central Asia was more open to Europeans than it has been of late years; so he came by way of Kaubul, and, on entering the inner Himálya, found so many affinities between the Tibetan language and that of his countrymen, that he concluded he had discovered the original stem of the Maggyar race. Years were passed by him at Kanam, and at the still more secluded monastery of Ringdom, where I found he was well remembered; and he made himself a master of the Lama religion and of the Tibetan language, besides preparing a number of manuscripts regarding the Tibetan literature. But this did not content him, for he was anxious to penetrate into Chinese Tibet as far as *Lassa*; and finding all his efforts to do so from Kunáwar were frustrated, he went down into India, and ascended the Himálya again at Dárjiling, with the intention of penetrating into Tibet from that point in disguise. At Dárjiling, however, he died suddenly—whether from the effects of passing through the Terai, or from poison, or from what cause, no one can say, nor have I been able to learn what became of his manuscripts. I suppose nobody at Dárjiling knew anything about him; and Dr Stoliczka told me he had met some Hungarians who had come to India in search of their lost relative Csomo, and it was only by some accident he was able to tell them

where the Hungarian they sought was buried. Csomo de Körös published at Calcutta a Tibetan Grammar in English, and also a Tibetan-English Dictionary; but he had so far been anticipated by J. J. Schmidt, who issued at Leipsic, in 1841, a 'Tibetisch-Deutsches Wörterbuch, nebst Deutschem Wortregister.' This Schmidt was a merchant in Russia, at Sarepta, near the Volga, where he learned the Mongolian language, and then, from the Mongolian Lamas, acquired the Tibetan, after which the Russian Government called him to St Petersburg, where he published Mongolian and Tibetan Grammars. A small but convenient lithographed Tibetan Grammar in English, and a Tibetan-English Vocabulary, were prepared some years ago by the Rev. Mr Jäschke, of the Moravian Mission at Kaelang, in Lahoul; but the latter of these will ere long be superseded by the elaborate and most valuable Tibetan-German and Tibetan-English Dictionaries, with registers, which this gentleman is now preparing and passing through the press from his present residence at Herrnhut, in Saxony, the original and central settlement of the Moravian Brethren. I had the pleasure of meeting with Herr Jäschke at Herrnhut a short time ago, and found him far advanced with his dictionaries; and may mention that sheets of them, so far as they have been printed, are to be found in the East India Office Library.

But we are not at Herrnhut just now, but on a cold windy plateau 13,000 feet high, with a gradual descent before us to some white granite and mica-slate precipices, which have to be painfully climbed up; while beyond, a steep and terribly long ascent leads up to a great bank of snow, which must be crossed before it is possible to commence the 5500 feet of descent upon Ség-

nam. Feeling myself becoming weaker every hour, I must confess that my heart almost failed me at this prospect; but to have remained at that altitude in the state I was in would have been death; so, after hastily drinking some milk, which the pretty Kanam women had been considerate enough to bring with them, we pushed on. No yaks could go up the white precipice, and there was nothing for it there but climbing with such aid as ropes could give. High as we were, the heat and glare of the sun on these rocks was frightful; but as we got up the long slope beyond and approached the bank of snow, the sky darkened, and an intensely cold and violent wind swept over the summit of the pass from the fields of ice and snow around. There was no difficulty in passing the bank of snow, which turned out to be only patches of snow with a bare path between them; but at that height of 14,354 feet, or nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc, with its rarefied air, the effect of the violent icy wind was almost killing, and we could not halt for a moment on the summit of the pass or till we got hundreds of feet below it. Hitherto I had been able to make little use of my dandy, but now I could do little more than stick to it. This was very hard on the bearers, who were totally unused to the work. One poor man, after a little experience of carrying me, actually roared and cried, the tears ploughing through the dirt of ages upon his cheeks (for these people never wash), like mountain torrents down slopes of dried mud. He seemed so much distressed that I allowed him to carry one of the *kittas* instead; on which the other men told him that he would have to be content with two annas (three-pence) instead of four, which each bearer was to receive. To this he

replied that they might keep all the four annas to themselves, for not forty times four would reconcile him to the work of carrying the dandy. But the other men bore up most manfully under an infliction which they must have regarded as sent to them by the very devil of devils. They were zemindars, too, or small proprietors, well off in the world, with flocks and herds of their own; and yet, for sixpence, they had to carry me (suspended from a long bamboo, which tortured their unaccustomed shoulders, and knocked them off their footing every now and then) down a height of between 7000 and 8000 feet along a steep corkscrew track over shingle and blocks of granite. How trifling these charges are, though the work is so much more severe, compared with the six francs a-day we have to give to a Swiss *portatina* or *chaise à porteur*, with three francs for back fare, and the six or eight francs for a guide on ordinary excursions. Meanwhile, the individual suspended from the bamboo was in scarcely a happier plight. I could not help remembering a prediction of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore's, that if I ever did reach Kashmir, or anywhere, it would be suspended by the heels and neck from a bamboo, with tongue hanging out of my mouth, and eyes starting from their sockets. Things certainly had an unpleasant appearance of coming to that pass, and this reflection enabled me to endure the suffering of the dandy-wallahs with some equanimity. Fortunately, till we got near to Sûgnam, there was no precipice for them to drop me over; and when we at last reached one, and had to pass along the edge of it, I got out and walked as well as I could, for I felt convinced that outraged human nature could not have resisted the temptation; and I also took the pre-

caution of keeping the most valuable-looking man of the party in front of me with my hand resting on his shoulder.

There is a route from Sùgnam to Pú, by Lío and Chango, which takes over two 14,000 feet passes, and probably would have been the best for me; but we had had enough of 14,000 feet for the time being, and so I chose another route by Shaso, which was represented as shorter, but hard. It was a very small day's journey from Sùgnam (which is a large and very wealthy village, inhabited by Tartars) to Shaso, and the road was not particularly bad, though I had to be carried across precipitous slopes where there was scarcely footing for the dandywallahs. My servants had not recovered the Rúhang Pass, however; and I was so ill that I also was glad to rest the next day at this strange little village in order to prepare for the formidable day's journey to Pú. Shaso consists of only a few houses and narrow terraced fields on the left bank of the Darbúng Lúng-pa, with gigantic and almost precipitous mountains shading it on either side of the stream. My tent was pitched on a narrow strip of grass amid large willow-trees, apricot-trees, and vines, which promised to bear a plentiful crop of large purple grapes. It was here I engaged the services of the youth Nurdass, who proved so useful to me on my further journey. A boy, to be generally useful, had been engaged at Kotgarh; and as no one except himself could pronounce his name or anything like it, he was dubbed "the Chokra," or simply *A boy*. Of all things in the world, he offered himself as a *dhobi* or washerman, for certainly his washing did not begin at home; and he disappeared mysteriously the morning after his first attempt in that line, and after we had gone only six

marches. Some clothes were given him to wash at Nachar; and whether it was the contemplation of these clothes after he had washed them—a process which he prolonged far into the night—or that he found the journey and his work too much for him, or, as some one said, he had seen a creditor to whom he owed five rupees,—at all events, when we started in the morning no Chokra was visible, and the only information about him we could get was that he was *udher gya*—"gone there," our informant pointing up to a wilderness of forest, rock, and snow. Nurdass was a very different and much superior sort of youth. His father—or at least his surviving father, for, though inhabited by an outlying colony of Hindú Kunáits, polyandry flourishes in Shaso—was a doctor as well as a small proprietor, and his son had received such education as could be got among the mountains. The youth, or boy as he looked though fifteen years old, spoke Hindústhani very well, as also Kunáwari, and yet was never at a loss with any of the Tibetan dialects we came to. He could go up mountains like a wild cat, was not afraid to mount any horse, and though he had never even seen a wheeled carriage until we got to the plains of India, yet amid the bustle and confusion of the railway stations he was cool and collected as possible, and learned immediately what to do there. He was equally at home in a small boat on a rough day in Bombay harbour; and after seeing three steamers, compared them as critically with one another as if he had been brought up to the iron-trade, though there was nothing of the conceited *nil admirari* of the Chinaman about him, and he was full of wonder and admiration. It was really a bold thing for a little mountain youth of this kind to

commit himself to an indefinitely long journey with people whom, with the exception of Phooleyram, he had never seen before. His motive for doing so was a desire to see the world and a hope of bettering his condition in it, for there was no necessity for him to leave Shaso. There was great lamentation when he left; his mother and sisters caressing him, and weeping over him, and beseeching us to take good care of him. The original idea was that Nurdass should return to the Sutlej valley along with Phooleyram, when that casteman of his should leave us, whether in Spiti or Kashmir. But in Chinese Tibet Phooleyram pulled the little fellow's ears one night, and, in defence of this, most gratuitously accused him of being tippy, when, if anybody had been indulging, it was only the Múnshi himself. This made me doubtful about sending him back the long way from Kashmir to the Sutlej in company with Phooleyram alone; and on speaking to him on the subject, I found that he was quite frightened at the prospect, and was not only willing but eager to go with me to Bombay,—both because he wished to see a place of which he had heard so much, and because the season was so far advanced he was afraid he might not be able to reach his own home before spring. So Nurdass came on with me to Bombay, where he excited much interest by his intelligence and open disposition; and I might have taken him on farther with me had he been inclined to go; but he said that, though he was not afraid of the *kala pani*, or dark water, yet he would rather not go with me then, because he had made a long enough journey from his own country, and seen enough wonders, for the first time. Several distinguished persons on our way down wished to take him into their

employment; but one day he came to me crying, with his hand upon his heart, saying that there was something there which made him ill, and that he would die unless he got back to his own *pahar*, or mountains. He could not have heard of the *heimweh* of the Swiss, and I was struck by his reference to the mountains in particular. There was evidently no affectation in the feelings he expressed; so, knowing his wonderful cleverness as a traveller, but taking various precautions for his safety, which was likely to be endangered by his confidence in mankind, I sent him back from Bombay alone to the Himáliya, and have been glad to hear of his having reached Kotgarh, without any mishap, where, I am sure, the kind-hearted Mr Rebsch would see that he was safely conveyed to his little village high up among the great mountains.

Thus reinforced by a small but mighty man, we started from Shaso at five in the morning of the 4th July, and I managed to reach Pí at seven that night, more dead than alive. The distance was only fourteen miles, and the two first and the last two were so easy that I was carried over them in my dandy; but the intervening ten were killing to one in my condition, for the dandy was of no use upon them, and I had to trust entirely to my own hands and feet. These ten miles took me exactly twelve hours, with only half an hour's rest. The fastest of my party took nine hours to the whole distance, so that I must have gone wonderfully fast considering that I had rheumatism besides dysentery, and could take nothing except a very little milk, either before starting or on the way. The track—for it could not be called a path, and even goats could hardly have got along many parts of it—ran across the face of tremendous slate

precipices, which rose up thousands of feet from the foaming and thundering Sutlej. Some rough survey of these *dhung* or cliffs was made, when it was proposed to continue the Hindústhan and Tibet road beyond Pangay, a project which has never been carried out; and Mr Cregeen, executive engineer, says of them, in No. CLXVI. of the "Professional Papers on Indian Engineering," "in the fifth march to Spooi,* the road must be taken across the cliffs which here line the right bank of the Sutlej in magnificent wildness. The native track across these cliffs, about 1500 feet above the crossing for the Hindústhan and Tibet road, is considered the worst footpath in Bussahir. This march will, I think, be the most expensive on the road; the whole of the cutting will be through hard rock." Any one who has had some experience of the footpaths in Bussahir may conceive what the worst of them is likely to be, but still he may be unable to comprehend how it is possible to get along faces of hard rock, thousands of feet above their base, when there has been no cutting or blasting either. It must be remembered, however, that though the precipices of the Himáliya look almost perpendicular from points where their entire gigantic proportions can be seen, yet, on a closer examination, it turns out that they are not quite perpendicular, and have many ledges which can be taken advantage of by the traveller.

In this case the weather had worn away the softer parts of the slate, leaving the harder ends sticking out; and I declare that these, with the addition of a few ropes of juniper-branches, were the only aids we had along many parts of these

precipices when I crossed them.

Where the protruding ends of slate were close together, long slabs of slate were laid across them, forming a sort of footpath such as might suit a chamois-hunter; when they were not sufficiently in line, or were too far distant from each other, to allow of slabs being placed, we worked our way from one protruding end of slate to another as best we could; and where a long interval of twenty or thirty feet did not allow of this latter method of progress, ropes of twisted juniper-branches had been stretched from one protruding end to another, and slabs of slate had been placed on these, with their inner ends resting on any crevices which could be found in the precipice wall, thus forming a "footpath" with great gaps in it, through which we could look down sometimes a long distance, and which bent and shook beneath our feet, allowing the slabs every now and then to drop out and fall towards the Sutlej, till shattered into innumerable fragments. It was useless attempting to rely on a rope at many of these places, for the men who would have had to hold the rope could hardly have found a position from which to stand the least strain. Indeed the worst danger I met with was from a man officiously trying to help me on one of these juniper-bridges, with the result of nearly bringing the whole concern down. And if slabs of slate went out from underneath our feet, not less did slabs of slate come crashing down over and between our heads occasionally; for it seemed to me that the whole of that precipice had got into the habit of detaching itself in fragments into the river beneath. I may add, that having

* Pú is the name of this place, but the natives sometimes call it Pái, the *i* being added merely for the sake of euphony, as the Chinese sometimes change *Shu*, water, into *Shui*. In the Trigonometrical Survey map it has been transformed into *Spuch*. Where Mr Cregeen found his version of it I cannot conceive.

sent my servants on in front—to set up my tent and make other preparations in case of Mr Pagell being away, of which I had heard a rumour—I was entirely in the hands of the Súgnam *bigarries*, of whose Tebarskad I hardly understood a word; and that the July sun beat upon the slate, so that every breath from the rock was sickening. Beneath there were dark jagged precipices and an almost sunless torrent—so deeply is the Sutlej here sunk in its gorge—foaming along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour; above there were frowning precipices and a cloudless sky, across which some eagle or huge raven-like Himáliyan crow occasionally flitted.

I saw this footpath in an exceptionally bad state—for it is only used in winter when the higher roads are impassable from snow; and after all the damage of winter and spring it is not repaired until the beginning of winter. But no repairing, short of blasting out galleries in the face of the rock, could make much improvement in it. It was not, however, the danger of this path which made it frightful to me; that only made it interesting, and served as a stimulus. The mischief was that, in my disabled and weak state, I had to exert myself almost continuously on it for twelve hours in a burning sun. The Súgnam men did all in their power to assist me, and I could not but admire, and be deeply grateful for, their patience and kindness. But the longest day has an end, as Damiens said when he was taken out to be tortured; and we reached Pú at last, my bearers, as they approached it, sending up sounds not unlike the Swiss *jödel*, which were replied to in similar fashion by their companions who had reached the place before them. Pú is a large village, situated about a thousand feet above

the bed of the Sutlej, on the slope of a high, steep mountain. I found that my tent had been pitched on a long terraced field, well shaded with apricot-trees, on the outskirts of the village, and that Mr Pagell, the Moravian missionary, was absent on a long journey he was making in Spiti. Mrs Pagell, it appeared, was living with some native Christians near by, in a house guarded by ferocious dogs; but as she spoke neither English nor Hindústhani, only German and Tibetan, Silas had been unable to communicate with her, and the use of Nurdass as an interpreter had not then been discovered. This was serious news for a man in my condition; but I was in too deathlike a state to do anything, and lying down in my tent, did not make any attempt to leave it until the day after next.

Whenever able, I staggered up to Mrs Pagell's residence, and explained the position I was in. She at once gave me access to her husband's store of medicines, where I found all I required to treat myself with—calomel, steel, chalk, Dover's powder, and, above all, pure ipecacuanha, which nauseous medicine was to me like a spring of living water in a dry and thirsty land, for I knew well that it was the only drug to be relied on for dysentery. This good Moravian sister was distressed at having no proper accommodation in her house for me; but, otherwise, she placed all its resources at my disposal, and soon sent off a letter to be forwarded from village to village in search of her husband. Considering that, in ten years, Mrs Pagell had seldom seen a European, it was only to be expected that she should be a little flustered and at a loss what to do; but her kindness was genuine, and I was greatly indebted to her.

I had hoped, by this time, to be

leaving the Valley of the Shadow of Death, its rock heat and its ever-roaring torrent, but had to remain in it for a month longer, lying on my back. I reached Pú on the 4th July, and Mr Pagell did not arrive until the 25th of the month; so that for three weeks, and during the critical period of the disease, I had to be my own doctor, and almost my own sick-nurse. Only those who have experienced acute dysentery can know how dreadfully trying and harassing it is; and the servants of the heroic Livingstone have told how, in the later stages of it, he could do nothing but groan day and night. Then the ipecacuanha, which I had to take in enormous doses before I could contrive to turn the disease, kept me in a state of the greatest feebleness and sickness. The apricot-trees afforded grateful shade, but they harboured hosts of sand-flies, which tormented me all night, while swarms of the common black fly kept me from sleeping during the day. There were numbers of scorpions under the stones around, both the grey scorpion and the large black scorpion with its deadly sting, of the effects of which Vambéry has given such a painful account. Curiously, too, this was the only place in the Himáliya where I ever heard of there being serpents; but long serpents there were—six feet long—gliding before my open tent at night. This was no dream of delirium, for one was killed quite close to it and brought to me for examination; and a few weeks after, Mr Pagell killed another in his verandah. I was far too ill to examine whether my serpent had poison-fangs or not, and was fain to be content with an assurance that the people of Pú were not afraid of these long snakes; but the Moravian found that the one he killed had fangs, and at all events it was not plea-

sant, even for a half-dead man, either to see them in moonlight, or hear them in darkness, gliding about his tent. One end of the field in front of me touched on a small forest, which ran up a steep valley and was likely to harbour wild beasts. The position was lonely, also, for I had to make my servants camp a little way off, on the side away from the forest, in order not to be disturbed by their talking and disputing, or by their visitors; and so, weak as I was, they were barely within call even when awake. But I was much disturbed by the singing and howling of a number of Chinese Tartars who had come over the border on a pilgrimage to the Lama temple in Pú. These pious persons were silent all day till about two or three in the afternoon, when they commenced their infernal revels, and (with the aid of potent liquor, I was told) kept up their singing and dancing for several nights till morning. In addition to all this, huge savage Tibetan dogs used to come down the mountain-sides from a Lama nunnery above, and prowled round my tent, or poke into it, in search of what they could find; and the letting them loose at all was highly improper conduct on the part of the virtuous sisterhood. One splendid red dog came down regularly, with long leaps, which I could hear distinctly; and I had quite an affection for him, until, one night, I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by finding his mouth fumbling at my throat, in order to see if I was cold enough for his purposes. This was a little too much, so I told Silas to watch for it and pepper it with small shot from a distance; but, either accidentally or by design, he shot it in the side from close quarters, killing it on the spot, its life issuing out of it in one grand, hoarse, indignant roar. Possibly it occurred

to my servant that the small shot from a distance might be a rather unsafe proceeding. As if these things were not enough, I had a visitor of another kind, one night, who puzzled me not a little at first. I was lying awake, exhausted by one of the paroxysms of my illness, when a large strange-looking figure stepped into the moonlight just before my tent, and moved about there with the unsteady swaying motion of a drunken man, and with its back towards me. My first idea was that this was one of the Chinese Tartars encamped beside the temple, who had come in his sheepskin coat to treat me to a war-dance, or to see what he could pick up; and so I let my hand fall noiselessly over the side of the couch, upon the box which held my revolver. It was only natural that I should think so, because it is very rarely that any animal, except *homo sapiens*, moves erect upon its hind legs, or, I may add, gets drunk. But still there was something not human in the movements of this creature, and when it began slowly to climb up one of the apricot-trees in a curious fashion, I could not help exclaiming aloud, "Good heavens! what have we got now?" On this it turned round its long head and gave a ferocious growl, enabling me both to see and hear that it was one of the great snow-bears which infest the high mountains, but enter seldom and only by stealth the villages. I thought it prudent to make no more remarks; and after another warning growl, evidently intended to intimate that it was not going to be balked of its supper, the bear continued up the tree, and commenced feasting on the apricots. As may be supposed, I watched somewhat anxiously for its descent; and as it came down the trunk, the thought seemed to strike it that a base advantage might

be taken of its position, for it halted for an instant, and gave another warning growl. It repeated this manœuvre as it passed my tent, on its four legs this time, but otherwise took no notice of me; and there was a curious sense of perilous wrongdoing about the creature, as if it were conscious that the temptation of the apricots had led it into a place where it ought not to have been. I did not mention this circumstance to Silas, for he was extremely anxious to have a shot at a bear, and I was just as anxious that he should not, because he had no sufficient qualification for such dangerous sport, and to have wounded a bear would only have resulted in its killing him, and perhaps some more of us. After that, however, though never troubled with another visit of the kind, I had a sort of barricade made at night with my table and other articles in front of the tent, so that I might not be taken unawares; for my visitor was not a little Indian black bear, or even an ordinary Tibetan bear, but a formidable specimen of the yellow or snow bear (*Ursus isabellinus*), which usually keeps above the snow-line, is highly carnivorous in its habits, and often kills the yaks of Pú, and of other villages, when they are sent to graze in summer upon the high alp. Shortly after this I discovered that the way to deal with the horrible irritation of the sand-flies was to have my tent closed at night, and to smoke them out of it with burning fagots, which almost entirely freed me from their annoyance, and was an immense relief, though the plan had some disadvantages of its own, because I did not like to strike a light for fear of attracting the sand-flies; and so the moving of creatures about and inside my tent became doubly unpleasant when there was little or no moon, for,

in the darkness, I could not tell what they might be.

It was in this way that I spent the month of July, when I had hoped to be travelling in Chinese Tibet. Trying as this combination of horrors was, I think it did me good rather than harm, for it made life more desirable than it might otherwise have appeared, and so prevented me succumbing to the disease which had got all but a fatal hold of me. Moreover, the one visitor neutralised the effect of the other: you cease to care about scorpions when you see long snakes moving about you at night, and Tibetan mastiffs are insignificant after the visit of an *Ursus isabellinus*. During this trying period Mrs Pagell paid me a short visit every day or two, and did all in her power to afford medical comforts. My servants also were anxious to do all they could, but they did not know what to do; and I was scarcely able to direct them to do more than weigh out medicines and to leave me as undisturbed as possible, complete repose being almost essential to recovery. I could only lie there, remembering the lines—

“So he bent not a muscle, but hung there,
As, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent
All heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine,
Till deliverance come.”

After I had recovered, and we were away from Pú, Mr Pagell told me, with a slightly humorous twinkle in his eye, and being guilty of a little conjugal infidelity, that one great cause of his wife's anxiety on my account was that she did not know where I was to be buried, or how a coffin was to be made for me. About the 10th and 12th of July it looked very like as if the time had come for arrangements of that kind being made; and poor Mrs Pagell was, naturally enough, greatly at a loss what to do

in the absence of her husband. Ground is very valuable at Pú, and difficult to be had, being entirely artificial, and terraced up on the mountain-side. For a stranger to occupy any portion of it in perpetuity would have been a serious and expensive matter; and Moravian feeling revolted at the idea of growing vegetables or buckwheat over my grave. Then, as everything should be done decently and in order, the question as to a coffin was very perplexing. Had the practical missionary himself been there, he could at least have supervised the construction of one by the Pú carpenters; but his wife felt quite unequal to that, and was much distressed in consequence. Had I known of this anxiety, I could have put her mind at rest, because it never occurred to me that, in the circumstances, the responsibility of making arrangements would fall upon any one except myself. Death never appeared to myself so near as the people beside me believed it to be; and my determination was, if it became inevitable, to make arrangements to have my body carried up, without a coffin, high up the mountains above the snow-line. I had fully considered how this could have been insured, and have always had a fancy, nay, something more than a fancy, to be so disposed of, far away from men and their ways. There are wishes of this kind which, I believe, have a real relationship to the future, though the connection may be too subtle to be clearly traced. There is a twofold idea in death, by virtue of which man still attaches himself to the earth while his spirit may look forward to brighter worlds; and for me it was a real consolation to think of myself resting up there among the high peaks—

“There, watched by silence and by night,
And folded in the strong embrace

Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon my face."

But it had not come to that. By day I watched the sunbeams slanting through the apricot-trees, or looked up longingly to the green slopes and white snows of the "Windy Peak" of Gerard's map. Eve after eve I saw the sunlight receding up the wild precipices and fading on the snowy summits. Night after night the most baleful of the constellations drew its

horrid length across a space of open sky between the trees, and its red star, *Cor Scorpii*, glared down upon my sick-bed like a malignant eye in heaven. And while the crash of falling rocks and the movements of stealthy wild creatures were occasionally heard, night and day there ever rose from beneath the dull thunderous sound of the Sutlej, to remind me, if that were needed, that I was still in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1874.

NOTES OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

IN the very beginnings of science, the parsons, who managed things then, Being handy with hammer and chisel, made gods in the likeness of men; Till commerce arose, and at length some men of exceptional power Supplanted both demons and gods by the atoms, which last to this hour. Yet they did not abolish the gods, but they sent them well out of the way,

With the rarest of nectar to drink, and blue fields of nothing to sway.
From nothing comes nothing, they told us, nought happens by chance, but by fate;

There is nothing but atoms and void, all else is mere whims out of date!
Then why should a man curry favour with beings who cannot exist,
To compass some petty promotion in nebulous kingdoms of mist?
But not by the rays of the sun, nor the glittering shafts of the day,
Must the fear of the gods be dispelled, but by words, and their wonderful play.

So treading a path all untrod, the poet-philosopher sings
Of the seeds of the mighty world—the first-beginnings of things;
How freely he scatters his atoms before the beginning of years;
How he clothes them with force as a garment, those small incompressible spheres!

Nor yet does he leave them hard-hearted—he dowers them with love and with hate,

Like spherical small British Asses in infinitesimal state;
Till just as that living Plato, whom foreigners nickname Plateau,*
Drops oil in his whisky-and-water (for foreigners sweeten it so),

* *Statique Expérimentale et Théorique des Liquides soumis aux seules Forces Moléculaires.* Par J. Plateau, Professeur à l'Université de Gand.

Each drop keeps apart from the other, enclosed in a flexible skin,
Till touched by the gentle emotion evolved by the prick of a pin :
Thus in atoms a simple collision excites a sensational thrill,
Evolved through all sorts of emotion, as sense, understanding, and will ;
There is nobody here, I should say, has felt true indignation at all,
Till an indignation meeting is held in the Ulster Hall ;
Then gathers the wave of emotion, then noble feelings arise,
Till you all pass a resolution which takes every man by surprise.
Thus the pure elementary atom, the unit of mass and of thought,
By force of mere juxtaposition to life and sensation is brought ;
So, down through untold generations, transmission of structureless germs
Enables our race to inherit the thoughts of beasts, fishes, and worms.
We honour our fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers too ;
But how shall we honour the vista of ancestors now in our view ?
First, then, let us honour the atom, so lively, so wise, and so small ;
The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus, Lucretius, and all ;
Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler, in whom many atoms
combined
To form that remarkable structure which it pleased him to call—his mind.
Last, praise we the noble body to which, for the time, we belong,
Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hurried us, ruthless, along,
The British Association—like Leviathan worshipped by Hobbes,
The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our witless nobs,
Which will carry on endless discussions, when I, and probably you,
Have melted in infinite azure—and, in short, till all is blue.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY KNOLLYS, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

"DEPEND upon it, we commit just as many tactical errors in our manœuvres in Prussia as you do in England. I have carefully watched the course of your operations, and I have undoubtedly observed many faults and some absurdities, but they are by no means in excess of those which habitually occur in our own country. Year after year they are repeated, but the object of these exercises is to prevent the errors from getting too much ahead."

Such were the words, in private conversation, of that eminent tactician General Blumenthal, when, in 1871, as one of our foreign guests, he was a spectator of our Aldershot Autumn Manœuvres, first initiated and carried out under the superintendence of Sir Hope Grant. It is only reasonable to assume that, inasmuch as we have since laboured with unwearied assiduity to render these military lessons more instructive, many of our shortcomings have become modified, or have disappeared. And yet there is a semi-expressed feeling of discontent that we fall painfully short of the model which in that first instance we undoubtedly set up for ourselves—the Prussian army. Some of our experienced officers are wont to declare that "we don't set to work with our manœuvres in the right way, like the Prussians;" while the more heedless re-echo the opinion in the homely but forcible expression, that our labours are "all bosh"—a cry which, if persisted in, must tend to bring about mistrust, the apathy of discouragement, want of zeal, in fact those very evils which are so much deprecated, but

which, I submit, are now chiefly imaginary. After all, is our army of so thoroughly inferior a description in all its branches? Are our battalions so poorly handled by their commanders, and are our tactics of such a nature that they must provoke ridicule in time of peace, and entail disaster in time of war? Ere we reply, let us compare ourselves fairly and honestly with the most successful military nation of modern days; and for this purpose I propose laying before my readers an account of the manœuvres recently carried out in the vicinity of Berlin and Hanover, and at which I had the good fortune to be present.

As a parade display, their could scarcely be a more favourable opportunity for judging the Prussian army than on the 2d September, when the Emperor reviewed at Berlin the whole of his Guard Corps, a mixed force, 19,056 men strong, with 72 guns and 5147 horses. On this occasion the troops, proudly remembering that they were celebrating the Sedan Fest, as they name the anniversary, and animated by the consciousness that they would be the object of the careful scrutiny of an enthusiastic multitude, strained every nerve to present themselves under their very best aspect; and they certainly succeeded admirably,—aided doubtless by their special advantages of costume, a happy combination of the serviceable, the ornamental, and the soldier-like. Of their infantry, considered as individual battalions, it is impossible to speak in terms other than those of warm admiration. The *physique* of the men,

their smart soldier-like appearance, their steadiness in the ranks, and the accuracy of their movements, lead to the conclusion that they are little inferior to our best English regiments. The march past of their deep massive columns was splendid, though their extraordinary strutting step, reserved, it must be admitted, entirely for parade occasions, showed "a tendency to cling to time-honoured absurdities." Their cavalry was a fine body of men, who, notwithstanding the cramped, awkward shape of their saddles, and the excessive length of their stirrups, rode well, were capitally mounted, and marched past at a walk and trot with precision, though not with the extreme accuracy which characterises our best cavalry regiments. Perhaps their well bred hussar horses were a little too light, and their heavy dragoons a trifle clumsy. Their horse appointments, however, were dirty in the extreme, notwithstanding that, for the special occasion of the Review, new equipment had apparently been issued. This remark applies with still greater force to the artillery, by far the least showy of the three arms. Their ill-fitting, ill-cared-for, and slenderly-constructed harness and accessories, were huddled on in a slovenly manner; and there was a general absence of soldier-like pride and dash. Their horses were sorry specimens. Each battery, reduced in peace-time to an incomplete skeleton, consisted merely of 4 guns with weak detachments, and without a single ammunition-waggon or pair of spare horses. From their artillery, indeed, as they appear on parade, we have nothing whatever to learn. Nay, more, I do not hesitate to declare, that were the very slackest of our batteries to venture to present themselves in public, turned out in the style of

crack Prussian batteries, their condition would be pronounced eminently discreditable. In confirmation of the above, I will quote the remarks of a not inexperienced Prussian officer. In reply to his inquiries I had expressed my admiration for their infantry and cavalry, but plainly stated that I did not consider their artillery quite up to the mark; whereat he was somewhat ruffled—the usual consequence, I have noticed in Germany, of the most delicate hint that there is ever so small an imperfection in any portion of their army. When, however, a bystander asked, "Then is the English artillery really so very good?" his sense of justice prevailed, and after an evident mental struggle he replied: "Yes, I must confess that it is most excellent. Men, horses, and equipment, are turned out in a condition of perfection. Not a single article is out of its place or is ill-fitting. The guns and the harness are a marvel of cleanliness, while the ironwork on the latter is made to glitter like silver. In fact, to properly appreciate a battery of English artillery, you must yourself have seen it. Their working in the field is equally good."

As I have already said, the array presented on the 2d September was splendid. Nevertheless, though the men individually were perhaps of a better *physique* than the last batches of recruits attracted by our new system of enlistment into our service, were more intelligent through superior education, and were exulting in the renown they have acquired, few I think will dispute that we should have no difficulty in mustering one or even two corps fully equal, if not superior, to the Guard Corps. Beyond this I fear the parallel must break down. The Prussians declared that their Guard Corps, though a trifle superior to the

rest of their troops, was not isolated in its excellence, and subsequent experience has convinced me of the truth of the assertion. Supposing, then, that by the fortunes of war, these two compared armies were suddenly exterminated, with what forces could we confront the well-drilled hosts which our opponents could still bring up? With our army reserve, whose existence is little more than a shadow? With our militia, excellent only regarded as raw material? With our enthusiastic and patriotic but unruly volunteers? The mere hypothesis is an insult to common-sense.

I should add that the general behaviour of the troops in the towns which I visited outwardly left nothing to be desired. On one occasion only did I encounter intoxicated soldiers. "What is the chief source of crime in your army?" I inquired of a Prussian officer—"drunkenness?" "Oh no," was the surprised reply; "our principal offences consist in insubordination."

Let us now turn to the practical working of the troops in the field, beginning with the exercises carried out by the smaller bodies of men. For about three weeks before the beginning of the actual manœuvres, the Prussians, like ourselves, cause their men to be instructed in the minor details of war by battalions, regiments, brigades, &c. On the 7th and 8th September, the 1st Division of the Guard Corps, commanded by General von Pape, was divided into two little armies, each about 5000 strong, and complete in its different arms, and was manœuvred over an area of country situated between Oranienberg and Teschendorf, 27 English miles north of Berlin. The "general idea," disencumbered of the suppositions and details to which the Prussians are so greatly addicted, amounted to instructions

to General Dreshski, commanding the southern army, to attack General Dregalski, commanding the northern army, posted at Teschendorf, and to save Berlin from the danger with which it was threatened by his advance. It was further assumed, that each force respectively formed the advanced-guard of main armies—the one an invader advancing from Stettin, and the other the defender, marching from Magdeburg with a view to cut off the retreat of its opponent. It may be mentioned that General Dreshski is an artillery officer; and without entering into the delicate and of late much-mooted question concerning the employment of officers of this branch of the service in mixed commands, it is a noteworthy fact that the Prussians consider that from the varied and thorough nature of their training they are specially qualified for such appointments—that they have largely drawn upon the gunners for this purpose, and that these selections have generally been attended with the best results.

The attack began; and really the general nature of the operations so strongly resembled those with which Aldershot has made us familiar, that a very slight stretch of imagination would have enabled us to picture a repetition of General Smith's manœuvre against General Parke at Frensham, or that of Prince Edward against General Smyth at Woolmer. There were the same contests for outlying villages, and the same rush for the possession of important tactical points; the same periods of weary waiting, when everything seems to hang fire, and the same—or rather somewhat worse—inevitable blunders and absurdities. To the credit side of the Prussians must be reckoned the fact that they worked with more concentrated forces—5000 men over a front of about

2000 yards ; though even herein the umpire, as we shall afterwards see, considered that they had exceeded due limits. This error is one to which, it has been often noticed, we too are constantly liable, and has been especially dwelt on by the commander of our focus of military instruction, Aldershot. On the other hand, there is on the part of the English a greater manifestation of interest, and a more enthusiastic and energetic co-operation in the work in which they may be engaged. The result of the two days' fighting was summed up in a masterly manner by the umpire-in-chief, General von Pape, an officer of proved abilities during the recent war, and now looked upon as one of the most rising of the Prussian generals. Unlike ourselves, to whom the idea of concealing our faults never occurs, and who always make a point of inviting foreign guests to station themselves at our umpire's elbow, the Prussians like to hold their *critiques* more or less in secret ; but on this single occasion the foreign officers, Danish and English, who happened to be present, were allowed to be auditors. From this criticism let it be judged whether we outdo the Prussians either in the number or the gravity of our tactical errors.

General von Pape expressed his general approval of the two days' operations, and especially praised the working of the regiments, apparently intending to convey, in contradistinction, some slight censure to the staff. He was of opinion that the cavalry patrols were of excessive strength, especially for peace operations, where there is no call for any active defence, where it is desirable to leave the main body intact for the application of the lessons which these manœuvres are specially designed to impart, and where two men will answer the

purpose as well as fifty. They were severely censured for the insufficiency of information obtained ; and the umpire found fault with cavalry commanders for their constant tendency to disjoin themselves from the rest of the army, and to fight independent actions. The artillery was reproved for having opened fire at impossible ranges ; for want of ability in failing to select sheltered positions ; and for having, on one occasion, come into action within a few hundred yards of a wood filled with skirmishers. General von Pape commented strongly on the excessive extent of front occupied by both sides. Admitting that on these occasions it is not necessary to adhere to the intervals between brigades and battalions prescribed by the regulations, he added that, nevertheless, there must be a limit to such a latitude, which on these two days had been excessive. The advanced-guard of the attacking army was stated to have been pushed on too far in front of the main body ; and when important posts had been gained possession of, they were held with utterly inadequate forces, thus exposing them to the great risk of recapture, and imperilling the line of retreat on Berlin.

Two infantry battalions and two batteries had been brought face to face with each other under such an equality of advantages, that, in mimic warfare, it was impossible to assign the palm to either side ; and the General urged upon commanding officers the expediency of avoiding such incidents. Another officer was rebuked for having presumed to initiate a small action upon his own account after the hour prescribed for the cessation of active operations, in his anxiety to obtain possession of a village which he considered necessary for the safety of his outposts. The umpire also

found fault with the frequent disregard manifested on both sides for the destructive effects of their antagonist's fire, and finished by saying that there were numerous errors of detail, the indication of which he would leave to officers commanding regiments. One of the generals was criticised pretty sharply for having utilised his "flag-troops," instead of placing them, according to instructions, in reserve. These flag-troops consist of small bodies of about twenty men with a band-rol, each party representing a battalion, or, if supplied with a single gun, a battery. They furnish most convenient opportunities of instruction, by being added as sudden reinforcements to either side, and thus necessitating constantly fresh combinations. As a rule they are posted with the Reserves, and are as little as possible actively employed.

One remark let fall by General von Pape, though trivial in itself, really deserves special attention. Alluding to his order for "cease firing" at an unexpected period in the first day's fighting, he observed: "My sole reasons for stopping further movements were, that the day was far advanced, *the troops had reached their bivouac ground*, and were much wearied." Now in England there is no point which is more strongly declaimed against than our alleged folly in deciding beforehand where our men shall encamp, and thus, as a supposed sequence, deciding beforehand which of the two parties shall prove victorious.

Those who have had experience in carrying out the actual details of manœuvres are aware, that this prearrangement of locality in no wise interferes with the day's lesson; and that the instruction being in peace time necessarily almost entirely tactical, and scarcely at all strategical, the respective positions of the two sides can be approximately

fixed on without involving a preconcerted victory for either. Still further, unless we are prepared to denude a chance district of every sort of supplies, which on a sudden must be gathered in with the strong arm of military law, as would be the case on service, it is absolutely essential that the Controllers should be instructed beforehand to what points they are to direct their vast convoys conveying provisions, wood, and forage, which are indispensable even for the most Spartan of armies, otherwise the troops will become half starved, and ultimately wholly broken down by the inevitable delay. Those, on the other hand, who are never weary of urging us to copy the Prussians, may rest assured that their model has found the difficulty as insurmountable as ourselves. General von Pape had undoubtedly previously fixed on the bivouac grounds; and thither, as on every one of the other similar instances which I witnessed, the long lines of commissariat-waggons were seen wending their way with a readiness and regularity which bespoke prior detailed instructions, notwithstanding any assertions to the contrary.

On 9th September the method of exercising troops against an enemy, indicated by the flag-battalions already alluded to, was admirably illustrated by a division of the 3d Corps, with the whole of the Corps Cavalry, at Müncheberg, about 15 miles east of Berlin—the Emperor himself being present. This practice appears to be an excellent one previous to the equal subdivision of forces; the lesson is more steady and systematic, errors can be corrected at leisure, while the necessary preparations are of course next to *nil*. On the present occasion, the traditional and habitual Prussian mode of attack by infantry was carried out with such regularity, that I can

select no better opportunity for describing it in greater detail. The foremost troops consisted of a thick line of skirmishers, with Supports of equal strength from the same battalion about 100 yards in rear, and Reserves another 100 yards in rear of the Supports; at a distance of from 300 to 400 yards from the Reserves, the main body advanced in two checkered lines of battalions in column. The order was given to assail the enemy posted on a certain range of hills. As the skirmishers approached they were continually reinforced, never relieved, until at last they became an almost continuous line, the Supports being absorbed and the Reserves closing up. They showed little disposition to "dodge" so as to obtain cover, but made short quick rushes from dip to dip, with rapid fire during the intervals. The commanders of the troops in rear, on the contrary, displayed considerable skill in sheltering their men, by leading them along folds in the ground. At last the skirmishers reached the base of the hill and paused for a few minutes to regain breath—any unabsorbed Supports, and a portion of the Reserves, were brought up at a double, and halted immediately in rear of them—and then the foremost line, with the Reserve backing up close at hand in case of emergencies, rushed with a hearty cheer up the slope, and the position was won. Meanwhile, the main body had been continuously advancing in column to the measured tap of the drum, or to the strains of their fifes playing the "*Sturm (Storm) Marsch*;" and in all this let not the reader suppose there was aught puerile or theatrical. There was no confusion, noise, or swagger. The whole scene was most warlike and exciting; and after all, it is scarcely wise to ignore entirely the adage that "the moral is to the phy-

sical as three to one." The defending troops retired just in time to save themselves from actual collision with their assailants—the exact moment was apparently indicated by an umpire on the spot. Although the day was marked by exceptionally good manœuvring, it was fruitful in the usual number of errors. A body of cavalry charged down a steep incline up to the very bayonets of their adversaries, and under the fire within easy range of three batteries and a strong force of infantry on the opposite height. On pulling up, they remained quiescent for a couple of minutes, and then leisurely retired, apparently at the instance of an umpire. On another occasion, two strong bodies of cavalry in succession charged up to, and quietly rode about between, infantry squares which were strongly supported by artillery-fire.

I have heard it argued that these violations of the rules of tactics are highly advantageous, because the doctrine of daring is thereby inculcated on the men, and that on service their common-sense and a few minutes' experience of the bullets flying about would soon teach them prudence. This reasoning is evidently unsound and illogical. The more closely we can, within certain limits, assimilate our autumn manœuvres to actual warfare, the better we shall have attained our end of causing our men to feel, when they are brought face to face with a real enemy, that they are once more going through an oft-practised lesson.

On the 14th September, in company with other English officers, I betook myself to Hanover, the destined scene of the most extensive operations. On our arrival we were at once taken in hand in our capacity as the Emperor's guests by Major von Arnim and Hauptmann Wobeser, delegated by the military

authorities for that purpose ; and there too we found representatives from almost every European Power—English, French, Russians, Austrians, Danes, Bavarians, Italians, Dutch, Roumanians, Saxons, Swedes, Norwegians, Turks, and Wirtembergers—in all numbering fifty-three. It is difficult to speak too highly of the systematic forethought with which our hosts took care not only to interest us, but also to provide for our comfort and our pleasure. The best hotels in Hanover were engaged ; excellent luncheons and luxurious dinners, with the occasional attendance of a band, were daily provided for us at Rudolph's Hotel ; orderlies, carriages, and riding-horses were told off for our exclusive use ; boxes for the opera or play were every night placed at our disposal, and every thaler of the expenses thus entailed was defrayed by the Prussian authorities. It is satisfactory to reflect that, in 1870, when we entertained a large number of foreign officers at the Salisbury manœuvres, the duties of hospitality were performed in an equally munificent and well-arranged manner.

Monday, 14th September, was devoted to an inspection and march past, when the whole of the 10th Corps, about 20,000 strong, which had been concentrated about Hanover, under the command of Prince, Albrecht of Prussia, turned out in first-rate order, presenting an appearance little inferior to that of the Guard Corps on 2d September. As the Emperor, accompanied by the Crown Prince, Von Moltke, Man-teuffel, Voigts Rhetz, and other celebrities, rode down the ranks, he uttered in a loud tone of voice the customary "Morgen" on arriving opposite each regiment ; and the hearty simultaneous response of "Morgen, mein Kaiser,"* from every

man in the ranks, had both a pleasing and a military effect. It is a significant fact that the Emperor was received at Hanover, not only by the troops, but by the entire populace, with an enthusiasm which is somewhat surprising when it is recollected that, little more than eight years ago, this now subjugated province was annexed by right of conquest to the possessions of a foreign potentate, and that in 1869, the inhabitants, so far as they dared, habitually displayed their hatred towards their new masters. Then came the war with France, and a community of interests, victories, and dangers established fresh and more friendly ties, corroded by no humiliating reminiscences. Besides, as they urge, "though we were overwhelmed by numbers in 1866, we fell gloriously, since we gained a splendid victory at Langensalza." Whatever the reason, though there still exists an anti-Prussian party in Hanover, the reception of the Emperor by all classes resembled that of a long-tried monarch, who had won the hearts of his subjects ; and for a whole week the city was busied in that solemn sort of rejoicing which is characteristic of the Germans.

During the course of the inspection we could not but notice the almost universal absence of medals amongst the rank and file, thus showing that the army which had fought in 1870-71 had been almost entirely reabsorbed in the civil population, and that a fresh army had sprung up in its place. What, however, may have been wanting in the privates, in the way of military decorations, was amply atoned for by the officers. Medals were strung in bunches like beads, on the breasts of young fellows, whose services at the utmost could not have extended further back than the last war ; and who,

* Good morning, my Emperor."

however great their distinction, must have been recompensed at the rate of about one medal for every skirmish. As to the order of the Iron Cross, it was so universal that to the non-possessor one felt bound to attribute, according to probabilities, some special turpitude, or to apply the remark "*comme il a l'air distingué*."

On the 15th the corps was exercised against flag-battalions; the 16th was devoted to repose; and on the 17th, 18th, and 19th September, autumn manœuvres were carried out in the fullest sense, and on the largest scale. The force was divided into two nearly equal armies, each supplied with a due proportion of cavalry, artillery, and engineers. The outlines of the "general idea," of which Von Moltke was reported to be the author, were, that an Eastern army, under General von Voigts Rhetz, which had been concentrated for the defence of Hanover, had fallen back in a south-easterly direction towards Hildesheim, on the approach, from Minden, of a Western army, under General von Strubberg, and which, owing to supposed forces at some distance in rear, was considerably superior in numbers. Voigts Rhetz had then received reinforcements, and his object became that of assuming the offensive, dating from the 17th September; regaining possession of Hanover, to which end he was instructed, if necessary, to fight a general action on the last day; and cutting off his opponent's retreat on Minden. The aim of the West army, on the other hand, was to avoid giving battle in the immediate vicinity of Hanover, to secure its line of retreat, and, by luring on the enemy, to seize on a favourable opportunity for attacking him in flank. On the manner in which this scheme was carried out, the details for which were

issued on each evening preceeding the next day's operations, I do not propose to enter, my object being to carry on the comparison between our own and the German system of manœuvres. At the very outset, however, we must remember that the latter start with enormous advantages in the nature of their country. In England, numerous banks, fences, walls, hedges, copses, and straggling hamlets preclude troops being moved in unbroken order; and even, putting these out of consideration, the richly cultivated nature of the soil must needs make the most reckless pause ere he would trample down such a treasure of wealth and prosperity. In Prussia these obstacles are literally unknown. Perhaps none but those who are familiar with this district of North Germany can realise its singular flatness, and the vast open tracks unchecked for miles save by a few small woods, an occasional marsh, a compact village, or a water-jump—not always, by the by, quite easy to negotiate. Then the cultivation of this sandy soil is of the poorest description. The only crops liable to damage by an inroad being potatoes, and the rest of the country being marked by stubble or thinly dotted with patches of root-crops, no wonder that the claims for compensation are small, and that the army may with an easy conscience wander at will over whole provinces. Here, then, was the perfection of ground for cavalry operations, and here the cavalry was constantly manœuvred against each other in masses which led to the conclusion that in practice, at all events, their officers do not endorse the theory that the days for fighting with cavalry in large masses are over. An English officer,* who had been specially deputed by our Government to report on this branch

* Captain J. Hozier, Brigade-Major, Aldershot.

of the service, and whose opinion is entitled to considerable attention, expressed his belief that in working this arm we may gather many useful maxims from the Prussians. Certainly the regiments were moved for miles at a galloping speed—almost recklessly, indeed; their movements were executed with very fair precision, and their men rode gallantly and well. In England we are not wont to consider the Germans good horsemen naturally, and I am disposed to attribute this unexpected proficiency to three causes: 1st, The strength of men and horses being equal in each regiment, the soldier retains the same charger, instead of being shifted about as with us, throughout the whole of his service;—thus a familiarity and a good understanding between the two is quickly established. 2d, The men are better taught to exercise their individual intelligence in dealing with the slight but inevitably numerous difficulties, in weathering obstacles, and in regaining their places after temporary disorder. 3d, Their instruction in riding is conducted upon a better and bolder system than our own. The young horses, without riders, are frequently turned into an enclosed circular space where they have no option but to go ahead at a rapid pace, and to take the leaps prepared for them, thus quickly becoming eager and handy fencers. The privates are exercised in the school in riding without reins, and in this fashion not only galloping at full speed, but taking the bar placed at a very respectable height. And lastly, there is none of that eternal injunction to avoid moving out of a walk on ordinary occasions. Of course all this involves an extra wear and tear of horse-flesh, and so to some extent becomes a matter of £ s. d.

Every cavalry regiment when

manœuvring in the field is preceded by scouts, in number two per squadron, whose duties are to ride about 300 yards in advance, to keep a sharp look-out for the enemy, and to warn the colonel of any obstacles of ground. This precaution, which sounds so admirable in theory, has in practice been condemned by many of our own officers as a useless expenditure of men.

I was much struck with the charge of a hussar regiment about 500 strong, on the 19th September, in the neighbourhood of the village of Wittenberg. They thundered across some light ploughed soil for a considerable distance at full tilt and in beautiful order; and when at last a tolerably-sized ditch intervened, the whole regiment took the jump without drawing rein, and in a most workmanlike manner. True, the ground was instantly strewn with struggling horses and capsized riders, but the disorder was only momentary and the remnant pursued their course and charged up to within a few yards of their enemy. Here the umpires interposed, and the verdict having been given against the assailants, they began their retreat at a rapid pace, and once more cleared the ditch with nearly the same result as before. It was somewhat surprising that the umpires had not interposed a little earlier, when a brigade of cavalry remained stationary and in column, totally unprotected, for fully ten minutes under the sustained fire of three batteries of artillery posted on a slight eminence 984 yards distant (measured on the map), and from whence the most unskilled gunners could scarcely have failed to have swept away every single man and horse.

To pass from the sublime to the ridiculous, I was standing with a group of English officers, watching the above operations, when a staff

officer was seen suddenly to emerge from a thronc and to gallop at racing speed towards us, waving in his hand a trophy which, when he pulled up, we ascertained after some investigation to be the dragged brush of a miserable fox cub. This he showed in triumph to the "English milords," as true lovers of sport. On being further questioned, he exultingly explained that the sacred animal had been kicked up out of a ditch, hustled into an adjacent earth, dug out (presumably by the pioneers), and executed with a sabre. "Exactly so," was our only comment, but the Englishmen's faces were a study. The Prussians, by the way, have not the smallest idea of sport in our sense of the word, of which we had an instance at the Hanover steeplechase. Our hosts, with their usual extreme kindness, marshalled their guests, 53 in number, in 15 carriages, all of the party being in full uniform; and we solemnly proceeded "in a column of route" to the course, which was kept with true military discipline by detachments of dragoons. At least one-half of the spectators were in uniform; the check-takers, race officials, and even the jockeys, officers, were similarly attired, minus only their swords. Cards were distributed on which was engraved a military plan of the course. The jumps were not formidable, but the pace was tremendous, and the riding good. Even in the most closely contested races, not a cheer, not a sound, was heard to indicate that the crowd of meritoriously orderly spectators took the slightest interest in the proceedings. Some of the Englishmen, indeed, suggested the experiment of a public appeal of "Two to one, bar one;" but the idea was negatived lest it might

be considered a liberty, and consequently involve six months' strict imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau.

During the first two days there was apparently a repetition of the same error as that on which General von Pape laid his finger at Teichensdorf—the armies were spread over enormous areas, and were strong at no one point. Possibly, however, this description of running fight may have been partly in accordance with the general ideas of the great strategist Von Moltke, who, silent, modest, and retiring, actively rode about, vigilantly scrutinising every portion of the country. The outpost arrangements were of a very elementary nature, and the cavalry patrols were few, probably because owing to the nature of the country the movements of both sides were easily discernible by each commanding general. The method of infantry attack never varied from that already described, but its execution was at times confused and imperfect. The skirmishers, Supports, and Reserves were frequently crowded into a perpendicular distance of 200 yards; while the main body, in column, and scarcely more than 300 or 400 yards in the open in rear, was fully exposed to a destructive artillery-fire. In one instance—south of the village of Ronnenberg—I noticed opposing skirmishers blazing away into each other's faces within an interval of twenty yards. The same system, and, according to our ideas, the same errors were noticeable in their attacks on villages. I never on any single occasion saw a deployment to any extent, and there was a general tendency to work the troops whenever practicable by companies in columns of *Züge*,* each company about 120 strong, and commanded

* A *Zug* consists of one-third of a company.

by a captain, mounted. Shelter-trenches were frequent, and their existence was indicated by a thin scooping away of the earth, the work never being completed. Officers paid great attention to husbanding the ammunition of their men, over whom in this respect they exercised a perfect control, attended, however, by occasional rough gestures dangerously approaching to personal violence. Volleys were seldom had recourse to, except in order to check the onslaughts of cavalry.

Of the working of Prussian artillery in the field it is difficult to speak in terms of commendation. Their equipment, which I have already described as having nothing to boast of, is, moreover, ill calculated to withstand the wear and tear of a campaign, and in ordinary practice breakages are constantly occurring. They have a great hankering after that philosopher's stone of the modern artillerist, a thoroughly reliable time-fuze; and speak in terms of unbounded admiration for their new gun, which, after many unsuccessful efforts, I was at last allowed hastily to examine. I must confess that I was unable to discover anything of peculiar excellence or novelty in its construction; and its breech-closing apparatus appeared to me hardly sufficiently simple. They adhere with unswerving fidelity to the breech loading principle. Alas for the day when a bare majority of English artillerymen decided to have recourse to the muzzle-loading system! The drivers—that superlatively difficult of all military creations—were by no means proficient in their duties; with their awkward pole-draught it is scarcely to be expected that they should be so; and the gunners are not particularly handy in working their guns. The batteries, both field and horse artillery, when on the move proceed at a

rapid pace, but there is an apparent want of alacrity and intelligence on the part of battery commanders in taking up advantageous positions. This defect is, I imagine, due to their exaggerated theory concerning the importance of concentrating an overpowering fire on decisive points. The value of the principle has by us been fully recognised; and during the course of last July's manœuvres at Aldershot an order was issued by Sir Hope Grant wherein the subject was dwelt on at considerable length, lieutenant-colonels having been warned against over-scattering their batteries to supplement the infantry-fire, or to aid in unimportant or partial combats. But the rule has its exceptions, and may be pushed too far. In the first place, it must be remembered that a convergence of fire does not preclude a divergence of batteries, which thus offer a smaller mark to the enemy; and then it must surely frequently happen that a single battery may be detached with the utmost advantage for outpost purposes, for taking up an advanced important position, with a view to enfilade some particular part of the enemy's line. Now the Prussians maintain that these subsidiary ends will mar the grand object of artillery if once the batteries are allowed to slip away from the immediate grasp of the major commanding a division of three batteries, and corresponding to our lieutenant-colonels. Thus these long lines of artillery, sometimes formed into columns, are advanced and retired simultaneously as though they formed but a single unit, whereby much time is lost—in a close country the delay would be serious—and many brilliant opportunities are neglected. Again, the guns are almost invariably unguarded by any escort whatever. Such a provision they consider a mere waste of troops, the nearest infantry

or cavalry being sufficient to obviate the chance of capture, provided due vigilance be exercised on the part of the major. It is true that upon an emergency the latter is empowered to request the commanding officer of the nearest corps to detach a force as a temporary protection; but this, it is admitted, is seldom had recourse to, and the retention of the escort for the whole day is forbidden. The result is, that through fear of capture there is a constant fidget to limber up and to retire into the background, when by the occupation prolonged even for a few minutes of an advanced position, the guns might inflict the most serious losses on an enemy.

Their expenditure of ammunition was liberal, and the ranges at which they fired excessive, often extending over 3000 yards. One of their majors informed me that, with their new excellent guns, fire was effective at 4000 yards. Apparently they placed no limit to the power of human vision. On referring my doubts to my most good-natured referee, General von Pape, he replied that the above distance was much exaggerated, and that one of the errors to which their artillery is specially liable is coming into action against an enemy far out of shot. In fine, though the Prussians largely use their artillery, and never for an instant lose sight of the principle of bringing an overpowering fire on decisive points, their general working of their batteries by no means corresponds to the *beau idéal* it has been represented. No candid judge would, I venture to say, assert that English artillerists have much to learn from their German brethren.

Their transport department bore a general resemblance to our own, and, like our own, was organised upon a skeleton footing. At all events, vast numbers of civilian carts and horses were employed on

the occasion. Their labours were much lightened by the total absence of tents. In lieu thereof 10 lb. of straw were issued to each man. The weather was fine, and the two nights' bivouac, I believe, fairly comfortable. "Why do we not do likewise?" murmurs the English malcontent. And yet the plan has its drawbacks. Except on these two occasions, the men were crowded into barracks or unhealthy billets. With us the troops are frequently kept under canvas for two months. The experience of everyday tent-life is not to be despised, and the system is not more luxurious. Moreover, during the actual course of our manœuvres it is by no means uncommon to require a brigade to bivouac for practice.

I observed a fairly numerous sprinkling of umpires and umpire staff throughout the scene of operations, but they seldom interposed to stop the progress of any proceeding contrary to military rule during the engagement. Probably the errors were dwelt on during the criticisms. Of this I am unable to speak, as, with the exception of the solitary instance mentioned, no foreign officers were expected to be present on these occasions. I understood, however, that they were delivered by the Emperor in a masterly manner—as, indeed, might be expected from a man who, from his earliest youth, has devoted himself so unweariedly to the efficiency and well-being of his troops. Not merely the nominal head of his army, he performs the actual duties of Commander-in-Chief to the fullest extent. Questions connected with organisation and the distribution of appointments, with large manœuvres and with the details of drill, with military discipline and with the interior economy of companies, all are investigated and regulated by the Emperor, General von Albedyll acting as

his Military Secretary. These facts, combined with the most conscientious discharge of the duties of his position, and a peculiarly kindly attractive manner, have made him highly popular with his army, who are universally proud of their soldier-king. Not less beloved is the Crown Prince, and it would be difficult to name any character more calculated to arouse the admiration of Englishmen. In the best sense of the word he is an "Edelmann," a noble man (adjective and substantive), a thorough gentleman. Of a magnificent frame of body, Darwin might further quote him as an instance where the amiable expression of features corresponds to the real disposition of heart. Equally gentle, frank, and modest in manner, a stranger would scarcely suppose him to be so skilled a soldier, and one of the most celebrated and successful warriors of modern days; while his evidently innate aversion to bloodshed and cruelty affords the strongest hope that no future wars will be of his seeking. He accompanied the Emperor during the whole of the manœuvres, in which he evinced the greatest interest.

It yet remains for us to consider the military aspect of Prussia from its social point of view. With us a gentleman gains little or nothing in his position in society by becoming an officer. In Prussia the profession of arms takes universal precedence—almost, in fact, to the exclusion of all other callings. In ordinary society, ladies, as far as I could judge, are perfectly conversant with all military matters—have the Army List at their fingers' ends—and are ready to discuss *ad infinitum* the merits and performances of any of their numerous officers of note. No Prussian officer would dare to appear for a moment in public otherwise than in uniform—the invariable costume likewise of the Emperor,

princes, marshals, &c. Military rule is evident to the senses, military sights meet the eye, and military conversation strikes the ear at every turn. Who amongst us, even though he were the proudest soldier in the country, could wish for such a condition of society? "A priest-ridden country" has hitherto been synonymous for all that is bigoted and odious; but "an army-ridden country" is a still more hateful burden; and this universal pomp, shop-talk, and thinly-veiled social oppression becomes at last intolerable. As was acutely remarked by a soldier-servant of the Scots Greys: "They every one of them, sir, seem to have a terrible lot of the 1st of September about them." If in England we have less importance as officers, we have a certain set-off in retaining our privileges and our interests as citizens. Nor is this an individual opinion. I ascertained that it was endorsed by the foreign officers, and especially by Swedes and Russians. Speaking of this latter nation, I may mention that though they were treated by their hosts with a special consideration, which was even in excess of the civility extended to all the foreign guests, there is reason to suppose that there is little real hearty goodwill between the two nations. Prussia is grateful to her neighbour for having abstained from interference at the critical period of the last war, and is cumbered with thoughts of future favours in the event of fresh European conflicts. Were the Czar to die, probably the outward relations would not be so plausible.

It would be idle to pretend that we may not learn many a useful lesson from the Prussian system, and in the foremost rank we must place their universal doctrine of "Thorough." For instance, their authorities decide that their army

shall at a certain period be maintained at such and such a strength for the coming year; it was stated that the estimates provided for 400,000 men at a cost of £16,400,000; and we may be quite certain that the required number of sturdy, well-drilled, well-equipped, well-organised troops will be marshalled and ready to take the field at a moment's notice. Can we say the same of ourselves, on a proportionate scale? I have no intention of dealing closely with the question of numbers; but our nominal total strength of 458,000 men, including volunteers, militia, yeomanry, &c., conveys an utterly erroneous impression, because no one will pretend that on a sudden emergency a tenth part of that force would at the moment be available. It may not perhaps be advisable to harass overmuch the 153,000 volunteers; but of our militia would it not be preferable to have but half our present numbers, drilled into a fair condition of efficiency, rather than a large armed mob of raw levies, which on service would be harmless to its foes, and dangerous only to its friends? On similar grounds it is lamentable that the regular army should be compelled to put up with a hopelessly weak and inferior class of recruits, as has lately been the case. It would be manifestly unworthy of our nation to argue that whatever may be the material of our army, good or bad, if ever we came to blows with the Prussians, we could never hope to hold our own with our numerically weak regular army. Though in a rolling open country like North Germany, we can scarcely hope to make head for any length of time against the vast hosts of Continental armies, whose brute force alone would crush us,—in any enclosed country, and especially in such a country as England, our prospects of success would by no

means be hopelessly gloomy. Our infantry and cavalry, so excellent in themselves even when compared with the Prussians, would be more at home than any other troops in the world in this style of fighting; and we have reason to hope that we may develop the innate power of our artillery to an extent never yet dreamed of, if each individual battery, in addition to its present aptitude for rapidly seizing on positions suitable for the offensive and retaining them to the last moment, bears in mind the principle that final decisive results can be most effectually brought about by converging their fire from diverging spots upon the critical point. Assuming, then, that the premises which I have laid before my readers are accurate, what conclusions may we deduce therefrom? We may, I think, demur to the outcry of unfavourable comparison which for the last eight years has been so persistently instituted between the Prussians and ourselves. Granted the excellence of their troops, in what respect are their combatant departments superior to ours? What are the flagrant errors which we habitually commit and which they avoid? Do their officers throw themselves heart and soul into their work, making a careful and painstaking study of their profession? Ours are not less unwearied. Have they acquired great influence over their men? So have we. Is their performance of duty strict and conscientious? So is ours. Are their private soldiers well drilled, amenable to discipline, patient of privation and fatigue, and by nature full of courage? So most surely are ours. Do we, in the course of our exercises, from time to time commit tactical errors? So do they, and to a much greater extent. I can honestly assert—and I believe I

shall not be contradicted by the other English officers who were present—that in this respect we have little to learn from them, and that we have fallen into the habit of underrating the standard of excellence whereunto we have attained. The errors and absurdities which occurred on the occasions referred to, were so frequent and so grave that, had they been committed during our own Autumn Manœuvres, they would have been followed by an instant and public outburst of condemnation. As I have already stated, I constantly saw skirmishers composedly blazing into each other's faces with an interval of only a few yards between them, isolated parties neglect the most favourable opportunities for availing themselves of cover, and vast bodies of infantry advancing in column, for some thousands of yards, over open plains swept by the deadly fire of concentrated artillery. On several occasions I saw cavalry in column remain quietly halted for some length of time while three or more batteries were leisurely pounding into them. Batteries continued with the utmost *sang froid* in action, while adjacent concealed infantry might be supposed to have picked off every single gunner. The information furnished by patrols was frequently defective, and the lines of communication were often disregarded. These errors were admitted by the Prussian officers, but were never commented on with marked severity, though they had been committed by troops of such famous military renown.

The foreign officers, whose num-

ber and variety was so great that they might to some extent be regarded as the exponents of Continental military opinions, were disposed to ridicule the idea of England ever again undertaking an offensive war; "while, for defensive purposes," said they, "the insuperable obstacle of the intervening ocean, backed up by your fleet, confessedly the best in the world, must render you practically nearly impregnable;" and the Prussians emphatically added, "Why should we seek for fresh territories? Have we not a century's work before us in consolidating our recent acquisitions?" It would surely be suicidal to acquiesce in these doctrines. Granted that henceforth we shall be content to consider that violence and wrong perpetrated elsewhere are no concern of ours—granted that we only wish to keep what is our own—may not our own be so fair as to arouse the utmost cupidity of others, and while we have time should we not perfect our measures for its defence? It has been stated that Monsieur Prévost-Paradol, the French Ambassador at Washington, whose lamented death by suicide occurred at the beginning of the last war, ere the fortunes of France were darkened, wrote a prophetic warning, which at this juncture of apparent repose comes home with peculiar force. "In the history of nations," he said, "there has never been an instance where a country which has raised itself to prominent greatness by means of the sword has been at heart willing to lay aside the sword when the emergency which first called for an appeal to it had passed away."

ANCIENT CLASSICS—LATIN LITERATURE.

THE difference between the literature of Greece and that of Rome is of the most marked and striking character. It is not superficial, but fundamental, founded in the mental constitution of either race, and affecting all their productions. These two initial languages of the modern world possess a distinctness of separation which is scarcely to be found among their successors. English literature, for instance, is not so unlike French as Latin is unlike Greek. The modern languages, all more or less following the two great parent tongues of literature, share among themselves the traditions of an older art, and take the path opened by Greek or by Roman indiscriminately as suits individual genius; but the Roman and the Greek formed tradition, and by dint of being each the first in his own way, retain all the sharpness of almost personal difference. It is, no one can doubt, the Greek voice that has the mastery in the great duo. No authentic rule, no established order, no canons of Art stimulated its early utterances. Its first uplifting in song was as spontaneous and untaught as that of the birds or the brooks. It originated Art in originating the first works of art, and was a law to itself in the truest sense of the word; without models, without instruction, it reached the heights of poetry at a bound, and, seated there amid the primeval mists, has ever since given laws to the world. The only literature at all contemporary with the Greek—that of the Hebrews—has somehow, in consequence of its sacred claims, got put aside from consideration as literature; and to many minds it would be a great,

and almost sinful, effort to bring the glorious poems of Job, of David, or of Isaiah from their consecrated places, and to compare them in their equally striking human originality with those of the Greek poets. For our own part, we should like nothing better, were it possible, than to see this done, and to have each great writer of the Old Testament identified and set forth for the benefit of the unlearned, as this series has identified the writers of the other great languages so often slumped together in our general title as 'Classics,' with nothing to indicate that one differs from another as much as the sun differs from the moon. Perhaps it would be going too far to employ so great a metaphor as this, and call Greece the sun, and Rome the moon of ancient literature. The Latin mind is too robust to be a reflection even of the brightness of heavenly lights; but it is the Greek who is the inventor—the creator, in the world of imagination. Whosoever may expound or comment, it is he who has originated. It is all that elementary foundation of story upon which European art is built. An entire mythology, full of variety and life, peoples those shadowy hills of myrtle and laurel, and changes Ida and Olympus, mere blue mountains of a distant archipelago, into visionary haunts of the gods, a common centre to all the world. Greece has thus populated both earth and heaven, creating both, so far as imagination can create, and showing, pathetically enough, the limit which imagination at its highest cannot cross. And she has created not only the splendid personages of that epic, and those

tragedies which hold their ground despite the passage of the ages, but epic and tragedy themselves have been by her invented and called into being. The beauty of her poetry, the divineness of her philosophy, may be shared by others of our primitive teachers. If she possesses any such sublime lyrics as those of the Hebrews, they have remained dead for the unlearned reader, no hand having been found to reproduce them, as the matchless translators of the Bible have reproduced Isaiah. But over even the Hebrews Greece triumphs in this creative power of hers which was first in the field of poetry, and promises to last as long as language lasts. Amid the modern languages, our own, we think, is the one which holds the nearest parallel, since to us also has been given that grace of Invention—first and noblest of all poetic gifts. The imagination of France is not creative any more than that of Rome; and Italian literature is so old, and German literature so new, that neither can by possibility have the wealth and fulness of a language which has never quite gone out of blossom since Chaucer set his pilgrims afoot, peopling the flowery old-world ways with noble knight and gentle squire, and many a humbler soul. This is the great distinction in which Greece stands supreme. She is the first Maker—the earliest and greatest poetic inventor in the world.

This distinction was necessary for the first chapter in the history of letters; the second is of a different description. Probably nothing could have qualified the Roman with his harder head and less plastic imagination to make the first step in founding the noble Art of Speech, the most all-pervading and influential of arts. Yet nothing could more fitly come in as second to make the foundations strong, and to sup-

ply materials more substantial than those of Fancy. The Roman intellect seems to have been almost absolutely devoid of that inventive power which is the crowning glory of the Greek. It has originated no great tale, no drama which can take its place beside those of *Œdipus* and *Agamemnon*. The one Latin epic which has come down to us is, if not an imitation, at least an episode adapted from the marvellous tale of *Troy*, worked out of materials furnished by *Homer*. Not a single serious drama of Latin origin has survived the ages; and the comedies which have done so are either copies from Greek originals, or as closely founded upon them as are our coarser English adaptations of the sparkling comedy of France. The total absence of this originating power, this creative impulse, is quite remarkable in Latin letters, perhaps because life itself was so full and eventful, and the Roman monarch of the world, making and recording history, was too busy for the glorious fictions of art; or more likely, because his strong and practical mind had other aims impressed upon it. These indeed are the reasons assigned by *Virgil* himself, when in proud humility he apportions to the Roman that lofty rôle which suits his genius best.

“Let softer hands teach the dull brass
to breathe,
Let others wake to life the shapeless
stone,
With greater art conduct a legal cause,
Better describe the heavens, or tell the
stars;—
Grudge it them not. Thine, Roman,
thine to rule
A conquered world, to give just laws
to peace,
To spare the humbled foe, resist the
proud;
These are the only arts I bid thee prize.”

But when original inspiration fails, other great gifts come in—the secondary but potent acts of critical comment, of satire, oratory, song—

secondary, but still of enormous power and influence. Invention must come first; but after that primeval effort of genius which created a world within the world, and shaped the unseen into a refuge for all poetic souls, comes the other effort, not much less great, to penetrate and comprehend the actual, to discuss and probe and criticise the visible life, to attack and to defend, to praise and blame, to sing and to love. This is the part which Rome has taken in the double work. To Greece the ideal, to Rome the actual, the one filling out and perfecting the other. Thus there is no rivalry between two things in which there exists so little resemblance. They are each mighty and potent in their way. Greece remains the supreme queen of the world of imagination, which she fills with the noblest figures—figures of which no one ventures to make sure that they did not once live as certainly as ourselves, and who have outlived, as the most ignorant can see, ages and political systems, kingdoms and cycles of conquest, and even the Greek race which produced them—though still the sharpwitted mongrel of the Levant may call himself by that honourable name. Rome, when she took up in her turn the wondrous tale of human existence and endeavour, did it by no such band of visionary heroes, but by means of actual lives and men, setting forth before the world the growth and downfall of her own magnificent empire, great type and emblem, scarcely less instructive than the narrower but intenser type of existence which we have in the Jews. What the Hebrew story is in the spiritual economy, a history, yet a parable, Rome is to the political and public constitution of humanity; and this her *Cæsars* and her *Ciceros* reveal to us with more force than a second *Æschylus* could have rendered it.

The national literature of one thus becomes the complement of the other, though they are as different from each other as words can say.

These characteristics of Roman literature make it extremely difficult to set it before those who are unable to read it for themselves. To do justice to the conceptions of a great dramatic poet is not so hard a task. Something may well be done to make him understood without quoting a line of his verse. *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* might perish off the earth, yet *Clytemnestra* on the walls of *Argos*, and “*sad Electra*,” and *Orestes* wildly flying over earth and sea before the dread *Furies* who pursue him, would still remain, figures which, once put within the range of our vision, die no more. But a beautiful piece of rural description, or a thrilling burst of oratory, can only be done justice to by literal rendering, by direct translation, the most hazardous of all literary processes. The first comes before us with the force of a picture, a thing which we can see, and which we need no help of learned bystander to make comprehensible. But in the other we are compelled to accept the critic’s word, or to commit ourselves to the tender mercies of a translator who possibly comprehends the language he translates without entering into its subtle beauties, and almost certainly has less mastery over his own tongue than the author whom he makes known to us had over his. Even in our own language it is infinitely easier to explain *Shakespeare* to the masses than it is to explain *Bacon*. The works of the first are independent of him, separate things launched like great ships upon the universal sea, each carrying the freight of its own fortunes; but as for the philosopher, all that we can do for him is to indicate the form and tendencies of his philosophical system; we cannot make even the most easy and popular of his works visible to the public;

we can but say of the 'Essays,' "Read them"—there is nothing further possible. The noble Latins stand therefore at a disadvantage in comparison with the Greeks, which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Except in the case of the one epic of Virgil, and the lyrics of Horace, we are obliged to betake ourselves to biography, to chapters of historic comment or elucidation, before we can convey any idea to the uninstructed Englishman of the great writers of Rome.

The one Latin poem of which the reader may be enabled to form an idea without direct aid of translation is the *Æneid*; and Virgil is the greatest poetical name of Roman literature. Few poets have had such eminent fortune, either during their lifetime or after their death. His own generation fully recognised his pre-eminence, and bestowed lavish rewards and honours upon its favourite poet. In the middle ages, when the classic world had faded into temporary obscurity, Dante, a poet more intense and vigorous than himself, took him as his guide into the unseen world, and has glorified the name of Virgil as much almost as that of Beatrice in his great poem. From that time—or even before that time—he was elevated into an oracle by fanciful superstition; his lines affording a mode of divination which has lasted till recent days. His name has everywhere taken its place among the highest; and in our own day, one of the first of scholars, and most excellent of men, the late Professor Conington, gave a great part of his too short life to the translation and glorification of Virgil. His poetical career has been a fortunate one from beginning to end—though the end is not yet, nor perhaps ever will be; certainly up to this time his star has known no waning. There are some critics who find in the *Georgics* his finest inspiration; feeling no

doubt that in the *Æneid* their poet exposes himself to comparisons which are of dangerous greatness; but the great Epic must take the foremost place in every account of the poet. It stands in direct contrast, in many respects, to the other great epics which it suggests and recalls. It has not the spontaneous origin, the free poetic birthright of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. They sprang, no one knows how, from nature and the poet's instinct, without dramatic plan or elaborate purpose, formed out of nothing, or out of primeval legends, who knows or cares which?—to please the lounging groups at the city-gates, or on the margin of the murmuring sea, or perhaps merely to please the nameless ballad-maker himself, as many a later yet primitive lay of raid and foray, of love and witchcraft, has been made since. But the *Æneid* has no such spontaneous character. It proceeds from the region of conscious Art, and is a poem with a purpose, an elaborate literary work, skilfully framed to glorify the Roman race, and that half-divine potentate who ruled over it. We are in a different world altogether from that through which Homer's harpings rang. The Latin poet chooses his subject, selects his incidents with skill and care, and uses all the expedients of Art to heighten his efforts. A conquering race never weary of its own praises, a royal patron to celebrate, and a splendid court to flatter, are visible in the very structure of the poem. Now and then even, the reader is brought back out of Carthage, or Latium, or even Hades itself, with a sudden leap, by the unexpected intervention of an apostrophe to Cæsar, some pæan over his victories, some lamentation such as that which moved all Rome to tears—the poet's wail over the young Marcellus. Thus we are made to feel not only

the intention of the poem, but even the audience who listen to it, the imperial lady who swoons at the name of her dead son, and the high-seated Augustus, whose glorious descent as the son of Iulus or Ascanius was the inspiration of the whole. In all this there is nothing like the vagabond bard, or bards, who wove the story of the siege of Troy; but neither have we here a mercenary laureate, or court poet, celebrating in magnificent story the half-divine race of his tyrant; for Virgil himself was a Roman, sharing the inordinate, arrogant love of his city and race, which his great poem flattered; and it is but just to suppose that he believed the sway of Augustus, which, no doubt he helped to make palatable to his fellow-citizens—to be the best thing for them after all the tumults and commotions of the Republic.

When we turn, however, to the poem itself and to its hero, we cannot but feel that Art has done less for us than Nature did. Æneas, goddess-born, and therefore half-divine, is a splendid ancestor for Augustus; and that he should be brought to the Latin coast, in spite of a thousand obstacles, by direct command and intervention of the gods, to found the supreme city which should rule the world, was flattering and delightful to the Romans, for whose benefit, ages before they were born, all this trouble was taken; but looked at on his own merits he is but a sorry fellow on the whole, and has not the size and grandeur of the Homeric heroes. There is a breadth and vigour even about the wily Ulysses, though we have no particular sympathy with him, which somehow throws a certain greatness into his sometimes very doubtful devices, and keeps us from despising him. Æneas is a being of colder blood and smaller mould. The poet's favourite epithet for him

is "the pious;" but the reader is disposed to substitute the "prudent"—a less attractive title. All the critics make violent efforts to impress upon us the fact that as there was no love, properly so-called, in ancient days, nor appreciation of the delicacy and finer soul of that passion, the pious wanderer's treatment of Dido was perfectly in keeping with the temper and morality of his time. And so we presume it was; yet Virgil would not have been a poet had he not known better, and he vindicates himself, at least in some degree, by the grand strain of indignant remonstrance and invective which he puts into Dido's mouth. The reader's sympathy, it is needless to say, is entirely with the tragical forsaken woman, in whose presence the cautious hero cuts a very poor figure. There is no passion in him at any part of the tale. He is weaker and poorer even than the false lover of later romance, who before the moment of his perfidy arrives, has one time or other been kindled by some living warmth. Æneas is the most calculating and cold-blooded of adventurers, accepting everything bestowed upon him, whether it be a meal or a heart, with the same commonplace perception of his own advantage, readiness to take all he can get, and prudent determination to give as little as possible in return. Dido's devotion is nothing to him; he is moved by no sympathy for her despair, but pursues his own cool purpose throughout all with sober-minded brutality, not violent, for violence is not congenial to his character, but obstinately pious, holding fast by the commands of the gods, and betraying the impassioned queen as no doubt he would have married her, had Hermes and the rest so counselled him for his advantage, in a respectable, cold-blooded way. Dido, on the

other hand, is much below the level of those tragic women with whom we make acquaintance in the Greek drama. Beside Medea she fades into the merest neutral tint; yet how fine is the scorn and indignation of her parting address to the cool visitor who found her glorious and prospering, and left her in the bitterness of ruin and despair! Women in such circumstances are apt, all the world over, to tell some unpleasant truths. Neither of the parties in this tragic encounter reach the level of the earlier epic; but Dido, who is the victim, has, as generally happens, the best of it in the record, and is to us the central figure, the only one in whom any depth of human passion is involved.

Æneas sails away, complacent and calm as ever, when he has detached himself from the desolate queen, feeling a little pang of fear when he sees, across the sea, the glare of the funeral pile on which Dido is perishing, but totally unmoved and unimpressed by the condition in which he has left her. After some further adventures he encounters the mystic Sybil, through whose agency he descends into the Shades, in order to see his father Anchises, and to receive thus at first hand the directions for his future career, which had been dimly signified to him hitherto in dreams. The sixth book of the *Æneid*, which contains an account of this visit to the spiritual world, is to many readers the most interesting of the whole poem—interesting not only in itself, but in consideration of the place it holds between Homer and Dante, between the primeval heathen and the medieval Christian view of that unseen region which imagination has always questioned so eagerly. There is no doubt that Virgil conducts his traveller into those unknown

shadows with true originality and poetic power. He is not able to forget the story of the great poet who went there before him, any more than the mighty Italian who followed is able to forget his own progress through the eternal glooms; and few things could be more interesting than to contrast the three visions of the unseen, proceeding, as they do, from three utterly different standing points. Homer and Dante have both of them a robust, unquestioning faith, such as it is; but he who comes between, the poet of worn out and enfeebled Paganism, to whom the gods of Olympus had grown dim, who was born *sub Julio*, late, yet too soon for better knowledge—to him Hades is dim indeed, not only a land of shadows, but perhaps a shadow itself—a region of which dreams and chimeras haunt the portal as the travellers enter, and dreams take exit by the parting door. Nothing can be more poetical and delicate than the suggestion, conveyed in the dream-tree at one end, and the dream-gates at the other, that Hades itself, and all its shades, are but a dream. Homer's appalling vision of the stream of blood, at which every pale ghost must drink before it can address or even recognise the mortal visitor, and to which the dim spectres crowd with hungry eyes intent upon the dreadful draught—finds no place in the more refined but dimmer shades which Virgil enters with his hero, to hear Anchises tell the glories and the woes of Æneas' royal race. Homer, though he treats the gods so cavalierly, was sure enough—as sure as man can be, of that unseen world; but Virgil has no certainty; it is all dim to him; perhaps only a vision after all. Dante, on the other hand, who had regained more than the certainty of the elder Greek, would have had, we can

imagine, but little objection even to such a tremendous image as that ditch of blood. But his 'Inferno,' though full of punishments infinitely more terrible than exist in the imaginations of his predecessors, is somehow less overwhelmingly sad. To the Greek and Latin alike, the shades of the departed are separated so entirely from humanity, and are so pitifully disembodied and unreal, that even Farinata in his living tomb, even the Pope who waits with burning feet the approach of his successor, is to be envied in comparison. In the depths of Malebolge these Tuscans are men, living, struggling, in a world full of movement, where there is constant action going on of one kind or another, and where a grim humour still exists, and chances of momentary escape from their tormentors—or at least the excitement of pursuit, and the amusement of watching other episodes of flight, capture, torture, and exhaustion—are still within their reach. It may be poor fun to bolt under the boiling pitch, and thus escape the forks of the demons, as did that Navarrese spirit who talked with Dante and his leader; but at least the other trembling wretches in the ditch must have found a certain amusement in watching the trick of their comrade, and snatched a fearful joy in beholding the demons turn their weapons on each other. No such commotion ever disturbs the motionless still air of the heathen Hades. There are no men there, but creatures disembodied; and even the Elysian fields and plains of asphodel are sadder, more depressing and melancholy, than the robust medieval Inferno, where all things are real, both the sufferers and the punishment. Virgil is the most shadowy and vague of the three in his pictures of the unknown.

It is a vision to him—a dim revelation of the night. The door through which Æneas quits that mystic region is the ivory gate, polished and fair, through which Pluto sends false dreams "that hurt the hearts of men"—but the only other exit, that of "authentic vision," still leaves to the unreal the universal sway, and rounds up with a dream the shadowy tale. Here is the description of the entrance to that visionary world.

"They went in darkness through the
lonely shade
By Pluto's dread and desolate domains,
As when the moon's uncertain rays
light on
Some traveller through the woods, while
all the sky
Is hid, and nature's varied loveliness
Assumes the blackness of surrounding
night.
First in the very gates of Hell there
sat
Dark Cares and Grief the punishers of
men;
Here fell Diseases crouch, a pallid band,
And sad Decay, and Fear, and Penury
Squalid and foul, and Hunger, counsel-
ling ill;
Shapes terrible to view. And here stands
Death,
And painful Toil, and death's twin-
brother Sleep,
And all the heart's forbidden joys; and
War
Thirsting for blood, lurks in the open
door.
Here too the avenging Furies' iron cells,
Here maddening Discord rages; in her
locks
Dripping with blood the hissing serpents
twine.
Full in the midst a huge and shady elm
Spread out its aged arms, beneath whose
shade
Delusive dreams, so common rumour
says,
Cling in the leaves. Here many mon-
sters dwell
Of various aspects; nearest to the gate
The Centaurs' stalls arise, the Scyllas
twain
Are next, then with his hundred arms
upraised
The giant Briareus. Here, while re-
sounds
The dreadful hiss of the Lernean snake,

Chimæra breathes forth flame; the Gorgons here
 And monster Harpies rage, and dark
 appears
 Geryon's triple shade."

We need not follow the pious and prudent Æneas through his fruitless fights and difficulties, though they are many. His commission from the gods to found the holy city is as necessary to excuse his utterly unjustifiable invasion of Latium as was the divine command which authorised the Hebrews to enter Canaan; though the wandering tribes had various quarrels on their hands with the kings of the plains independent of their higher authority. Æneas, however, had no natural plea whatever to excuse him, being on the contrary received with kindness and hospitality: and once more fails completely in securing our sympathy, which is all enlisted on behalf of the young patriot chief, fighting for his home and his love, from whom this middle-aged adventurer takes at once his fatherland and his Lavinia. The poem ends with the victory of the stranger, the death of the gallant Turnus, and the winning of the reluctant bride—an end totally abhorrent to modern art, which, had the worst come to the worst, and the invaders' success been irremediable, would have made out some escape by death, if no other way, for the unfortunate princess, at least; but these delicacies were not thought necessary, even *sub Julio*, or in the cultivated and refined Augustan age. Thus the poet carries out his patriotic and courtly intention, and shows by what triumph of bravery and of good fortune, and by what favour of the gods, the pious Æneas was brought from distant Troy across the seas, to establish the world-famed and world-commanding Rome, and to give a glorious origin to the family of Julius, the Cæsar

just verged into Emperor, for whom he sang. For this purpose Virgil sought his hero in the glooms of falling Ilium, and shaped his course among the dangers of the seas, and humiliated Carthage in his person, and wedded the Latin race to the traditionary splendour of Troy. No wonder that the Romans received the tale with plaudits, and the Emperor with rewards. It is, we suppose, the greatest tribute that ever poet paid to a sovereign, or citizen to a State.

Mr Collins' volume, without entering more minutely into the state of Roman affairs than is needful, will give the reader a very just idea of Virgil's position and life, as well as of his poetry; and the only criticism on which we will venture is addressed rather to the translation of which he chiefly makes use, than to the little book itself, in which all is done that space and possibility allow, to make the English reader acquainted with Virgil. The latest version of the Æneid, however, from which he quotes largely, and which seems likely to supersede all others, that of Mr Conington, is one to which, with all our respect for the learning and genius of that much lamented scholar, we cannot reconcile ourselves. Scott's measure has its defects and its advantages; it is admirably adapted to the stirring and rugged tales for which he employed it; but we cannot feel that the flowing, sometimes even jingling metre, which is entirely appropriate to Gothic minstrelsy, which chimes in so well with the Highland breezes, the discords of the pibroch, the tinkle of the mountain burn, and all the picturesque, irregular, fantastic lore of the North, has anything in it congenial with the stately classic strain, dignified not only by its own elaborate construction, but by its antiquity, its lofty

pretensions, its heroic subject. The sentiment of Virgil and that of Scott are so essentially different, that to link the one poet to the other involves an incongruity which is almost absurd. It is something like dressing a Roman senator in kilt and philabeg. Perhaps—it is like enough—Agamemnon, himself the king of men, may have worn some primitive garment not unlike the petticoat of an Albanian, which, in its turn, is sufficiently like the Highlander's kilt; but this possible backing-up of fact would not make the appearance of the Greek less grotesque if he appeared in the garment of Roderick Dhu. Grave Virgil, out of the eternal shadows, he from whose *parole ornate* the great Tuscan drew his inspiration, he who moves with majestic solemnity through the dim circles of the Inferno, what natural inducement could lead him to break voluntarily into the easy canter of the Border Minstrel, and to go tripping over hill and dale, or skimming along the coast with a light-minded modern breeze in his sails? The idea strikes us as almost comic, and this notwithstanding the wonderful truth and fidelity of the translation, which makes it still more to be regretted that its form should be subject to so obvious an objection. Dryden's more heroic strain may be less faithful, but it is certainly more appropriate.

The other greatest name in Latin literature belongs to the same brilliant period—the Augustan age. Curiously enough, the decay of civic freedom and the rise of a despotism does not by any means involve that deadness of art which we would gladly believe attended the downfall of national principle. What we fondly call the Augustan age in England was indeed destitute of any deep-laid scheme against our national liberties, and good sleepy

Queen Anne was as unlike a subtly encroaching despot as it is possible to imagine. But still, enlightened tyranny is as likely to foster the arts as any better system, though few despots have had such divine slaves to do their bidding as Virgil and Horace. Horace is the songster, moralist, and satirist of that brilliant age, as Virgil is its serious poet. The two men were friends—the one bringing the other under the notice of that Mæcenas whose name has become the synonym of an enlightened patron, and whose villa on that lovely hill at Tivoli was once as full of the overflowings of genius as its grey walls are now of the sparkling *cascatelle*, which—a softer revenge than Nature often takes upon those who cheat her laws and escape her doom of inevitable decay—leap shining from the windows, through which Virgil and Horace together may have watched the sun setting over the Campagna. Horace, however, is less easily capable of introduction to the unlearned reader than his friend and contemporary. No one knows him better, or is more thoroughly qualified to expound his tuneful verse and pleasant, but not very poetical, existence, than Mr Theodore Martin, with whose translations the world is already well acquainted. He has made one of the pleasantest volumes of this series out of the poet whom he has studied so closely and rendered so well. Horace was of the lower level of society, the son of a slave, while Virgil was “born a gentleman,”—one of the many instances of the absolute impartiality of nature in conferring her highest endowments. The slave father, however, was rich enough to give him the best education procurable, and wise enough to accompany it with his personal supervision and precepts. His first appearance before the public seems to have been as a satirist—an easy way to secure

the popular ear in such a community as Rome, and one which youth generally feels very congenial to its own deep-seated sense of superiority. It was only, however, when he attracted the notice of Mæcenas that Horace came into the way of becoming great. Mæcenas, it is said, took nearly a year to decide whether he should admit the young poet into his poetical and political coterie or not. For all this time, Horace, after their first interview, heard nothing of the all-powerful patron who could make any man's fortune; but, at the end of the long interval, he was sent for and bidden to consider himself enrolled for the future among the friends of Mæcenas. After this, his career was smooth enough, and in the course of a few years, his noble patron bestowed upon him the Sabine farm which figures so largely in all he says and sings. It was worth while being a poet in days when such gifts were natural. The Sabine farm seems to have done more than secure for Horace the competence which is so dear to all ease-loving people; it gave him an unfailing refuge from all the troubles of the world. He flew to it when he was weary or out of temper, when a passing fit of spleen or indignation brought that disgust which comes and goes so easily with real lovers of the world. It answered all the purpose of family and children to him—he could always fall back upon it whatever happened. The character which Mr Martin presents to the reader is very charming, friendly, and attractive, if not perhaps very elevated. Horace is of the world, worldly; he does not even strike the highest note of Epicurean philosophy. His "vanity of vanities," though he twitters it lightly enough in many a refrain, has nothing of the tragic disappointment of the Hebrew. Even in enjoy-

ment he is no optimist, demanding the impossible; but asks only, in his cheerful way, to get along comfortably, and amuse himself and please himself, without harming others. His moralities are of a comfortable worldly sort; his immoralities are perfectly easy and good-humoured. His loves (save the mark!) and his hatreds are alike moderate, and bring no particular harm to any one. And his poetry is full of himself, and of these easy and pleasant characteristics. His farm, his fields, his vines, the log that is laid upon that hearth which we all know so well, the old wine that is brought out, the old friend who is hailed with genial hospitality, when Soracte is white with snow, and the stormy winds tear the chestnut glades; his Bandusian fount by which he finds a cool refuge when summer blazes upon the plain,—even the reader who knows little of Horace has already heard of those familiar parts of him. He is the shrewdest, most clearheaded of easy men, keen and humorous in his native lightness of soul, aware of his own little self-deceptions, and laughing in his sleeve at his own babble of green fields—yet, notwithstanding the laugh, knowing that the babble is true when the fields are his own. Altogether, though he is far from a lofty personage, he is never unlikeable, even lovable when he pleases. He is perfectly friendly, though he would not make the slightest sacrifice for your sake; but neither would he ask any from you. He takes everything in an easy tone, confident that nothing can last, not love itself, as he expounds to his beauties. Mr Martin gives many examples of his poetic style, and for these we refer the reader to the charming volume itself. No one has succeeded better in catching the airy grace, the lightness of the treatment, the music of

the verse. Here is a charming description of his own mode of life, simple, yet embodying that luxury of simplicity, the enjoyment of everything the writer loves best. The ordinary occupations and pleasures of his day are thus set forth in contrast with the splendid troubles of public life :—

"I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Inquire the price of potherbs and of bread,
The circus cross, to see its tricks and fun;
The forum, too, at times, near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and pease;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet and two beakers; near at hand,
A common ewer, patera, and bowl;
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I.
I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
With oil, not such as filthy Natta skims
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball play,
The bath takes all my weariness away.
Then, having lightly dined, just to appease
The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
This is the life of bard unclogged, like me,
By stern ambition's miserable weight.
So placed, I own with gratitude, my state
Is sweeter, ay, than though a questor's power
From sire and grandsire's sires had been my dower."

This is perhaps the most gentle and irreproachable form of self-indulgence, and sounds charmingly on paper. The deeper note involved in this delightful comfort and unassuming luxury, the future which it wisely, in accordance with its code, inquires into but little, accepting the inevitable, however, with

sense and courage, is expressed in the following well-known verses :—

"Ask not—such lore's forbidden—
What destined term may be
Within the future hidden
For us, Leuconœ.
Both thou and I
Must quickly die!
Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean
horoscope.

Far nobler, better were it,
Whate'er may be in store.
With soul serene to bear it,
If winters many more
Jove spare for thee,
Or this shall be
The last, that now with sullen roar
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon
the rock-bound shore.

Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of tempered wine,
And hopes afar aspiring
In compass brief confine,
Use all life's powers;
The envious hours
Fly as we talk; then live to-day.
Nor fondly to to-morrow trust more than
you must or may."

Oddly enough, these verses are quoted in the eccentric and somewhat foolish novel of a clever writer lately published, as an example of the means by which his heroine was trained into the most perfect of women! We doubt whether the little poem would generally commend itself as adapted for this purpose; but the sentiment is fine of its kind, and affords a fit crown and conclusion to the easy, genial, highly-cultured, and all-enjoying life of the old Roman. He reaches a high note, and shows a spirit touched to a finer issue, in one of the odes to Mæcenas. His patron lacked what Horace so fully possessed—a tranquil and contented spirit—and it was evidently to soothe some despondent mood that the poet gave vent to this expression of devoted friendship :—

"Why wilt thou kill me with thy bod-
ing fears?
Why, oh Mæcenas, why?

Before thee lies a train of happy years :

Yes, nor the gods nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be
laid in dust,
Who art my stay, my glory, and my
trust !

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch
thee hence,

Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deadened
sense,

And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine ?
No, no, one day shall see thy death
and mine !

Think not that I have sworn a bootless
oath ;

Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand link'd in hand, whene'er thou
ledest, both

The last sad road below !
Me neither the Chimæra's fiery breath,
Nor Gyges, even could Gyges rise from
death,

With all his hundred hands from thee
shall sever ;

Foi in such sort it hath
Pleased the dread Fates, and Justice
potent ever,
To interweave our path,
Beneath whatever aspect thou wert
born,
Libra, or Scorpion force, or Capri-
corn."

The promise to go "hand in hand" with his friend, when the summons came, on the sad road that led below, might have been a rash one ; but it was singularly and touchingly verified. Mæcenas died in summer, and Horace in the November of the same year, at the age of fifty-seven—so it might well have been that something of the languor of soul that creeps over the lonely man when his friends disappear from his side had undermined the life of the poet. His death is, as so often happens, the most touching event in his life.

The other poets a little earlier or a little later than Virgil or Horace, who still may be classed as their contemporaries, find no place in Mr Collins's series. Ovid, Tibullus,

Propertius, Catullus, are passed over without a word—for what reason we can scarcely divine, unless from the difficulty, to which we have repeatedly referred, of giving any fit idea, by any means but those of direct translation, of non-dramatic poetry. The reason is quite valid, and worthy of full consideration ; yet we think that some briefer notice might have been given with advantage of these tuneful brethren—enough at least to distinguish and identify them to unlearned readers. They are better known, more important, and more poetical, we cannot but think, than Plautus and Terence, who make up a volume with their comedies—adaptations from Greek originals—and whose sole title to preference is, that their stories are more easy to tell. There is little upon which we can dwell in these two writers ; fine speeches and striking lines, like the famous "*Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto*," are no doubt to be found in them ; but our leisure does not permit us to dig for them through a mass of indifferent plots confessedly not original. Passing over these minor dramatists, we come to two great men of action sufficiently linked with literature to entitle them to a place among classic authors, and giving in their princely persons a more splendid demonstration of Roman life than any merely literary productions could do. These men are Caesar and Cicero. Mr Anthony Trollope has told the story of the great Julius with much ease and spirit ; almost too clearly, brightly, and well for a subject which we associate with mighty tomes and heavy periods. The reader feels as if he owed to the great Cæsar something more solemn than the pleasure with which he reads a narrative in which there is no tedium. It is seldom that an artist so distinguished in one branch

of literature, takes the trouble of entering upon another : and the skill of the practised narrator conveys an unusual charm to the history. Mr Trollope carries out the principle of the series with conscientiousness. He tells the story of the *Commentaries* in his own words, which are of themselves most characteristic and pleasant. A more splendid life has never been in the world, and there are abundant means of studying it. The man who as nearly conquered the world as any one man could do ; who conquered the might of old Rome, its factions and traditions ; —who, struggling through a hundred vicissitudes, made himself the foremost figure of his day, a kind of king of the universe, so to speak—he who was first in Rome being first in the world—and who, not content with all these achievements, wrote the story of them better than any one else could have written it, —requires little additional labour on the part of his biographer to prove his greatness. He is the most heroic, as he is the most powerful, of Romans, in himself an admirable type of Rome, all-conquering, invincible, proudest and greatest of empires ; but his place is more in the imperial line of kings and statesmen than with the humbler, if not less proud, order of poets and writers. The blaze of splendour about him dazzles our eyes. We are more at home at the Sabine farm, listening to the trickling of the summer fountain, or warm indoors in wintry weather over the chestnuts and the wine.

Cicero, however, less fortunate, less splendid, and less great, succeeds better than Cæsar does in combining the glow and shine of public eminence with that milder glory which is more dear to our heart. His public career was splendid, but, unlike that of Cæsar, it was checkered by great downfall

and misfortune, as well as by the greatest honours and promotions. He gained the highest distinctions Rome could give, earning the titles of *Pater Patriæ* and of *Saviour of Rome*, and then was driven out ignominiously, an outlaw and excommunicated person ; but only to be brought back eighteen months later in triumph—"carried back to Rome on the shoulders of Italy," as he himself says. Later, he joined in the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius against Cæsar ; and when that failed in any results except murder, found in Antony, against whom in the mean time he had launched his tremendous *Philippics*, an enemy still more dangerous and powerful than the two former, Catiline and Clodius, who had brought about his previous misfortunes. It is a kind of happiness in its way to have had for enemies men whose very names are hateful in history, and whom no good man would care to call friend. Cicero died sadly enough while in the act of escaping. He was being carried in his litter by his slaves through the woods which adjoined his villa, to the coast, that he might get off by sea. He had been urged unwillingly to this flight by his faithful servants, and lay in his litter, moving slowly through the dewy trees, reading his favourite Euripides when the pursuers overtook him. The leader of the band was one whom Cicero's eloquence had saved for that moment ; and there the Roman warriors killed the old man, the *Pater Patriæ*, the *Saviour of their city*. If we had space to enter into his life, there are specks in it evident enough ; but he was both noble and unfortunate ; and the vanity of which he is accused, and inability to bear misfortune like a man, are, no doubt, fully attributable to the keen, nervous sensibility of his organisation, and partly to the habit of his time, which was not fashioned

(a thing we find it so hard to understand) upon our English nineteenth-century rules of what is dignified or not. His first great claim upon the recollection of posterity as a classic writer is (if we may be permitted a bull) not through his writings at all, but his speeches—splendid pieces of oratory in which great public speakers of all subsequent ages have found their models. It is scarcely less easy to render them into quiet English than to transfer into our mother tongue the poetic strains of fervent Italy. We feel that not only are the words wanting, but the speaker, to enable us to feel the full force of the oration. Mr Collins quotes a great many of these speeches, and from them the reader will learn as much as it is possible to learn of Cicero's power in this way. We will give only one example, one which shows the superior skill of the pleader, and his power of comprehending all the possibilities of a situation. He had been called upon to defend Ligarius, who was impeached of treason against the state, in the person of Cæsar, as having borne arms against him in his African campaign. Cicero himself had been on the side of those against whom Cæsar fought—and Cæsar was the judge. It would be difficult to imagine a position more difficult or more embarrassing. The advocate began by "making out what case he could for his client." Clearly there was little enough to be said. Then with that unerring instinctive perception of what is best, which is sometimes the result of consummate skill and dexterity, and sometimes the merest dictate of nature, he suddenly threw down his argument and spoke direct to the judge on the bench, who was at the same time the offended person :—

"I have pleaded many causes, Cæsar, . . . but I never yet used language

of this sort—'Pardon him, sirs, he has offended; he has made a false step; he did not think to do it; he never will again.' This is language we use to a father. To the court it must be—'He did not do it; he never contemplated it; the evidence is false; the charge is fabricated.' If you tell me you sit but as the judge of the fact in this case, Cæsar—if you ask me when and where he served against you—I am silent. I will not now dwell upon the extenuating circumstances which even before a judicial tribunal might have their weight. We take this course before a judge, but I am here pleading to a father. I have erred, I have done wrong, I am sorry; I take refuge in your clemency; I ask forgiveness for my fault. I pray you, pardon me. . . . There is nothing so popular, believe me, sir, as kindness,—of all your many virtues, none wins men's admiration and their love like mercy. In nothing do men reach so near the gods, as when they can give life and safety to mankind. Fortune has given you nothing more glorious than the power—your own nature can supply nothing more noble than the will—to spare and pardon whenever you can. The case, perhaps, demands a longer advocacy—your gracious disposition feels it too long already. So I make an end, preferring for my cause that you should argue with your own heart, than that I or any other should argue with you. I will urge nothing more than this—the grace which you shall extend to my client in his absence, will be felt as a boon by all here present."

In these few noble lines are compressed much that Shakespeare has repeated on various occasions. That quality of mercy which blesseth him that gives and him that takes, has never been more beautifully claimed. Not Isabella when she catches the cold Angelo's ear with, "Hark, I will bribe you!"—not Portia's fine appeal,—are more direct than this which was addressed by the greatest orator in Rome to the greatest conqueror; and though these old Romans were little affected by sentiment, and

quite unused to decide any practical questions by such a plea, yet the appeal was successful, and Ligarius was pardoned.

The other works of Cicero are all on ethical and philosophical subjects. His famous essay on Old Age, and that on Friendship, are of a less profound character than the philosophical discussions on the True Ends of Life ('*De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*'), the disputations upon the nature of God, upon death, upon immortality, and upon the connection between virtue and happiness, of which the reader will here find an excellent summary. Some of these thoughts are very remarkable in their elevation and purity. They are full of that profound uncertainty which belonged to their age, and which indeed hangs over all ages, ever ready to reappear when men question deeply that silence which gives so little reply. So noble and spiritual, however, are many of the sentiments uttered by the old Roman, to whom the ancient gods of Greece were fables, and who was too early for Christianity, even had it been likely that his pride would have stooped to a faith so humbly introduced, that we can only wonder and admire the elevation of soul and wistful intuition which formed a religious atmosphere about those great spirits groping towards the God they divined, with a devotion more disinterested, more genuine than our own. Erasmus speaks of Cicero as fit to be a canonised saint. Petrarch says of him that "you would fancy sometimes it was not a Pagan philosopher, but a Christian apostle who was speaking;" and the beautiful passages translated—and very well translated—by Mr Collins, may persuade the reader that these high testimonies scarcely go too far. There is something extremely touching even in the origin

of these works. Some of them were written to distract his mind under the great grief of his life—the death of his daughter Tullia; the others to solace him in his scarcely less grief for Rome, when he saw great Caesar's great despotism, which he had risked his soul to cut short, transferred into the inferior hands of Antony. It gives a deeper interest to the philosopher's searching demand, What is death? when we remember that this piteous question—to which Christianity itself gives but a broad general answer, and none of those details for which the soul yearns—was that of a father whose child had gone away from him into the unknown. "To me," he says, "when I consider the nature of the soul, there is far more difficulty and obscurity in forming a conception of what the soul is while in the body—in a dwelling where it seems so little at home—than of what it will be when it has escaped into the free atmosphere of heaven, which seems its natural abode." What taught him so elevated and spiritual a conception? Somehow or other, Cicero had found out that this Soul was the thing most worth attention of anything in the world. Poor soul! in this advanced age it has fallen into disrepute, like many other things, and is less interesting or important than the lobe of the ear, and the ball of the thumb—of all the changes between our time and Cicero's, one of the most wonderful, surely.

We will give but one other passage from the essay on Old Age—a very famous one, for which again we are indebted to Mr Collins:—

"It likes me not to mourn over departing life as many men, and men of learning, have done. Nor can I regret that I have lived, since I have so lived as that I may trust I was not born in vain; and I depart out of life as out of a temporary lodging, not as out of

my home. For Nature has given it to us as an inn to tarry at by the way, not as a place to abide in. Oh glorious day! when I shall set out to join that blessed company and assembly of disembodied spirits, and quit this crowd and rabble of life! For I shall go my way, not only to those great men of whom I spoke, but to my own son Cato, than whom was never better man born, nor more full of dutiful affection; whose body I laid on the funeral pile—an office he should rather have done for me. But his spirit has never left me; it still looks fondly back upon me, though it has gone assuredly into those abodes where he knew that I myself shall follow. And this, my great loss, I seemed to bear with calmness; not that I bore it undisturbed, but that I still consoled myself with the thought that the separation between us could not be for long. And if I err in this, in that I believe the spirits of men to be immortal, I err willingly; nor would I have this mistaken opinion of mine uprooted so long as I live. But if, after I am dead, I shall have no consciousness, as some curious philosophers assert, then I am not afraid of dead philosophers laughing at my mistake."

We are transported into another century and a changed atmosphere by the next group of Roman writers to whom we are introduced. From the last struggles of the falling Republic, dying hard under the desperate championship of such men as Pompey, Cicero, and the band of tragic but ineffectual conspirators who killed great Cæsar; and the subdued tranquillity, as of a sea stilled after a storm, of the age of Augustus, full of all the softer pipings of peace and lays of poets,—we plunge at once into the misery and degradation that followed under such rulers as Nero and Domitian. To illustrate this period, we have Tacitus the historian, Pliny, whom we may call the familiar commentator and social critic, and Juvenal the satirist; so that by means of so many different expositors, each help-

ing out the picture made by the other, we ought to have it in our power to form a sufficiently just idea of the condition of Rome. The works of Tacitus, with one exception, are historical. His '*Agricola*' gives us the life of a good general and brave man, with something in him of the old heroic Roman strain, whose success in pushing the Roman legions along the rugged northern coasts of our own island, gives him a special interest to ourselves, if, indeed, any interest can be strong which lies so far in the dim past, and concerns ancestors so unrecognisable as the Scots or Picts, who gave the Roman general enough to do even in our dear humdrum and placid Kingdom of Fife. The subject of the '*Germany*' is sufficiently indicated by its title; it is an account of that great midland continental country, out of the glooms of which there came now and then fierce and rude invaders, and in which revolts against Roman sway were perpetual. It is full of curious descriptions, such as a man examining those glooms out of the heart of civilisation would be likely to make, and which are interesting both in their mistakes and in their affirmations. "All have fierce blue eyes, red hair, huge frames," he says—the common description, by the way, of the half-savage warrior, whom civilisation half dreads and is half contemptuous of. Not much more than a century ago, the same description might have been given in England of those "wild Scotch" who followed Prince Charlie. The still broader generalisation which describes the Teutons as "a race without either natural or acquired cunning," is amusing enough. The '*Annals*' and '*History*,' one closely following on the other, are, however, the greatest works of Tacitus. The first embraces the first half of the

century in which he himself lived—the age just before his own, which he had most abundant opportunity of fathoming and comprehending; the second is the story of the reigns under which he himself lived. The many mutilations to which they have been subject impair the perfection of these records; but the English reader will find even in Mr Bodham Donne's summary a very comprehensive view of the history of the time, its extraordinary convulsions, its succession of one tyrant after another, the frightful episode of military domination which gave to the paralysed city such rulers as Otho and Vitellius, and all the vicissitudes of Cæsarism—occasionally fortunate, as when Vespasian and Titus ruled, but always stupefying and deadening the national life, and working downwards to certain ruin. The strong bias against the system of despotism which is evident, gives pungency to the record, such as a history of the Napoleons by such a bitter yet honourable critic as Montalembert might have shown. There is little space in the small volumes of this series for giving, besides the necessary narrative and summary, much insight into the style and eloquence of such a writer—a thing itself extremely difficult, almost impossible; but any good account of the most authentic story of the first century must be interesting to the English reader.

Pliny, the friend of Tacitus, lends his brighter social sketches to fill out the statelier narrative, and furnishes an extremely pleasant volume, more easy and likeable, if less important, than the historian's weighty narrative. These sketches, as the reader is aware, are in the form of letters, and as such convey some curious information to us, both of historical

scenes and of the daily life of Rome. There are few books of the series more attractive than Messrs Church and Brodribb's agreeable account of this genial and kindly Roman. We enter with him into all the details of existence, and are amused by all the peculiarities which mark the long distance and difference between us, without losing sight of those more lasting conditions of humanity which are the same now as they were in Rome in the first century, a mingled likeness and contrast which gives the chief charm to social history. The most famous, perhaps, of Pliny's letters is that which gives an account of the great eruption of Vesuvius, by which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, and which the reader will find in this volume, though it seems unnecessary to quote it here. It is interesting, however, to note in this narrative, and in the equally well-known account of the Jews given by Tacitus, what is pointed out by the authors of both volumes—the curious absence of that critical faculty and sense of the necessity of accuracy, which we in these latter days pride ourselves on possessing. Pliny's story of the eruption is extremely picturesque, but it is wanting in the most obvious details of trustworthy evidence, and tells us neither when the extraordinary appearances which he describes began, nor how long they lasted, nor where the terror-stricken crowd which pressed so upon him as to drive him onward, escaped to in their flight, nor even the direction they took. The notes of Tacitus on the Jews are still more deficient in all that constitutes evidence, and show a readiness to accept the merest hearsay, which is very unworthy a historian, and is by no means, one would have said, characteristic of

the man. It gives the most grotesque outsider's version of the facts so well known to us from other sources; although even in this strange travesty there is much which the author evidently feels to show a higher tone of morality than that of his own superior and enlightened race.

To return, however, to Pliny: there are innumerable bits of Roman life in his letters much less known than his description of the famous and terrible catastrophe of Pompeii. The reader will be amused by the following curious sketch of an institution well known among us as the *claque*, which seems to have been used in Pliny's days, under much less justifiable circumstances than those which have attended its modern existence. It is here introduced as a common feature in the courts of justice. Pliny himself practised at the bar like so many other distinguished Romans. He is describing the "Court of the Hundred," in which he says there are few interesting cases, and the greater part of the practice is in the hands of young and unknown men:—

"They have an audience like themselves, regularly hired for the occasion; a speculator contracts to supply them; presents are passed to them quite openly in court, and they go for the same hire from court to court. Yesterday two young slaves of mine were dragged off to applaud somebody at half-a-crown apiece. Such is the price of the highest eloquence—for this you may fill a number of benches, collect a crowd, and have a burst of cheering as soon as ever the leader of the chorus has given the word."

Another habit of a more refined kind—but one which, it will easily be seen, might very well grow into an intolerable nuisance to all plain people having friends of the literary class—was the system of

public readings. It is a hard case enough when you are liable to be presented, without a moment's notice, with a volume of your friend's poetry, and still harder when your opinion is asked as to the expediency of publication; but what would become of us if all the writers of our acquaintance had the privilege of inviting us to hear them read their productions—an invitation scarcely to be refused at less cost than a quarrel? We remember ruefully an accident that once happened to ourselves (and it was at Rome) when a friend, whose entreaties to read his MS. we had skilfully dodged up to the last moment, instead of saying farewell like a Christian, jumped after us into the railway carriage which was about to convey us to Civita Vecchia, and produced upon us, helpless, the dreaded MS. It would appear that Pliny was more charitable than we are; for he speaks of this terrible practice—which Juvenal, more impatient, denounces as one of "the horrors of this hateful town"—with an amiable complaisance:—

"I must beg you to excuse me to-day," he says; "Titinius Capito means to give a reading, and I cannot say whether I am more bound or more desirous to hear him. . . . He lends his house to readers; and whether the reading be at his own house or elsewhere, he shows a remarkable kindness in making himself one of the audience; me certainly he has never failed whenever he has happened to be in town." "This year," he says on another occasion, "has brought us a great crop of poets. During the whole month of April there was scarcely a day on which some one did not give a reading. I am delighted to see that literature flourishes, that the powers of our writers have the opportunity of displaying themselves; yet audiences come but slowly to listen. Many persons sit in the lounging places and waste in gossip the time that they

should spend in listening. They even have news brought to them whether the reader has entered, whether he has spoken his preface, whether he has got through a considerable part of his manuscript. Then at last they come, but come slowly and reluctantly. . . . Good heavens! our fathers can remember how the Emperor Claudius, walking one day in the palace, hearing a great shouting, inquired the cause. They told him that Nonianus was reading: whereupon he entered the room wholly unexpected by the reader. Now, the idlest of men, after having been invited long before to attend, and reminded over and over again of the engagement, either do not come at all, or if they come complain of having 'lost a day!'

This reference to the good old times (not very far off in this case) shows that Pliny did not share his friend Tacitus's hatred for the 'Caesars. The historian, no doubt, would have thrown back the blissful moment when the readings of all poets were attended with eagerness and interest, to the golden age of the Republic. "I, however," adds Pliny, with conscious virtue, "have failed scarcely a single reader."

We shall quote but one other sketch, the portrait of the elder Pliny, to show what ancient Roman virtue was in the learned naturalist. We fear that irreverent youth in our own day would have stigmatised the venerable philosopher as something of a prig. It is to prove among other things the "marvellous industry" of his relative, that Pliny the younger thus writes:—

"From the 23d of August he began to study at midnight, and through the winter he continued to rise at one, or, at the latest, at two in the morning, often at twelve. . . . Before daybreak he would go to the Emperor Vespasian, who also worked at night, and thence to his official duties. On returning home, he gave what time remained to

study. After taking a light meal, as our forefathers used to do, he would often, in summer, if he had leisure, recline in the sun and have a book read to him—on which he wrote notes, or from which he made extracts. He read nothing without making extracts; for he used to say that you could get something good from the worst book. After reading in the sun, he had generally a cold bath, then a light meal, and a very short nap; after which, as if he were beginning another day, he would study till dinner. During dinner a book was read to him, and he made notes upon it as it went on. I remember one of his friends once stopping the reader, who had pronounced a word incorrectly, and making him repeat it. My uncle said to him, 'Did you not understand the word?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'Why, then, did you stop him? we have lost more than ten lines by this interruption.' So parsimonious was he of his time. . . . In the country he exempted only his bathing time from study—I mean the actual time of his immersion in the water; for while he was being rubbed or dried he would have something read, or dictate something. While travelling he threw aside every other care, and gave himself up to study. He always had a scribe by his side, with a book and a writing-table, whose hands in winter were protected by gloves, so that the cold weather might not rob him of a single moment. Even at Rome he used to be carried in a litter with this view. I remember him rebuking me for taking a walk. 'You might have managed,' he said 'not to lose these hours.' In fact, he thought all time lost that was not given to study."

It is curious to recollect that this tremendous student was at the time of his death, which took place on the night of the great eruption of Vesuvius, probably from the suffocating atmosphere at the foot of the volcano—admiral in command of the fleet in the Bay of Naples. It was in his attempt to save the terrified people on the coast, whose houses were destroyed, and who were, as was natural, frightened to

death by this appalling and unprecedented catastrophe, that he lost his life.

We add one brief epistle more, which is not included in the selection of quotations made by Messrs Church and Brodribb. It is very charming and touching in itself, and still more curious from its resemblance to a yet more famous letter—the Epistle of Paul to Philemon. If it wants something of the dignified and pathetic tenderness of that most beautiful letter, it is still very striking in its similarity of sentiment. It is written with the same purpose—to recommend an erring but repentant servant to the forgiveness of his master.

“Your freedman, with whom you said that you were angry, has come to me, and, falling at my feet, has, as it were, clung to yours. He has wept much—he has entreated much—of much he has been silent; in a word, he has made full proof of penitence. I indeed believe him reformed, because he knows and feels his faults. That you are angry with him I know, and that you are justly angry I know also; but then has mercy its highest praise when cause for anger is most just. You have loved the man, and I trust will again love him. Meanwhile, it is enough that you suffer yourself to be entreated. Should he deserve it, you may again be angry, and, having yielded to entreaty, you will have the more excuse. Put down something to his youth—something to his tears—something to your own kindness. Torture him not, lest torturing him you torture also yourself. For anger to a nature so gentle as yours is really torture. I am fearful lest I should seem to exact rather than to entreat, should I join my prayers to his. And yet I will join them, and that as fully and as earnestly as I have sharply and severely reproofed him, threatening him plainly that I will never entreat for him again. This I said to him, whom there was need to frighten. To you I say not so. For most likely I should again entreat, and again obtain my prayer, if only it be

such as is fitting for me to ask, and for you to grant. Farewell.”

It is difficult to do full justice to the claims of such a poet as Juvenal in such a series as the present, designed for domestic reading, and specially intended for the innocent hands of those whom English literature, more than any other, has the merit of avoiding to offend. The writer is compelled to make perpetual breaks in his quotations, and leave the darker part of the story untold. But even with this necessary elimination, enough is left to show the lofty indignation against evil, the manly love of virtue, which inspire the verse of this most earnest of satirists. The reader will perceive at a glance that there is no levity in this censor of public morals, no sneaking regard for the vice he chastises, or covert sympathy with those who practise it. He is not easy and good-natured, but impetuous, breathless, in his denunciations—carried far beyond the point at which an observer can laugh at the habit he stigmatises. His indignation is as a fire within him—sharp and hot and intolerant. Curiously enough, some of the indignant youthful verses of Savonarola—in a kindred age of despotism and moral depravity, while he was still only grieving over the vice of his time, and had not seen his way to his after vehement crusade against it—sound almost like paraphrases of the fiery lines of Juvenal.

“Wouldst thou to honour and preferment climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime.
On guilt's broad base thy towering fortress raise,
For virtue starves on universal praise.”

This is the burden of the high heart and soul impatient of evil at once under the reign of Domitian and that of Lorenzo di Medici; and Savonarola himself could scarcely

have set forth more fully the right of right, for itself and by itself, the inherent good of goodness, than does the noble heathen. Hear the ring in his fine verses, even through the muffling of translation—though we must add that the translations given by Mr Walford, and which, we presume, as no other authorship is claimed for most of them, are from his own pen—are full of spirit and energy.

“Be brave, be just; and when your country’s laws
Call you to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye,
And frowning dictate to your lips the lie,
Think it a crime no tears can e’er efface
To purchase safety with compliance base:
At honour’s cost a feverish span extend
And sacrifice for life life’s only end.
Life! ’tis not life; who merits death is dead.”

A tone of still wilder energy is in the denunciations of evil which fill so large a part of the Satires. Juvenal was one of the greatest poets of the age in which and of which Tacitus wrote, and which kindly Pliny babbled about in friendliest gossip. It does not well seem possible to have exaggerated its corruptions. That which naturally an alarmed and indignant patriot would be likely to exaggerate, its superiority in guilt to all previous ages, may be doubtful, for Rome at all times seems to have afforded abundant material for moral invective; but the grave historian and the more than grave, the despairing poet, are at one in the force of the picture they draw. And we do not need to go back as far as the time of the Roman emperors to be aware that tyranny and anarchy are sworn brothers, and go hand in hand. Utter social corruption—extending to judges, tribunals, law, the highest authorities and the lowest officials alike—is what the

indignant satirist, fierce tears in his eyes, and fiery hatred of the evil in his heart, invokes heaven and earth to witness. “Ye gods!” he cries—

“Ye gods! what rage, what frenzy fires
my brain
When that false guardian, with his
splendid train,
Crowds the long street and leaves his
orphan charge
To prostitution and the world at large;
When, by a juggling sentence damned
in vain,
(For who that holds the plunder heeds
the pain?)
Mauris to wine devotes his morning
hours,
And laughs in exile at the offended
powers;
While sighing o’er the victory she has
won,
The Province finds herself but more un-
done!
And shall I feel that strains like these
require
The avenging strains of the Venusian
lyre,
And not pursue them? Shall I still re-
peat
The legendary tales of Troy and Crete,
The toils of Hercules, the horses fed
On human flesh by savage Diomed,
The lowing labyrinth, the builder’s flight,
And the rash boy, hurled from his airy
height?
When what the law forbids the wife to heir
The adulterer’s will may to the wittol
bear,
Who gave, with wand’ring eye and va-
cant face,
A tacit sanction to his own disgrace!

Who would not, reckless of the swarms
he meets,
Fill his wide tablets in the public streets
With angry verse, when, through the
mid-day glare,
Borne by six slaves, and in an open chair,
The forger comes who owns this blaze of
state
To a wet seal and a fictitious date,
Comes like the soft Mæcenas lolling by,
And impudently braves the public eye;
Or the rich dame who stanch’d her hus-
band’s thirst
With generous wine—but drugged it
deeply first,
And now more dext’rous than Locusta
shows
Her country friends the beverage to com-
pose,

And 'midst the curses of the indignant
throng
Bears in broad day the spotted corpse
along?"

We have thus attempted to give the English reader from his own point of view a summary of the valuable addition which he will find in the volumes of this series to his best stores of information and intellectual interest. Every new chapter of literature which is opened to us widens our horizon; and much more is this the case when the new literature which is unfolded is the oldest of all, and the foundation of letters everywhere. But while the reader to whom his own tongue is the most comfortable or only medium of instruction must prize highly all such attempts to bring distant genius within his reach, he will derive a satisfaction of another kind from the comparison he is hereby enabled to make between the greatest masterpieces of ancient literature, and those familiar idols which have been known and dear to him all his life. And we think he may fairly give himself the gratification of believing that the Greek is quite as much to be pitied who

never could have known Shakspeare, as is the Englishman who does not know *Æschylus*. Lear is to the full as great as *Œdipus*, and even the fondest and most admiring classicist will scarcely find within the circle of Greek tragedy any figure worthy to take a place by the side of Hamlet. After this little flourish of our national trumpet, which we make with much relish on behalf of our particular client the English reader, and in defiance of all classic fanatics, we commend these stout old Romans, and still more their greater predecessors of Greece, to the audience they claim. The series was admirably planned, and it has been thoroughly well carried out. To Mr Collins, who has conducted it, we all owe our best thanks; and any one who reads the volumes which he has himself contributed, will feel that the editorship could not possibly have been in better hands. We are glad to understand that, in acquiescence with many requests, from the press and the public, it is intended to supply the omissions we have indicated—and we trust some others—by a short supplemental series.

NO HIGHLANDS THIS YEAR.

A PARSON'S APOLOGY.

September 1874.

I.

UNTOUCHED by me, on moor and tree
The blackcock may abide ;
Not mine the hand to guide to land
The giant silverside.
The partridge still may feed at will
O'er Caledonian heather ;
The woodcock's bill may suck its fill,—
We may not be together !

II.

Let others hail that lovely vale,
While Donald—rarely sober—
Conveys them out to fish for trout
In golden-leafed October.
Others may kill, on Stenton's hill,
Victims of "fur and feather ;"
But not for me such joys may be,—
We may not be together !

III.

For evermore that horrid bore
We can't get rid of—Duty—
Keeps me away from Braan and Tay,
From you, and Highland beauty.
Parochial work I may not shirk
Still keeps me to my tether ;
I yearn in vain to snap the chain,—
We may not be together !

IV.

Yet, Henry, when, at half-past ten—
My day's work haply finished—
By pleasing fire I light the *briar*,
My sorrows seem diminished ;
That magic "bowl" warms up my soul
From "winter and cold weather,"
And leaves it bright in Fancy's light
Where we are still together !

T. D. C.

LORD DALLING'S LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.

THE third volume of Lord Dalling's '*Life of Lord Palmerston*' is just published, bringing the biography down to 1847, thereby completing the account of two-thirds of an eminent public career. Hardly any public man of this century offers a more promising subject for a skilful biographer than the accomplished statesman and man of the world whose career in the House of Commons extended over nearly sixty years, and comprised one-tenth of the whole existence of that famous assembly. During a large portion of that time Lord Palmerston filled an ample space in the eyes not merely of his fellow-countrymen, but of all Europe, which was due not more to his energy and achievements than to his personal qualities, the fulness and heartiness of his physical nature, the fund of animal spirits and buoyant and genial humour which delighted the public in his demeanour in Parliament, and in all his public displays, whether with deputations, before his constituents, or at more festive gatherings. He lived much in public, and every one was acquainted with his ardent spirit and resolute purpose, and at the same time with the irrepressible gaiety of disposition which was always ready with a joke and a repartee, which hardly knew what either anxiety or despondency meant, which all bore witness to a joyous energy of life and spirits, a character which would be sure to work out a career full of incident and full of interest both in private and in public. The promised sketch of such a life necessarily raised one's hopes of interest and amusement, and on all points

except of high principles of statesmanship, or far-reaching theories of political science, of instruction also.

The very name of his biographer, too, increased such hopes. Lord Dalling was for years a diplomatist of no ordinary reputation, and was associated with Lord Palmerston in several important passages in his celebrated conduct of foreign affairs. He was, moreover, a personal friend, and had been for some time on terms of intimacy with the subject of his memoir. In his own words, he had "undertaken to write the biography of a great statesman under whom I long served, and for whom I had a sincere and respectful affection." Further than that, Lord Dalling had previously given to the world several biographical sketches which showed him to be a master of that portion of literary art. Few will dispute his literary capacity who are acquainted with his admirable portraits of Talleyrand, Mackintosh, Cobbett, and Canning. The reader's interest in those careers never flags, the hero in each case is brought prominently and vigorously into notice, and is described with clearness and impartiality. Whether or not it is that our expectations were under the circumstances unduly raised, we can only confess to the entire disappointment with which we have risen from the perusal of these volumes.

A book, in our humble judgment, should result from the application of mind to matter; and violates the first principles and object and usefulness of art if it does not accom-

plish its purpose within a reasonable compass. The notion seems to be spreading that the way to write a man's life is to publish all his private letters, which he never intended for the public eye, and which, for the most part, contain private gossip. Quite recently Buckle's memoranda, mere scraps of paper filled with notes to assist his memory, were given to an admiring public, much on the same principle as a gaping crowd is once said to have acted in collecting cherry-stones as they quitted the mouth of a royal prince. Confidential letters of a divine to an anxious inquirer were, according to some recent complaints in the 'Times' newspaper, published a short time ago; and though the names were suppressed, the internal evidence fixed their recipient amongst his friends, much to his regret and annoyance. And other examples might be noted where masses of private correspondence have been offered for the digestion of a reader, who wishes at a moderate cost of time and money to learn the history of a particular life. If for no other reason, a regard for brevity should set some limits to this growing evil. If the remainder of Lord Palmerston's life, which comprises by far the most interesting portion of it, is to be written at a length proportioned to the first part of it, the whole work will fill eight or nine volumes. Life is not long enough to enable us to bestow all this time and attention upon every single career which attains to eminence. And it is time that those who devote themselves to biography should receive a hint that, however large the mass of correspondence which is intrusted to them, the public expects that the result of its perusal should be compressed into moderate compass, and that within those limits a picture of the hero should be faithfully drawn, and the incidents narrated with a due re-

gard to their proportionate importance. It would seem, further, that there is another condition of success. Either a biographer should be a faithful parasite of his hero, such as Dr Johnson found ready to his hand, in which case the very intensity of hero-worship is itself a source of, as it were, photographic art; or he should take every precaution to insure to himself the impartial spirit of the future, with a view to a masterly picture. He should write for posterity with judicial severity. It seems to us a mistake to endeavour to combine the two functions of the fervent admirer, on the one hand, and the impartial historian on the other. The regard of former intimacy, one's own implication in several passages of the hero's life, leading to an exaggerated sense of their importance, —above all, the necessity of writing under the eye of, or with a view to the perusal by, some devoted relation of the deceased, to whom one is indebted for valuable papers and correspondence, are fatal to the retention of that clear and unbiassed judgment which is essential to success, or of that regard for reasonable brevity and proportion which art requires. There are many stages, of course, between the plan, on the one hand, of putting into a cart every letter which a valued friend or a devoted widow may think interesting, and then tilting the cart at the printer's office; and, on the other hand, producing a vivid and genuine picture of the hero, with an account of his career, proportioned in all its parts. It is, however, at some one of those numerous stages that Lord Dalling's *Life of Lord Palmerston* must be placed; and at one far lower than the great eminence, literary and diplomatic, of the writer would have led us to expect. We should have been far better pleased if he had left some less able and experienced hand to edit the

correspondence by itself. In the interval which elapsed between Lord Palmerston's death and his own, he had ample time to have carried out either his original intention of "sketching Lord Palmerston as he had sketched Mr Canning in 'Historical Characters;'" or his subsequent intention of finishing the work in two volumes. Unfortunately, however, as matter increased, there was a constant divergence from the main object of the work, till at last the task of reducing unwieldy materials into shape and beauty was apparently abandoned in despair.

Although this book must be added to the list of unsuccessful biographies, it is nevertheless full of interesting matter in reference to several very important passages in our diplomatic history, in connection with which Lord Dalling himself took a very distinguished part. Both the subject and author of this life are entitled to the applause of posterity; and notwithstanding all objections, we are glad to have received this assistance towards knowing and understanding a career which, in spite of its utter dearth of political philosophy and science, is a most useful and important one for Englishmen to know and appreciate. In days when the whole aim of our foreign policy is to compromise difficulties instead of facing and overcoming them—to make concessions with a view to maintaining peace, and to give out beforehand that we will do so—to allow treaties gained by the expenditure of blood and treasure to be torn up in our faces because our Ministers as private individuals had disapproved their provisions, and to refer our conduct to arbitration, admitting that while our actions are necessarily governed by one set of rules, compensation shall be paid under another and totally different set of rules,—in times like these it is really useful to be told by a skill-

ful diplomatist of a foreign policy which was avowedly regulated by the maxim that a difficulty evaded was a difficulty increased and multiplied, that undue concession was the parent instead of the prevention of war, and that the influence of England was a thing which it was her duty to preserve, to use, and to extend.

The life of Lord Palmerston may be divided into three different chapters, which are widely dissimilar in character and circumstances, but through all of which the strong characteristics of the man undergo no change. His identity is faithfully preserved; neither the disposition nor convictions undergo material alteration. He was never lost in the crowd of Tories in his earlier life, nor in the crowd of Liberals in his later years. Neither party obeyed or followed him, each was glad of his alliance; and at his close he ruled England for years as Prime Minister while party spirit was practically in abeyance, and the contest of party principles was suppressed. The first chapter of this history closed in 1830, when in the prime of life, at the age of 46—an age at which Pitt had closed his career, Wellington and Napoleon had ended their military achievements at Waterloo—Lord Palmerston slid from nineteen years' official subordination to Portland, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, and Wellington, into a Whig Secretary for Foreign Affairs on the eve of the triumph of Reform. The second chapter closed in 1850, when the death of Sir Robert Peel terminated the long rivalry between that great statesman and Lord John Russell, and when Lord Palmerston's famous speech and triumph in the Don Pacifico case consolidated a position which soon gave him the leadership. The remaining fifteen years of his life—from the age of 66 to that of 81—gave him a far more prominent place in the

eyes of his fellow-countrymen than he had ever before occupied, and would fill at least half, if not considerably more, of a properly proportioned biography. It includes the final cessation of his departmental career; his unauthorised approval of the *coup-d'état* of 1851; his rupture with his old chief Lord John Russell; his coquetry with the party of his opponents; his acceptance of the Home Office in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, with his old subordinate Lord Clarendon as Foreign Secretary; and his final installation, when upwards of 70 years old, with the acclamation of the country, during the Russian war, as Prime Minister,—a post which he held for eleven years, with the exception of about fifteen months, when the greatest blunder of his life—the Conspiracy to Murder Bill—led to the accession to office of his political opponents. This long career was almost uniformly spent in office. Only one lengthened period of opposition occurs, and that was during the five years from 1841 to 1846, whilst Sir Robert Peel was in office. In the thirty-five years previous to that date, and in the twenty years subsequent to it, the intervals of languishment in the cold shade of opposition amount to about an equal period of five years in the aggregate. During the sixty years of his public life, every Prime Minister except Sir Robert Peel solicited his services, some of them pressing upon his acceptance higher office than he could be induced to take. All of them except Lord Derby obtained his services, and upon all occasions he obtained his office with the approbation of his party and the public. There is no parallel in English party history to this unbroken prosperity and success. Though his birth and fortune were such as not in any degree to stand in his way, they were not such as of themselves to con-

fer political position or any family claims to office. He won his position by his capacity, and by the confidence which his abilities and energy excited.

Lord Dalling's account of this life comprises in the first volume the whole of the first period—viz., till 1830, when Earl Grey, in forming the Ministry of 1830, sent for Lord Palmerston to assist him. The second and third volumes comprise seventeen years of the second period to which we have referred, and leave him at about the date of the Spanish marriages. This is all that the author has written, and, owing to his lamented death, the work must be continued by other hands, unless unhappily it should be abandoned altogether.

Under these circumstances we cannot congratulate ourselves upon having more than a fragment of a promised work. By far the most interesting portion of it is contained in the appendix of the first volume, and consists of an autobiographical sketch given by Lord Palmerston to the author, comprising the whole of what we have ventured to describe as the first period of his career. It only occupies 17 pages; but the date at which it was written—surely no unimportant matter as respects either the accuracy of the recollection or the spirit of the testimony—is not given. From it we learn the nature of his education; his unsuccessful efforts to represent the University of Cambridge, and to gain the very seat which Pitt himself had vacated by death; and the defeat which he then sustained at the hands of Lord Henry Petty, afterwards the second Marquess of Lansdowne, and for a quarter of a century in later life the friend and colleague of Lord Palmerston. The second at the poll was Lord Althorp, under whose leadership in the House of Commons the Reform Bill of 1832 was carried, and with

whom Lord Palmerston for the first time sat in a Liberal Cabinet.

An unsuccessful attempt to gain a seat for Horsham, followed by another defeat for the University of Cambridge, led in due time to his being elected for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, in 1807—a pocket borough of such an extremely close character that its proprietor stipulated that its representative should never set foot in the place, lest any new interest in the borough should be obtained. Apparently his maiden speech was made, at the beginning of the session of 1808, on the subject of the expedition to Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet. He spoke in his capacity of a Lord of the Admiralty, to which post he had been appointed in April 1807; and more than half a century afterwards a Liberal member of Parliament, complaining, not in the best possible taste, that “panting time toiled after him in vain,” recalled a circumstance which seemed to belong to a distant generation.

In October 1809, Mr Perceval offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. This is a well-authenticated circumstance, but is one of the most extraordinary incidents of his life. Either he must have raised in others far greater confidence in his capacity than he at the time possessed himself, or Mr Perceval must have wholly underrated the difficulty of the times. The drain of war, the depreciation of the currency, a ten per cent income-tax, and the increasing irritation of the public, would have rendered the appointment of a youth of twenty-five, utterly ignorant of finance, a far more portentous fact in history than the parallel appointment of Pitt at twenty-three, for Pitt was at that age better versed in political economy and finance than any other member of the House of Commons, not except-

ing Burke. However, Lord Palmerston had the good sense to decline the offer, and took the Secretaryship at War instead. Eighteen years afterwards it was renewed by Mr Canning when Prime Minister in 1827, and accepted; but George IV., who personally hated Lord Palmerston, and, moreover, wished to have Herries or some creature of his own at the Exchequer, managed to overrule it, and in consequence the expectant Chancellor continued to hold the post of Secretary at War, to which Mr Perceval had appointed him, and which he had retained ever since. Accordingly Canning, as the easiest mode of cancelling the arrangement with Lord Palmerston, held till his death both the office of First Lord of the Treasury and also of Chancellor of the Exchequer, according to the old custom. Sir Robert Peel followed his example in 1835, which was the last precedent for uniting those offices in one hand, until Mr Gladstone, at the end of the session of 1873, revived the practice as the easiest mode of getting rid of Mr Lowe.

In the same year, 1827, Lord Goderich succeeded Mr Canning. The first thing he did, although Huskisson was a member of the Cabinet, was to offer the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, for the third time, to Lord Palmerston, who again accepted it. He was even talked of for the lead of the House of Commons in preference to Huskisson. Again, however, George IV. interfered, and Herries got the office; and Lord Palmerston—who, with his usual tact, had “luckily mentioned the offer to nobody, and therefore his honour was not committed in any way”—retained the Secretaryship for War, which he continued to hold after the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister, vacating it in May 1828, when the friends of Mr Canning seceded

from the new Government ; and in spite of solicitations, steadily refused to rejoin it. During those nineteen years, Lord Palmerston had, from 1812 downwards, voted for the Catholic Emancipation, and represented the University of Cambridge, "with the full knowledge on the part of the University as to what his opinions on that subject were." He seems, however, to have attended principally to the affairs of his department, and to a life of social pleasure ; and rather shirked than sought opportunities for placing himself in the van upon the important questions of the day. Peel was his junior by four years, yet he faced and surmounted with more or less success all the difficulties connected with home government, the currency, and Irish administration, which would have fallen to Lord Palmerston to grapple with had he really preferred the post of difficulty and danger. The prudence which declined the responsibility for finance in 1809 was by no means succeeded by any resolute determination to force his way to the front. He seems deliberately to have preferred a subordinate position, confident that his opportunities would come, and flattered, no doubt, by the circumstance that his capacity was recognised and his influence feared. The following is a list of the attempts made either to promote or to get rid of him, all without success : In 1815 Lord Castlereagh offered him the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland—an office "more important, more active, and more likely to lead to distinction, than the office of Secretary at War which I hold ; but particular circumstances and considerations led me to decline it at once, and without the least hesitation." His at that time more ambitious and enterprising junior, Peel, the Under-Secretary for the Home Department, took it at once, and thereby obtained a start which

he ever afterwards preserved. Some years afterwards, Peel, at Lord Liverpool's desire, offered the man whom he had distanced "one of the minor East Indian presidencies, then about to become vacant, with the understanding that I should be Governor-General of India upon the next vacancy. I thanked him, but declined. The proposal was afterwards renewed to me by Lord Liverpool, when the office of Governor-General actually became vacant, but I said I had no fancy for such latitudes." He also refused a peerage and the Post-office, saying that he preferred to remain in the House of Commons. Mr Canning, when Prime Minister, some years later, said "he had a proposition to make to me, which he should not himself have thought of, but that the king had said he knew and was sure that it was just the very thing I should like ; and that was, to go as Governor to Jamaica. I laughed very heartily, and assured Canning I preferred England and the War Office to Jamaica and the negroes. But I laughed so heartily that I observed Canning looked quite put out, and I was obliged to grow serious again." Subsequently Canning offered him the Governor-Generalship of India, which had again become vacant, and this office was a third time declined. This was the last attempt to expatriate Lord Palmerston, until towards the close of Lord John Russell's administration, on Lord Palmerston being expelled from the Foreign Office in December 1851, he was offered the Viceroyalty of Ireland. All these offers, together with the long retention of important posts in the English Government, attest the enormous capacity of Lord Palmerston, and the opinion which was entertained of him by his colleagues and the country. Up to 1830, which is the period embraced by Lord Dalling's first volume, the general character of

his public life seems to be a steady retention of his high office of Secretary at War, under all Premiers and all circumstances, an avoidance of any great risk or prominent responsibility, and even of any office which involved great sacrifices or strain upon his resources, and an indisposition to mix either in the intrigues, the debates, or the settlement of the leading questions of the day. Nothing but his subsequent achievements and fame would have served to remove from oblivion the first quarter of a century of his public life. And we would willingly have parted with the whole of Lord Dalling's 420 pages upon the subject ten times over, for one volume written by the same pen, with similar advantages and materials, upon any portion of Lord Palmerston's career since 1850.

In closing the first volume, Lord Dalling says that "it may not be amiss to remark that my main endeavour throughout it has been to bring the man whom I undertook to describe before the reader." The materials at his disposal, however, do not throw any new light on Lord Palmerston's character. On the contrary, we venture to believe that any observer of public events or reader of the newspapers during the last ten or fifteen or twenty years of his life has a keener appreciation of the man than a stranger to that career is likely to gain from this volume. A collection of some of Lord Palmerston's most witty sayings—some of the amusing episodes of which he was so often the hero, either in the House of Commons or in social life, or with his old enemy, Mr Rowcliffe, on the hustings at Tiverton—would bring the man before the reader much more vividly than this book. Assuredly he is not reproduced in the following beaten-out and elaborated passage: "In the march of his epoch he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to

a large range of observation over extemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their peculiar tendencies, which a calm judgment and an enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognise, but not prematurely adopt or extravagantly indulge." The backbone of this volume is the autobiography which is printed in the appendix, and which is reprinted piecemeal, interspersed with letters by the statesman and explanatory observations by the author. To this are added extracts from a journal kept by Lord Palmerston before he took office in 1807, containing his own opinions and remarks upon men and events at the moment when they were written. There are further extracts from another journal kept by Lord Palmerston in 1828 and 1829. The letters are mostly of this kind. There are some when he was a schoolboy, and written upon the loss of his mother; some in early life to his sisters; a long and continuous correspondence with his brother, Sir W. Temple, who was so long Minister at the Court of Naples, and whose sad death in 1856 occurred at the time when his elder brother, at the promising age of 71, was manfully beginning a new career as chief of a party. "It may be thought," says Lord Dalling, "that I have injudiciously quoted letters which may seem frivolous when introduced into the biography of a veteran statesman. But I have dwelt, I confess, with detail and pleasure on this early epoch of Lord Palmerston's life, because to those who only saw or knew him in his old age, there is something that freshens and brightens his memory in recurring to his youth, when we see him stepping on to the platform of life with the same gay and jaunty step, and yet with the same serious and business-like intent, that carried him as cheerfully and steadily along

a sunshiny path through his long career." We entirely agree that this was a worthy aim of the eminent man who undertook this biography; our only regret is that the effect is diminished by an overwhelming preponderance of minute detail. If the correspondence had been published separately, and a life composed of the autobiography with the addition of such details and extracts from the journal as sufficed for recording the main events of his life, and delineating the salient points of his character, we should have perused it with infinitely greater pleasure. That portion of it which shows the inside, as it were, of public affairs, is the most interesting, and no biography would have been complete without quotations from it.

The passage in Lord Palmerston's life which enters most into the political history of England, at least before his rupture with the Whigs, and accession to the Premiership, is that which ensued upon the death of Canning. Throughout his whole career, even to its very close, even when the leader of a party which lives by manufacturing crises in opposition, and by sensational legislation in office, he never aspired to associate his name with great enactments, but endeavoured rather to exercise a restraining influence. During an unusually long Premiership there was a singular dearth of Parliamentary enactment of high order; what there was of achievement in this direction was chiefly due to Sir Richard Bethell and to Mr Gladstone. The only occasions in his long career during which he might have influenced the course of our party history, were at those crises which occurred just after the death of Canning in 1828, and secondly, after the disappearance from the front political rank of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, both of whom were several years his juniors. At the death of Canning

there was room for a man of real genius and power, loose from party fetters, to have created for himself a very powerful position; but Lord Palmerston's energies at that time were purely departmental,—he had neither the genius nor the science for a leader; he drifted from an able Secretary at War under the Duke of Wellington, to an equally able Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Lord Grey; and although every chief was anxious to secure the aid of his official experience and business aptitude, he did not in the slightest degree control or attempt to control the course of events, and owes it entirely to his subsequent fame that his part in these transactions is noticed by history. Canning was succeeded by Lord Goderich, by far the weakest Prime Minister of this century. The new Premier wished to have Palmerston for his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and also, apparently, for his leader of the House of Commons; but Palmerston, to the disgust of Mr Huskisson, let the post of Chancellor slip through his fingers, and allowed the king to throw Mr Herries "like a live shell into the Cabinet to explode and blow them all up." The Duke of Wellington was brought in as Commander-in-Chief, notwithstanding Lord Anglesey's prophecy: "Mark my words, gentlemen; as sure as you are alive, he will trip all your heels before six months are over your heads." In the words of Lord Palmerston's autobiography, "before six months were well over, the Duke was in and our heels were up;" Lord Goderich being recommended by the king to go home and take care of himself, and keep himself quiet; the most scornful method on record of dismissing an English Premier. This nobleman is supposed to owe the Earldom of Ripon to the weakest and most unsuccessful Premiership in our

national history; whilst his son has recently gained a Marquisate by the weakest and most unsuccessful negotiation and treaty of modern times.

According to Lord Dalling, there seems reason to believe that the celebrated Marquess of Wellesley expected that the lead in civil affairs would have devolved on him as the result of the manœuvres which the position occasioned. His younger brother, it is said, encouraged him in that hope, but could not, when the time came, relinquish the glittering prize. The Duke did not add to his reputation by his Premiership, and certainly by his leadership conducted the Tory party to its ruin. He was without knowledge of the country, and did not possess in civil affairs the experience or the wisdom of Lord Wellesley. The Canningites joined him in distrust, and left him with bitterness and anger, just as he was on the point, unknown to himself, of capitulating at discretion on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. By his course upon that subject, and also upon that of Parliamentary Reform, he managed to erect O'Connell into a sort of dictator in one kingdom, and Brougham into an absolute master for the time being of the other. The Duke, by his own conduct, had rendered concession impossible — his character and language both operated as challenges and direct provocation to the people; and whatever may be the true character of the measures which were carried, there can be but one opinion as to the injurious effect of the manner in which they were extorted by fear and yielded in panic. All this time the Duke, according to Lord Palmerston, "wished to form a strong Government, and a liberal one;" himself rejected Eldon and Westmoreland; then, with a Cabinet still torn by dissension, was goaded into acts of violence by finding the

king telling everybody that "he had no energy or decision, and was as weak as Goderich;" finally, drove the Canningites from office, refused to apply to Lord Lansdowne and the Whigs, and then found that his administration had become absolutely colourless, and completely dependent upon Peel, who on all questions agreed with the Canningites, except on Catholic Emancipation, in reference to which his language was ambiguous, and his course known to be influenced by the accident of representing the University of Oxford. Lord Palmerston tells us that when in Ireland after his resignation, Lord Anglesey begged him when he got back to London to write him word, if he was able by any means whatever to pick up what were the intentions of the Government. "The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland," he exclaims in his Journal, "begging a private gentleman to let him know what the Prime Minister meant upon a question deeply affecting the peace and welfare of the country which that lord lieutenant was appointed to govern, and upon which he was every week stating to the Government the opinion he himself entertained!" As the result of all this vacillation and uncertainty, the Duke determined to force Catholic Emancipation on the sovereign, who had complained of his indecision; and as a preliminary step, recalled Lord Anglesey. Talleyrand appears at once to have divined his object and his change of policy, "and that he did not mean any one else to have the credit of it." The triumph of Canning's policy led to an abortive attempt to recover the adhesion of Canning's followers. The Revolution in France, and the Duke's declaration against all reform, led to an outburst of popular feeling which swept away the feeble Government of the Duke, and precipitated a measure which,

neither in its principles nor in the manner in which it was carried, reflected any credit upon English statesmanship. There was more panic on the one side, and more violence on the other, at this epoch, than at any other period of our history since the Revolution ; and it seems to us to militate somewhat against the fame of Lord Palmerston that he, in the full vigour of life, and at the very maturity of his faculties, with ripe official experience, and with popular sympathies, instead of rising to the occasion which a man of genius so situated would have seized, and made the epoch his own, was content to drift along in the current of events. The nation wanted at that time a ruler of men ; and any one who is conversant with the history of that bloodless revolution, as it has been called, must feel that it was more by luck than by wit—more from the educated habits of self-government on the part of the nation, than by any statesmanship on the part of its rulers—that the country came so well out of the crisis as it did. Since that time the arts of agitation have been rife ; and have introduced a power into politics which at one time threatened to swallow up all other influences. Those who prefer to see the knowledge and educated sentiment of the country prevail, and have confidence in the persuasive influence of public opinion, must regret the violence of that and some subsequent epochs in our history, and may be pardoned if they view in a Tory party—reformed and resting upon a broad and popular basis, and supported by extended constituencies—the best security for enlightened and continuous progress, freed from the intermeddling of the self-constituted champions of that indefinite and convenient principle. While Toryism is popular and progressive, the

continuity of history is preserved, and the vocation of Liberalism, with its exciting cries, its mutual recrimination, its perpetual crises, and its noisy ambition, is gone. The wisdom of the nation can surely make itself felt in the government of the country without the adventitious assistance of men without knowledge, or moral or political responsibility, whose voices must be in the ascendant if Liberalism is to prosper. Under our Parliamentary system, Government is wielded by the 40 or 50 members who compose a majority of the House of Commons. Those who compose a Tory majority are the experienced leaders and statesmen who are directly responsible to the nation ; those who would compose a Liberal majority are, under present circumstances, Home-Rulers, secularists, and destructives, and, at all periods, are men responsible only to their immediate constituents, and whose support can only be obtained by piecemeal concession to their views. If Lord Palmerston, in 1830, became one of the leaders of a party which then achieved power upon a basis which, by the very nature of things, cannot be durable or trustworthy, he, at least, during his Premiership, showed that he knew how to control its discordant elements, and to hold firmly in check the least reputable of his associates.

The second volume is devoted to the history of Lord Palmerston's acts and policy as Foreign Minister for eleven years (1830-1841). This was undoubtedly an eventful period in European history. At the commencement, the revolution which overturned the Bourbon throne in France marked the beginning of a new era. The Spanish war and the Holy Alliance resulted from a system established to preserve authority ; while the seating of Louis Philippe on the throne of Charles X. was a

protest against the spirit of domination. Belgium was the immediate difficulty with which Lord Palmerston had to deal. By the treaty of 1815, with a view to guard the Netherlands from future invasion, we had stipulated for the union of Holland with Belgium in order to create a barrier against France; and we had afterwards strengthened that barrier by fortresses raised under our inspection, and in some degree at our expense.

The French Revolution stimulated and brought to a head Belgian discontents under the new arrangements; and as the independence of so small a kingdom seemed out of the question, the danger of its being annexed to France appeared to be imminent. The author of this biography had been sent by Lord Aberdeen into Belgium to report upon the state of feeling; and found, as might be expected, when two countries had been united without previous reference to the inhabitants of either, that neither in the army, nor on the judicial bench, nor in the press, nor in the relative taxation of the two countries, was the state of things satisfactory, or such as to render the continued union of these kingdoms possible; and yet to repeal the union was to displace the first stone of the settlement of 1815, which, as the event showed, when once broken in upon would rapidly fall to pieces. France was anxious to annex the Belgian territory; Lord Palmerston resolved to give it a separate existence. He entered office on November 16; and on December 20 the future independence of Belgium was pronounced by the great Powers. The difficulties still in the way of accomplishing it were these: A conference between the great Powers had been established in London, the King of Holland having requested those who had formed his kingdom to maintain it. Holland had many partisans amongst

English statesmen who objected to a Brussels insurrection in imitation of Paris, and were in favour of enforcing the union. A certain Protestant feeling ran in favour of Holland and against Belgium; and all the feeling in England and in Europe which had been excited against revolution and against Louis Philippe ran in favour of Holland. The French Government sided with Lord Palmerston against Holland so far as the emancipation of Belgium from its rule was concerned; but at that point they parted company, the English Minister enforcing the policy of Belgian independence, the French Government desiring above all things annexation. On the other hand, the circumstances in Lord Palmerston's favour were these: Prince Talleyrand, the French ambassador in London, was firmly convinced that, under the circumstances which surrounded Louis Philippe's throne and government, the English alliance was of more importance than Belgian annexation; and he had sufficient authority, derived from his fame and long experience, to enforce that view upon his Government. Belgium itself was ably represented by M. Van de Weyer; its position had been ably scrutinised by Lord Dalling himself; King Leopold and Baron Stockmar proved to be influential and sagacious auxiliaries; and the experienced wisdom and authority of Lord Grey were always at the service of his Foreign Secretary. The nature of the difficulties was,—First, as to the boundaries of the future states; then the question of the navigation of the Scheldt; the proportions in which the joint debt of the two countries should be divided; the guardianship or demolition of fortresses which Belgium, by itself, could not adequately defend; the question whether there should be a king or a republic; and the question what should become

of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, held by the King of Holland under the German Confederation.

In order to solve these matters, French jealousy and ambition must be soothed; German and northern antipathy to French aggrandisement and revolutionary principles must be attended to; a certain degree of bitterness between Holland and Belgium must be removed; and the difficulties of a divided public opinion in England surmounted. A long correspondence is given, from which the reader can gather for himself the course of the negotiations, and the nature of the difficulties which successively arose to check a successful prosecution of this undertaking, and which were successfully surmounted. During the first six months of 1831, it was uncertain whether France would range herself peaceably by the side of the Governments of Europe in establishing Belgian independence, or whether she would provoke a general war of conquest and opinion. The accession of King Leopold to the throne terminated that uncertainty; but even then there were fresh chances of new complications, inasmuch as the King of Holland had refused his assent to the conditions on which Leopold had accepted the throne. Shortly after that accession the Dutch king sent an army into Belgium, and defeated the Belgian forces. The consequence of this act was, that the French Government moved their troops into Belgium, without concert with the other allies, in order to repel the invader. They did so with a good many diplomatic assurances and explanations, which did not, however, disguise the circumstance that France was in military occupation of the country, and that a new chapter had opened in the diplomatic struggle. A further quantity of letters of Lord Palmerston's are then print-

ed, in order to display Lord Palmerston's boldness of language and directness of purpose. He succeeded in getting the French troops out of Belgium; and, what was still more wonderful, he prevented France from having any voice in selecting which of the fortresses it was desirable to destroy. France in military occupation had endeavoured to influence this decision; but it was finally taken without reference to her, exclusively by Belgium and the allies. It was an obvious absurdity to consult upon that subject the Power against whose disposition for conquest those fortresses had been erected; but at the same time the decision of the matter in spite of her was, under all the circumstances, a first-rate diplomatic triumph. Belgium, it would seem, derived considerable moral strength from the fact that with the aid of France she had successfully repelled the Dutch invasion; and the determination of England alone prevented France from deriving signal advantages from her intervention. The result was, that the territorial limits of Belgium were eventually assigned, and the country declared to be neutral, inviolable, and independent, under the common safeguard of all the Powers. Lord Dalling rightly claims for the English Minister that throughout these transactions and negotiations, which continued for upwards of two years,—

“Lord Palmerston kept his eye fixed steadily on the general result, taking for his guide the desire to place the two countries in such a position as would tend, when the generations which had raised their hand against each other had passed away, to draw their descendants together by connecting interests, instead of tearing them apart by conflicting passions. The wisdom of his policy can be tested now, when we ask ourselves at nearly forty years' distance, whether, if either Holland or Belgium were threatened

to-morrow by an invading army, they would not be more likely to coalesce as separate states for their common defence, than when their names were united and their hearts divided under 'the Kingdom of the Netherlands.'"

In 1834 the treaty of quadruple alliance was concluded in London between England, France, Spain, and Portugal, which Lord Palmerston intended as a combination of the constitutional states of the West, to act as a powerful counterpoise to the Holy Alliance of the East. "This treaty," says Lord Dalling, "was the full completion of Mr Canning's policy." While the Russians had annihilated the Polish nationality; while the Austrians had marched their armies into the Roman States to suppress the aspirations of their populations; whilst the sovereigns of Germany had coalesced against the liberties of their subjects; whilst Mehemet Ali, the Governor of Egypt, overran Syria and threatened Constantinople; while Greece was floundering in disaster,—we had secured constitutional government to Belgium, and to Spain and Portugal; and by the quadruple alliance had recognised principles of independence in a manner which gave to them, in the eyes of the world, influence and power. "To select noble ends," says Lord Dalling, "to pursue them perseveringly, and attain them peaceably, is statesmanship; and after the signature of the quadruple alliance Lord Palmerston held the rank of a statesman on the continent of Europe."

The short-lived Ministry of Sir Robert Peel succeeded to office shortly after this, and at the dissolution which followed, Lord Palmerston lost his seat. Lord Dalling remarks that although the quadruple treaty had gained him a considerable reputation abroad, he had rather lost than gained since 1830 in public opinion at home, which had been too much occupied with internal

affairs to pay much attention to its foreign relations. He had made no great speeches in office; and although he had been the first man sent for by Earl Grey on his accession to the Premiership, yet when Lord Melbourne succeeded Peel, it was even doubtful whether Palmerston would return to the Foreign Office. Lord John Russell became leader of the House of Commons; and unless our memory deceives us, he stated in his Ministerial explanations at the beginning of 1852 that the Foreign Office was offered to him, but that he declined it in favour of Lord Palmerston, who, according to his biographer, had not at that time, with the exception of the Premier, any decided political friend in the Cabinet or out of it. He ruled, however, in his own department; and we have the authority of Lord John Russell's statements in the House of Commons for saying, that during the Ministry of Lord Melbourne, who personally cared little for foreign affairs, whilst an old king was hastening to his grave, and a young queen was new to the cares of royalty, Lord Palmerston was virtually uncontrolled in his management of our relations abroad. The principal feature in foreign affairs for the first two or three years of renewed office was a gradual alienation from France; nor is this much to be wondered at. Notwithstanding Lord Dalling's praise of directness of purpose, and of firm and outspoken resolution, it appears from the correspondence that Lord Palmerston's diplomacy was often the reverse of conciliatory, and that, too, when more civility and considerate courtesy would have cost nothing, and would have considerably facilitated the transaction of business. The account of his diplomacy raises the image of a strong man with a clear idea of what he wanted, a clear perception of his right to get it, and of his power to

get it, elbowing his way to its attainment in a manner which secured success, but which spread discontent and irritation all round him. It absolutely teems with passages in which war is threatened, in which Foreign Ministers are told that there is a limit both to their language and their acts which must not be passed. No Englishman can read these despatches without pride and satisfaction; and without at the same time a deep feeling of regret that in some recent passages of our history the same high spirit and tenacious purpose were absent from the councils of the Queen. Outspokenness of this sort beforehand has the merit of preventing your adversary from assuming an untenable position, and allowing his honour to be pledged to a course which his interests do not imperatively require. But then, on the other hand, what could possibly justify Lord Palmerston's treatment of Prince Talleyrand? Here was the French ambassador at the English Court, firmly persuaded that the English alliance was the one thing necessary to secure the throne of Louis Philippe, which he was intent on preserving. His sympathy and co-operation in the Belgian negotiations were firmly to be reckoned upon, and his influence to strengthen the wavering purpose of his own Cabinet was important to secure. Yet we have it from Lord Dalling that Talleyrand, during his embassy in London, rather cooled in respect of his lifelong tendency and wish for the English alliance; and Lord Palmerston suffered him to leave England with an impression as to English arrogance and presumption which induced him to advise the French king not to neglect other alliances, remarking that it would never do to keep France *à la remorque de la hautaine Angleterre*. This entirely sprang from a want of proper courtesy being shown to a most

distinguished man. Talleyrand was descended from one of the highest families in France. For half a century he had been one of her foremost men; he had presided over three revolutions; he had withstood Napoleon the Great in the zenith of his power; he had a reputation in Europe as a statesman and diplomatist second to none; and scarcely any man ever came to England with a greater right to be treated with honour and distinction. "The organ of veneration," says Lord Dalling, "was not broadly pronounced in Lord Palmerston. When a juvenile Secretary at War, he had faced the Duke of York; when serving in the Cabinet of the Duke of Wellington, he had not shown any disposition to give way to his Grace as a superior mortal. He treated M. de Talleyrand with the same want of peculiar deference." "He treated him," so said the Frenchmen attached to the French embassy, "just as M. Thomas, if he had been named French ambassador, would have been treated." No attention was paid to Talleyrand's high individual position apart from his official dignity as ambassador. Appointments made with him were not kept; and he was allowed to wait for one or two hours at a time in the anterooms of the Foreign Office. It seems to us that failures of courtesy of this kind, grave as they would be in ordinary society, are absolutely unpardonable in the representative of a court and a nation.

Lord Palmerston's success as a diplomatist consisted in the vigour with which he carried his point. He had not the qualities which could give and preserve a tone and character to political relations, either in the way of maintaining friendship, or of soothing asperities which had no real foundation in divided interests. He had not the ascendancy of character which genius

gives, nor the sustained influence of a leading intellect. He achieved the authority and importance which a restless combative temper is sure to obtain, especially when backed by the consciousness and the resources of material forces. He gained the quadruple alliance; but immediately afterwards, differences broke out between England and France precisely on the spot which the alliance had chiefly in view. If Spanish freedom and constitutional government were to derive any advantage from that treaty, a perfect union between the French and English Governments was essential. But the history of the next few years is the history of growing, and, to all appearance, unnecessary alienation between them, and their differences first broke out with regard to Spain. The crown has since rolled from the heads of three Spanish sovereigns; and so far as the maintenance of constitutional rule in Spain was a part of Lord Palmerston's policy, it has to the present hour been signally unsuccessful. The differences between England and France, which arose out of Spanish affairs, were widened in the East; and the next great diplomatic triumph of Lord Palmerston was another quadrilateral treaty from which France was excluded, and the northern Powers were welcomed as allies.

Lord Dalling at this time was first placed at Constantinople, and afterwards secretary of embassy to Paris, having in the former post become versed in those Eastern affairs which, so far as this country was concerned, were mainly transacted in France. Mehemet Ali aspired not merely to sovereign independence in Egypt, but to dictate, as mayor of the Palace, the policy of the Porte at Constantinople. With this view he wished to declare himself independent, and to separate Egypt and Syria from

the Turkish empire. Lord Palmerston strongly objected to this, considering that in the *mêlée* which would arise, Russia would obtain a convenient pretext for occupying Constantinople and the Dardanelles. He wished to anticipate Russian aid by conjoint English and French assistance. Eventually the European Powers agreed to compel both parties, Turkey and Mehemet Ali, to abstain from action. The object was to prevent Russian interference singly by the conjoint action of Europe. Everything, says Lord Dalling, went smoothly so long as France and England talked of agreement. The differences which sprang up began when the two Powers came to action. The object of France was to preserve the *status quo* under which Mehemet Ali was an independent potentate, master of the Turkish fleet, of Egypt and of Syria. Lord Palmerston's object was to restore the Sultan's fleet, and to define and restrict the limits of Mehemet Ali's territory. France was suspected of wishing to preserve Mehemet Ali's advantages, with a view to his assistance in case of a war with England. There was also the possibility of France and Russia arranging between themselves that one should have the ascendancy on the shores of the Bosphorus, and the other on the banks of the Nile. France was known to be increasing her naval preparations. At this time M. Thiers became President of the French Council, and M. Guizot ambassador to London.

The French nation were then fixing greedy eyes upon Egypt, while the French Government, especially Louis Philippe, wished to avoid a quarrel with England. Under these circumstances, M. Thiers endeavoured "to bring about an arrangement between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, which would strip all other Governments but that of France of the pretension to be the Sultan's

protector." He was told over and over again that if he went on in the matter without England, England would go on without him. The result was the treaty of July 15, 1840, by which Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia united with Turkey to settle the whole matter without reference to the French. This treaty was concluded with the strictest secrecy. Lord Dalling says that when M. Thiers subsequently communicated it to him, he spoke of it with more regret than irritation, and actually begged him "to say nothing about it until he might take such steps as would prevent some violent explosion in consequence of it." Lord Dalling seemed to think that there was a good deal of unnecessary violence in the whole of this transaction. Mehemet Ali's supposed strength was altogether overrated, and the French were irritated and goaded to the point which almost rendered war inevitable. Lord Palmerston was in the highest glee. "I am curious to know," he said, "how Thiers has taken our convention. No doubt it has made him very angry. It is a great blow to France; but she has brought it on herself by her own obstinacy in refusing to accede to any reasonable terms. . . . Thiers will probably at first swagger, but we are not men to be frightened by threats." And then, in reference to some hints of war on the part of M. Thiers, Lord Palmerston writes to Mr Bulwer: "Bullies seldom execute the threats they deal in, and men of trick and cunning are not always men of desperate resolves. But if Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you; and with that skill of language which I know you to be master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive man-

ner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet, we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile. I wish you had hinted at these topics when Thiers spoke to you: I invariably do so when either Guizot or Bourqueney begin to swagger, and I observe that it always acts as a sedative." One cannot help thinking, as one reads this language and recalls the diplomatic position in 1853, as described in Kinglake's 'History of the Crimean War,' that if the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen had adopted anything like the same tone of frank explanation towards Russia, a costly and sanguinary war would in all probability have been avoided. The only regret one has in reading it, as applied to the affairs of 1840, is, that neither in the actual position of Mehemet Ali, nor in the real designs of the French Government, which apparently were influenced partly by a sincere wish to keep on good terms with this country, and partly by the necessity of satisfying French vanity and French desire to parade the influence of their country in Europe, do we see the unavoidable elements of a controversy so extreme and so perilous. And we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the Minister who, with the aid of Russia and Austria, was now elated beyond all bounds at having checkmated France and put a public affront upon her people, was the very man who, only six years before, had made it a cardinal point of his policy—the very foundation of his present influence and future fame—to conclude an alliance with this very country as a counterpoise to the dangerous influence of Russia and Austria, and to promote the

spread of constitutional liberties. At the time he made that treaty he knew well the character of the French people and the difficulties of the French Government, and at the same time the ardent wish of Louis Philippe's Government to stand well with the Cabinet of St James. If that treaty was to be worth the paper it was written upon, it demanded moderation, forbearance, and mutual consideration between the two Governments; and from the time when Talleyrand was estranged and slighted, down to the time when Thiers was almost goaded into war, although there is much in Lord Palmerston's diplomacy to admire for directness of aim, high spirit, and resoluteness of purpose, we fail to see the marks of a conciliatory disposition and a far-reaching subordination of present impulse and temper to the attainment of future ends, and to the steady triumph of a well-defined and pre-conceived policy. A capacity to use high language and preserve an inflexible demeanour is essential to a great Foreign Minister; but moderation and self-restraint in exercising it are equally essential, if diplomacy is to remain the art of smoothing difficulties instead of festering wounds, and if its object should be the maintenance of a cordial understanding and of a reciprocal goodwill amongst the nations who employ it. Lord Palmerston was a man to make England for the time being feared and respected, but not to lay the foundation of a durable influence and permanent reputation.

The third volume of this work has been edited by Mr Ashley, from papers left by the late Lord Dalling in a confused and unfinished state. Under such circumstances an editor must consider simply what is due to the deceased, without any attempt to interfere with the work of others. Although this volume is in

our opinion the most unsatisfactory of the three, it must be regarded as an unfinished work, and Mr Ashley cannot in fairness be held responsible for it. He begins by adding about fifty pages of letters which were omitted, as he thinks improperly, in the former volume. Then follows Lord Dalling's account of Lord Palmerston in opposition, when, for the only time in his life, he experienced an exclusion from office for so lengthened a term as five years. To this account, which is reasonably short and condensed, a hundred pages of letters and speeches are added by the editor. Then follows an account of the return of the Whigs to power, Lord Palmerston's resumption of the seals of the Foreign Office, together with a minute and detailed history of the negotiations with regard to the Spanish marriages, and of our relations to Spain. To this account, which is also by Lord Dalling, the editor has added considerably more than another hundred pages of correspondence, and has printed a long memorandum by Lord Palmerston, dated December 1846, on the state of our national defences. The volume concludes with a chapter by Lord Dalling upon the characteristics of Lord Palmerston's letters. The book is by far the worst instance of the three of transferring to the public the discharge of the duties which the biographer has undertaken. It is a satisfaction to remember that Lord Dalling's great reputation will not depend upon this "fragment," and the manner in which it has been executed. If it fails as a biography, it yet contains the best and most authentic accounts of the establishment of the Belgian Kingdom, the quadruple alliance of 1834, the quadrilateral treaty and diplomatic overthrow of France in 1840, and the transactions which led to the Spanish marriages.

Lord Palmerston's attitude to-

wards America is of especial interest to those who remember the negotiations respecting the Alabama claims, and the weakness which employed less accurate language in framing the treaty of Washington. The device of employing phrases which have two meanings, in order to cover international differences by apparent agreement, is one of recent invention, and shows that diplomatic skill has declined to the point of not understanding the primary significance of a contract or a treaty. The conduct of England during the Trent affair in 1861, whilst Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, was spirited and vigorous, but it happened while America was torn by civil war. The M'Leod affair, which occurred twenty years earlier, was, however, treated with equal spirit by a Ministry almost in its throes. M'Leod, a British subject, was arrested in January 1841 by the authorities of the State of New York on a charge of murder. An American steamer during the Canadian Rebellion had been engaged in carrying arms to the rebels. M'Leod, with others, boarded her whilst in New York territory, set her on fire, and drove her over the Falls of Niagara, during which proceedings an American on board lost his life. The subsequent arrest of M'Leod whilst in New York State was followed by a demand by the British Government for his release, on the ground that he was acting under orders, and that the responsibility rested with them, and not with M'Leod. Mr Forsyth, the Foreign Secretary of the United States, tried to evade this demand by disowning responsibility for the acts of the authorities of the State of New York, and denying the right of the Union to interfere with the internal concerns of one of the States. Lord Palmerston retorted that in that case there would be war with the State of New York ;

and if that implied, *ipso facto*, war with the rest of the Union, it followed that the rest of the Union must be able to prevent a single State from involving them in that calamity. He brushed aside the subterfuge of the American Secretary of State in this way : " Forsyth's doctrine is pure nullification doctrine ; but that is what he cannot intend to maintain." The consequences of refusal to deliver up M'Leod are not referred to with any circumlocution process : " M'Leod's execution would produce war—war immediate and frightful in its character, because it would be a war of retaliation and vengeance." M'Leod was in due course acquitted and discharged.

The Whig Government, however, shortly afterwards fell from office. It is not an unfair criticism upon it to say that it was only saved from absolute contempt by the courage and capacity of two men, Lord John Russell, who mainly sustained it at home, and Lord Palmerston, who singly represented it abroad. Sir R. Peel then came into power, and the character of party division was determined by the thin controversy whether there should be a moderate fixed duty on corn, or a moderate duty regulated by a sliding scale ; much as twenty years later it seemed to rest upon the difference between a £6 or a £7 franchise. The intervals between epochs of excitement are frequently in English history occupied by controversies of that character, which merely denote that " rest and be thankful " is the order of the day. An Opposition, of whichever party it may consist, has not much to thrive on, under those circumstances. And accordingly, Lord Palmerston's five years' occupation of the left-hand benches was not signalised by any of the most interesting events of his life. An argument of his in February 1842, pressing into his

service the configuration of the globe as a proof that Providence was in favour of free trade, is thought worthy by his biographer of being quoted twice over, upon one occasion with a page of refutation annexed to it. Lord Palmerston, however, did not shine to advantage when he got upon religious topics, and sought to demonstrate that the decrees of Providence were in his favour. He was far more in his element when, in answer to a Scotch provincial deputation to him as Home Secretary, petitioning for a day of humiliation and prayer to avert a threatened pestilence, he first extracted from them that their drains were in a neglected state, and then referred them to the ordinary methods of sanitary precaution.

The most pressing question which arose after Lord Palmerston's return to the Foreign Office in 1846, was that of the Spanish marriages and our relations with Spain. France, according to a Quarterly Reviewer of January 1868, in a sentence adopted by Lord Dalling, "entered on a policy in the Spanish peninsula which could not fail, a little sooner or a little later, to produce serious disagreement with our Government, and to shock the moral sense of all Europe by its cold-blooded immorality and injustice." Louis Philippe, however, determined to brave difficulties, which eventually cost him his crown, for a family rather than for a national interest. The question lay not so much between France and Spain as between the French and English Sovereigns and Cabinets.

It had arisen in this way. Isabella was Queen of Spain, and Christina was regent. The regent's authority was seized for a couple of years by Espartero, after which Christina, with the aid of the French Government, returned to Madrid under the protection of Narvaez.

This was followed by the repeal of a law which necessitated the consent of the Cortes to the marriage of the queen. The French Government then aimed at confining Isabella's choice to a member of the Bourbon family. France, however, renounced the intention of marrying her to the heir of the French crown; and on that understanding Lord Aberdeen assented to the selection of a Bourbon prince. France in this way was rapidly acquiring the ascendant in Spain. The Bourbon candidate thus selected, however, was a Neapolitan, and Spaniards have a national contempt for the Neapolitans. French vanity and Castilian pride soon came into collision; and strong opposition was soon excited to the selfish endeavour of Queen Christina and Louis Philippe to place a Neapolitan prince on the Spanish throne. At this stage, M. Guizot projected a marriage between the Infanta—who was Isabella's sister and presumptive heiress—and the Duke of Montpensier, a son of Louis Philippe. The Neapolitan marriage was not expected to result in issue, and consequently in the Montpensier interest it was a French object to force it on, *coûte qu'il coûte*. When, however, it became clear that that marriage was impossible, Queen Christina was anxious to secure Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—a scheme which was against the interest of the French, but satisfactory to the King of the Belgians, and for which she was anxious to secure the support of the English. She remained willing that the Infanta should marry the Duke of Montpensier, if Louis Philippe, under the altered circumstances of a Coburg marriage, still claimed the fulfilment of his promise to that effect; otherwise, that the Infanta should marry in the manner most accordant with the interests of the family and those of the Spanish nation. Lord Aberdeen's complais-

ance at this juncture, when it was distinctly necessary for England to take a decided line, had a mischievous effect. Our ambassador, Mr Bulwer, complains that his instructions were uncertain; and that he did not know whether neutrality or Spanish independence were his object. The matter was further complicated by Mr Bulwer regarding M. de Brisson, the French ambassador at the Spanish Court, in the light of a rival to be circumvented, and by his receiving the confidence of Queen Christina as one who sympathized with Spain against France; whereas Lord Aberdeen was completely under the dominion of Monsieur Guizot, on whose professions he placed unlimited reliance. While, therefore, Mr Bulwer concealed Christina's proposal for a Coburg alliance from M. de Brisson at the Spanish Court, Lord Aberdeen reprimanded him for doing so, and himself informed M. Guizot. M. de Brisson, in his turn, learnt the news, and on receiving it, "bounded," he himself says, "from his bed in mingled surprise and indignation." The result of this entanglement was that France considered us by our acts bound to support the Bourbon alliance, while Spain lost all confidence in our independence, or even in the confidential character of its communications with us.

At this juncture Lord Palmerston came into office, and Lord Dalling has equal fault to find with him. The new Foreign Minister had formerly conceived strong antipathies to the party then in power in Spain, and objected to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg as their nominee. Accordingly, in his public despatch to the French Government, he appeared to advocate the marriage with Prince Leopold; but at the same time he privately instructed Mr Bulwer to press for the selection of Don Henry, the exiled leader of the party opposed to Queen

Christina's. His object was that Louis Philippe, anxious to escape from a Coburg, would support Don Henry, a Bourbon; and that Queen Christina and the Spanish Government would end by submitting to the united policy of France and England. Mr Bulwer urged upon Lord Palmerston in vain to unite with the Spanish Government against Louis Philippe, instead of with Louis Philippe against the Spanish Government; begging him, at the same time, to place confidence in his advices; "but Lord Palmerston replied to me characteristically, that the best title of an agent to the confidence of his chief was that of obeying him." Shortly after Mr Bulwer had pressed upon the Spanish Court Don Henry's claims, a double and simultaneous marriage was agreed upon and announced. Queen Isabella married Don Francisco, a brother of Don Henry—a man personally as unsuitable as the Neapolitan prince, and therefore favoured by M. Guizot and France; and the Infanta married the Duke of Montpensier. Isabella quickly conceived a contempt for her husband, and formed an attachment for General Serrano. The object of France was, that as no issue was possible from Isabella's marriage, the Montpensier succession might be secured. French policy triumphed, and neither Lord Aberdeen nor Lord Palmerston obtained either credit or success. Lord Palmerston's policy then pointed to the dissolution of Isabella's marriage—the setting aside the Montpensier succession—and, through the influence of General Serrano, upsetting the ruling party in Spain. It wholly failed, and General Narvaez was installed in power, the Spanish Government remaining closely allied with that of France. Suddenly there came the revolution of 1848, and daily insurrections took place in Madrid. The alternative to be

feared was either that General Narvaez would establish his power by the most odious tyranny, or that the Spanish throne would be overturned. Lord Palmerston, at this conjuncture, pressed upon Narvaez, who was a man of desperate character in a desperate position, to enlarge his administration by calling some of his opponents into council. Narvaez was a man who, when asked upon his deathbed to forgive his enemies, replied that he had none, for he had killed them all. Accordingly, Mr Bulwer produced shortly afterwards, to the Spanish Government, respectable evidence of a plot against his life; and thereupon Narvaez sent him his passports. Lord Palmerston was anxious to demand satisfaction, but was overruled in the Cabinet, and the pride of the Spaniards was gratified in having braved with impunity the power of Great Britain. Lord Dalling says, that every one became suddenly disposed to truckle to the man who had bullied Lord Palmerston. He declares that the triumph of Narvaez began the history of calamities which cost Queen Isabella her crown. Had Lord Palmerston's advice been followed, and satisfaction extorted, he exclaims, it is more than probable that Queen Isabella would still have been on her throne in Madrid, that a constitutional government would long since have been established firmly in France, and that the campaign in the Crimea—which he traces to Baron Brunnov's conviction, subsequently communicated to the Russian Court, that England would submit to any degradation sooner than go to war to resent it—would have been avoided. If so, the Spanish marriages, selfish and unprincipled as they were, were the parents of as much national disaster as of serious injury to personal reputation. Neither Lord Aberdeen nor Lord Palmerston are free from obloquy; while M. Guizot

fell from power, and never afterwards recovered it, though he survived till the present year. The French and Spanish thrones were both of them overturned. The episode in which Lord Dalling took a leading part is illustrated in his book at enormous length; but it is at the present time, in the altered state of Europe, of little direct bearing upon present politics.

As a matter of history, however, the episode is one of considerable interest and importance. The name of M. Guizot must bear the full weight of its infamy. Louis Philippe and Queen Christina must share it with him; modified in the case of the Queen, that she would gladly have substituted the Prince of Saxe-Coburg for Don Francisco if only her power or English aid had been equal to the project. Lord Aberdeen must take his share of responsibility in respect of the weakness which rendered him almost a tool in the hands of France. Lord Palmerston's memory is burdened with the error of judgment which led him to start a new candidate, and trust to force the hand of France in aid of his particular plan, in lieu of a cordial support of the Saxe-Coburg alliance. The only man who comes out of the transaction with clean hands and untarnished fame is Lord Dalling himself. He is entitled to the credit of having from the first tried to help the Spanish queen to throw off the dictation of France, and of having encouraged the Saxe-Coburg alliance by every means in his power. His sagacity has been proved by the event. The spirit with which he upheld his policy led to a censure from Lord Aberdeen and a snub from Lord Palmerston; and on one occasion he tendered his resignation, which Lord Aberdeen declined to accept. If his counsels had prevailed, Europe would have been spared a great disaster, and the

annals of diplomacy a great disgrace. Not merely in the matter of the Spanish marriages, but also in that of Belgian independence; not merely at the Spanish Court, but also at Paris and at Constantinople, Lord Dalling has secured to himself a high reputation, and may fairly rank with the greatest of English diplomatists.

Lord Palmerston, at this time, and at the close of the period covered by this biography, was only on the threshold of the most important and active period of his life. The story yet remains to be told of his foreign policy in regard to the French Republic, and his attitude in regard to Napoleon's *coup d'état*. His great Parliamentary triumph in July 1850, to which no less an authority than Mr Disraeli traced his subsequent accession to the Premiership, was quickly followed by remonstrances from the English Court against his assumption of too great individual control over the course of foreign affairs, and too great neglect of the attention due to the Sovereign and her Prime Minister. A repetition of similar self-sufficiency, evidently regarded at the time, rightly or wrongly, as presumptuous insubordination, led to his dismissal from office in December 1851. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, Lord John Russell's Government fell by his hand, and Lord Derby's first Administration succeeded to power. In December 1852, he entered Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet as Home Secretary, but escaped, as far as public opinion was concerned, all responsibility for the feeble diplomacy which resulted in the Crimean war. The last act of Lord John Russell, as leader of the House of Commons, was to resign office rather than defend the conduct of the war. None of his Whig colleagues followed his example; but the House of Commons, by an enormous majority, dismissed the Ministry of Lord

Aberdeen. Lord Derby and Lord Russell were successively sent for, and Lord Palmerston professed his willingness to serve under either. The accomplished diplomatist, however, who saw his way to the highest office, was early manifested in both negotiations; and the historian who lifts the veil from the transactions of that time will disclose, no doubt, an interesting historical episode. Lord John Russell came back to office on the introduction of the man whom he had dismissed, but shortly afterwards was compelled to retire in face of the public disapproval of his conduct at Vienna. Lord Palmerston then stood "without a rival or competitor in the leadership of the great Whig party"—a position which he achieved at the age of 71. His successful conduct of the Russian war, his defeat by the combination of Lord John Russell, the Peelites, and the Tories, upon the question of the war with China, were followed by the dissolution of Parliament, and the establishment of his power at the head of a majority of more than 100. That majority passed the Divorce Act, and then Parliament was prorogued. When it next met, it dismissed Lord Palmerston from office at the bidding of the Peace party, for unduly truckling to France, and endeavouring to alter the criminal legislation of England, "under menace and terror of a foreign Power."

Such a reverse is an extraordinary event in an extraordinary career. The second Derby Administration acceded to office for fifteen months, and easily established itself in power. The dissolution of 1859 only unseated it by a majority of 13. Lord Palmerston then entered upon his second Premiership at the age of 75, and held power for six years till his death. He quickly suppressed all controversy about Parliamentary Reform; and as he declined in strength, both parties by tacit con-

sent suspended their strife until his Government should cease. A dissolution which occurred just two months before his death resulted in a distinctly Palmerston majority of 70. It was foretold by discontented Liberals that he would bequeath to the Tories a long lease of power.

The pent-up energies of Parliamentary Reformers soon burst forth at his death. Mr Gladstone, as leader of the House of Commons, soon showed that he was unequal to the task of managing a majority returned to support Lord Palmerston. Reform thereupon fell to the hands of Mr Disraeli, who maintained his place for two and a half years. He could hardly be said to be in a minority, for on all important occasions until the Irish Church resolutions his policy prevailed. A *coup d'état* on the subject of Reform was quickly followed by another on the subject of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Five years of Radical rule have alarmed and disgusted the country; and the alleged bequest of Lord Palmerston is at last fulfilled. No one who remembers his career will believe that, so long as his rule lasted, would the extreme section of the Liberal party have dared to assume the threatening and dictatorial attitude which it has paraded before the country for the last three years. Nor would America and Russia have succeeded in some of their recent diplomatic ventures. Although Lord Palmerston's foreign policy falls short, in its leading characteristics, of the ideal of statesmanship, it must always be remembered in his favour that he preserved peace, that he maintained the interests and held high the honour of the country, and left her, at his death, prosperous at home, and with her name respected abroad. The personal incidents in

his life are among the most remarkable in the annals of English Parliamentary life, and are absolutely marvellous in respect of the mental and physical vigour which they disclose. Lord Macaulay used to say that after sixty no one could lead the House of Commons with vigour and effect. Lord Palmerston did not obtain the post of leader till he was upwards of seventy. He held it till he was eighty-one, and at one time he encountered with no unequal skill, and ultimately with success, the combination of all the great debaters whom this generation has produced. Such a career and such personal achievements must necessarily command a high place in English history. But it is the last twenty years of his life, the portion which is not contained in these volumes under review, which are so full of dramatic interest and rare achievement. Whenever the account of these is given to the world, we have no doubt that it will be welcomed with pride and pleasure; and that, long as his public life extended, it will be admitted that, unlike many of the great personages of history, he did not live a day too long for his glory or his fame. His character will not be difficult to draw; it is of that strong individuality that it is not, if the facts are clearly narrated, likely to be obscured either by exaggerated praise or reckless censure. The permanent influence, however, of this marvellous career, is not in proportion to its unbroken prosperity; and it will be easier for the historian or biographer to do justice to the wonderful qualities and achievements of the man, than to decide upon his true place in English history, and as to the relative claims of himself and some of his contemporaries and predecessors upon the respect and admiration of posterity.

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THE STORY OF VALENTINE :

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE nail strikes out another, the Italians say. It was not wonderful that Richard Ross should feel this, seeing that the subject which concerned his own individual life most closely was that which drove out of his mind all immediate recollection of the other which was the object of his journey. But that the strange and startling apparition of the new figure which suddenly confronted her should have driven the recollection of Valentine out of Lady Eskside's head, was much more wonderful—for her heart was rent with anxiety about Val; whereas Richard was only vaguely, lightly affected by that anxiety; and there was no such magic of old associations, old passions, curiosity, and that baffled sense of impotence which provokes the mind to put forth its whole powers, in her mind as in his. But for the moment Lady Eskside forgot her beloved boy, and her devouring anxiety; forgot everything but the shock and startling sensation

produced upon her by this face, which suddenly looked at her, meeting her gaze calmly, unaware of its own power. When she brought Dick Brown to a stop in his explanations by her eager, almost wild question, "Who are you?" the subject which up to that moment had been engrossing her whole mind departed wholly out of it. Poor Val, lying upon his mother's bed! He was wronged even by those who loved him best—he was forgotten, if only for a moment, in the strain and stress of affairs more urgent; but happily did not know it. Dick was very much embarrassed, good fellow, to find himself suddenly elevated into a place of such importance, and to be asked so passionately, so urgently, who he was. Nothing in the world more easy than to give an account of himself. He smiled, involuntarily, at the anxiety in Lady Eskside's face.

"It is very easy to tell you that, ma'am," he said. "I didn't send

my name, thinking you wouldn't know. I'm Richard Brown, head man now at Mr Styli's, the boat-builder, at Oxford, and for three years at Goodman's, at Eton. That is all about me."

"What is it?" said the old lady. "No, I am not deaf—you need not speak loud; but say it again. Richard? Yes, yes. Of course it could be nothing but Richard. And you came to tell me that? Is your mother living? is she still living? and where is she? Was it she that sent you here?"

"I came to tell you about Mr Ross——"

"Boy," said Lady Eskside, "don't trifle with me. This was what drove my darling away. Is the woman living, and do you know where she is? Your face tells a great deal," she went on, "but not all. Where is your mother? Did she send you? Is she near? Oh, for God's sake, if you have any pity, tell me! What with one trouble and another, I am near at an end of my strength."

"Mr Ross is ill, ma'am," said Dick, much bewildered, but holding fast to his mother's *consigne*, not to say anything about her. "He is lying ill at our—at my house."

"What could he be but ill," cried the old lady, drying her eyes, "after all that has come and gone? But don't think that I'll let you go now. Richard, perhaps you are ignorant, perhaps you don't know how important it is—but oh, for God's sake, tell me! Have you got her? have you got her safe this time? Come near to me; you have a kindly face," my lady went on, looking closely at him with the tears in her eyes. "A face I knew as well as I know myself; but kind and young, like what he was before the world touched him. Sit down here; and oh, my bonnie man, have confidence in me!"

She laid her delicate old hand upon his arm, she bent towards him, her face all tremulous with emotion, tears in her eyes, her lips quivering, her voice pathetic and tender as the cooing of a dove. Dick looked at her in return with respectful sympathy, with natural kindness, but with a half smile of wonder. What was it she wanted of him? What could he respond to such an appeal?

"I don't know, ma'am, what I can do for you, what I can tell you," he said; "I'm but a working man, not educated to speak of. There is nothing particular about me that I should confide in any one; but if you tell me what it is you want, I've nothing to conceal neither," the young man said with gentle pride, so innocent and honest that it made his smile all the brighter. "You are welcome, ma'am, if you care for it, to know everything about me."

"I do care for it," she said, keeping her hand upon his arm. She had made him sit beside her on the little sofa, and her eyes were so intent upon his face, that he scarcely knew how to sustain the gaze. He paused a little to think what he could say first.

"I don't know what to tell you, ma'am," he said, with a laugh; "it's all in what I've said already. Except about Mr Ross—perhaps that is what you mean; I can't say, and you can't think, what he's done for me—how good he's been. My life is more a story about him than anything about me," said Dick, with a generous glow coming over his face, "since the day I first met him on the river——"

"That was—how long ago?"

"He wasn't in the boats till the year after," said Dick, availing himself of the easiest mode of calculating. "It's about seven years since—we were both boys, so to speak."

He took to me somehow, ma'am—out of his own head—by chance—so some folks says——”

Under other circumstances no story could have been so interesting to Lady Eskside, but at present her mind was too much disturbed to follow it. She interrupted him hastily—“And your mother! what of her? You tell me nothing about her! Was she there as well as you?”

Dick felt as it is natural to feel when you are interrupted in a congenial story—and that your own story, the most interesting of all narratives. He repeated—“My mother!” in a tone of disappointment. How his mother could be more interesting to any one than Mr Ross and himself, and that tale of their meeting, which he had already told successfully more than once, Dick did not know.

“Yes, your mother! Tell me her name, and how she brought you up, and where she is living!—for she is living, you said? Tell me! and after that,” said Lady Eskside, in an unconsciously insinuating tone, “I shall be able to listen to you about my poor Val, and all that you have had to do with him. Ah! be sure that is what I would like best! but the other, the other is more important. Where is she? What does she call herself? How did she bring you up? Oh! don't lose time, my good boy, but tell me this, for I must know.”

Dick became much confused and disturbed, remembering his mother's caution to him not to mention her. He could not understand why she should thus be dragged into question. But she had evidently expected it, which was very perplexing to him. He faltered a little in his reply.

“My mother—is just my mother, ma'am. She lives with me; she's nursing Mr Ross now.”

The old lady gave a cry, and grasped him by the arm. “Has

she told him?” she cried. “Does Val know?”

“Know what?” said Dick in amaze. She gazed at him intently for a moment, and then all at once fell a-crying and wringing her hands.

“Is my boy ill?” she said. “What is the matter with him? how soon can we go to him? Will you take me there, Richard, as quick as we can go? Your mother is nursing him, you are sure? and you don't know anything she could have told him? Oh, let us go! there is not a moment to lose.”

She got up hastily to ring the bell, then sat down again. “There will be no train—no train till to-night or to-morrow; oh, these trains, that have always to be waited for! In old days you could start in your post-chaise without waiting a minute. And, poor lad, you will want a rest,” she added, turning to look at him, “and food. Oh, but if you knew the fever in my mind till I am there!”

“Don't be too anxious,” said Dick, compassionately, understanding this better; “the crisis cannot come for four days yet, and the doctor says my mother is an excellent nurse, and that he'll pull through.”

Lady Eskside rose again in her restlessness and rang the bell. “Bring something for this gentleman to eat,” she said, when Harding appeared; “bring a tray to the dining-room; and get me the paper about the trains; and let none of the other fools of men come about me to stare and stare,” she cried fretfully. “Serve us yourself. And bid your wife come here—I have something to say to her.”

“To the dining-room, my lady?”

“Didn't I say here!” cried Lady Eskside. “You're all alike, never understanding. Send Margaret here.”

Mrs Harding must have been very close behind, for she followed almost instantly. She gave a little cry at sight of Dick. I fear this was not so independent a judgment as Lady Eskside supposed, for of course her husband had suggested the resemblance she was called upon to remark; but she had no unbounded confidence in her husband's judgment, and she was upon the whole as likely as not to have declared against him. Lady Eskside turned sharply round upon her. "What are you crying out about, Margret? I expected a woman like you to have more sense. What I wanted to tell you was, that I am going away for a day or two. Well; why are you staring at a stranger so?"

"Oh, my lady!" cried Mrs Harding, "it's no possible but what you see——"

"Ay, ay—I see, I see," cried Lady Eskside, moved to tears; "well I see; and if it please God," she added devoutly, "I almost think the long trouble's over. Margret, you'll not say anything; but I have no doubt you know what it has been this many a year."

"Oh, my lady! yes, my lady! How could I be in the house and no know?"

"It is just like you all!" cried Lady Eskside, with another sudden change of sentiment; "prying into other folk's business, instead of being attentive to your own; just like you all! But keep your man quiet, Margret Harding, and hold your tongue yourself. That's what I think," she went on softly, "but nothing's clear."

Dick sat and listened to all this, wondering. He thought she was a very strange old lady to change her tone and manner so often; but there was enough of sympathetic feeling in him to show that, though he could not tell how she was moved, she was much moved and excited.

He was sorry for her. She had so kind a look that it went to his heart. Was it all for Val's sake? and what did she mean about his mother? Somehow he could not connect his own old suspicions as to who his father was with this altogether new acquaintance. He got confused, and felt all power to think abandoning him. In everything she said, it was his mother who seemed to have the first place; and Dick felt that he knew all about his mother, though his father was a mystery to him. Of what importance could she be—a tramp, a vagrant, a woman whom he himself had only been able to withdraw from the fields and roads with difficulty—what could she be to this stately old lady? Dick, for his part, was deeply confounded, and did not know what to think.

She came up to him with a tremulous smile when the house-keeper went away. "Richard," she said, speaking to him as if (he thought) she had known him all his life—"if I am right in what I think, you and I will be great friends some day. Was it you that my boy wrote about, that he was fond of when he was at Eton—oh, how blind I have been!—that had a mother you were very good to? My man, was that you?"

"Yes, ma'am—my lady—I suppose it was me——"

"That worked so well, and raised yourself in the world? that he was going to see always, till some fool, some meddling fool that knew no better," cried Lady Eskside, "wrote to my old lord to stop it? But I thank God I did not stop it!" said my lady, the tears running down her cheeks. "I thank the Lord I had confidence in my boy! Richard! it was you that all this happened about? You are sure it was you?"

"There could not be two of us," he

said, his face lighted up with feeling; for Dick, good fellow, though he did not know why she was crying, felt something rise in his throat at the sight of the old lady's tears. "Yes, ma'am—I mean, my lady."

"Don't call me my lady, my bonnie man; call me—but never mind—we'll wait a while; we'll do nothing rash," cried Lady Eskside. "You're hungry and tired all this time, while I've been thinking of myself and of Val, and not of you. Come and have something to eat, Richard; and then you'll take me to my boy."

But Lady Eskside was two or three years over seventy. She was worn out with anxiety, and now with the sudden excitement of this visitor. She had taken neither food nor sleep as became her years since Val had disappeared; and before her preparations could be made, she herself allowed that to attempt to travel by the night train would be foolish and unavailing. "I don't want to die before it's all settled," she said, smiling and crying. "We'll have to wait till to-morrow." And Dick, who had travelled all night, was very willing to wait. She sat by him and talked to him while he had his meal, and for an hour or more after; and though Dick was not stupid, he was a child in the hands of the clever old lady, who recovered all her spirit now that her anxiety was removed, and this wonderful power of setting everything right was put into her hands. Lady Eskside was but human, and, so far as she was aware, no one but herself had the faintest inkling of this blessed way of clearing up the troubles of the family, or knew anything of Dick Brown and his mother. She felt that she had found it out, that it would be her part to clear it all up, and the thought was sweet to her. And

as for her anxiety, Dick made so light of Valentine's illness, which did not now alarm himself, that he made Lady Eskside rather happy than otherwise by his account, supplying her with a reason for Val's silence without communicating any alarm to her mind. Very soon she knew everything about Dick, — more than he knew himself—his tramp-life, his wanderings with his mother, his longings for something better, for a home and settled dwelling-place. And Dick, without knowing, made such a picture of his mother as touched the old lady's heart. "She used to sit at the window and watch for the boat. That was the first thing that reconciled her a bit," said Dick. "She used to watch and watch for Mr Ross's boat, and sit like a statue when we'd started him, to see him come back. She always took a deal of interest in Mr Ross."

"Did she ever tell you why?"

"Because he was so kind," said Dick. "I've thought often there was more in it than that; but what could a fellow say to his mother, ma'am? I wasn't one to worry her with questions. That's how she used to sit watching. Mother is strange often; but there never was any harm in her," said Dick, fervently—"never! The others would hold their tongues when she was by—I've thought of it often since; and when she saw my heart was set on settling down, she gave into it, all on my account. That is what I call a good woman," he cried, encouraged by the attention and sympathy with which his story was received. Lady Eskside learnt more in an hour or two of the woman who had cost her so dear, than she could have done otherwise in years. She found out everything about her. She even got to feel for and pity the mother—ignorant, foolish,

unwitting what harm she was doing—who thus kept to her savage point of honour, and never betrayed herself nor claimed her son. Dick, unconscious, told everything. It was only on thinking it over after that he remembered again his mother's charge not to say anything of her. "Say only it's your mother." Well! he said to himself, he had said no more. It was as his mother that he had spoken of her, and as that alone. He knew her in no other character. He had spoken of her life, her habits, her goodness; but he had told nothing more. There was not, indeed, anything more to tell, had he wished to betray her.

In the afternoon, Lady Eskside was persuaded to go and rest—a repose which she wanted mightily—and Dick was left alone. It was then that he began to think that possibly he had been indiscreet in his revelations; and he was somewhat frightened, to tell the truth, when he found himself left in the great drawing-room alone. He did not know whether it would be right for him to wait there, where Lady Eskside left him, until she came back. He felt a little doubtful whether he might examine the great cabinet, and all the curious things he saw, and which fired him with interest. He could not do them any harm, at last he reflected; and he did not think the kind old lady would object. So he got out his note-book, and made little drawings of various things that struck his fancy. The wonder being over for the moment, and the pressure of Lady Eskside's questions, Dick's mind gladly retired from it altogether, and returned to easier everyday matters. That this discovery, whatever it was, should make any difference in his life, did not seem to him at all a likely idea; nor did such a notion seriously enter his mind.

And no thought of the possible transference of his own lowly and active life to such surroundings as those which were now about him, ever occurred to Dick. He would have been extremely amused by the idea. But he made a note in his book—a rough little drawing, yet quite enough to be a guide to him—of sundry little "details"—arrangements of brackets and shelves, which he thought might be adapted even to his little place on a small scale. He had his eyes always about him, ready to note anything of the kind; and though he smiled to himself at the idea of copying in his tiny parlour what he saw in this great room, yet he made his drawings all the same, with his rough workman's pencil. The drawings were very rough, but he knew how to work from them, and in his mind's eye already saw a homely imitation of the objects he admired figuring upon his low walls. He even thought it would amuse Val, when he got better, to see in the boatman's parlour a humble copy of the brackets in Rossraig.

And after this, as one of the windows was open, he strayed out, with some perturbation lest he should be taking too much upon him, and wandered through the shrubberies, and out into the woods. It was a soft spring afternoon, the sun getting near his setting, the trees showing a faint greenness, the sound of the Esk filling the air. The river was full and strong, swelled by the spring rains, and by the melting of all the early frosts. It made a continuous murmur, filling the whole soft universe around with an all-pervading sound. Dick had almost forgotten what the woods were like in the early spring; and the charm of the stillness and the woodland rustle, the slanting lines of light, the bright gleams of green, the tender depths of shadow, stole into his heart. He

had a still, profound, undemonstrative enjoyment of nature, loving her without being able to put his love into words; and the beauty of those irregular banks, all broken with light and shade, topped with trees which threw up their tall stems towards the sky, waiting till the blessing of new life should come upon them—delighted the young man, who for years had known no finer scenery than the unexciting precincts of the Thames. Dear Thames, kind river, forgive the words!—ungrateful words to come from the lips of one who owes thee untold pleasures; but soft meadows and weeping willows, and all the gentle lights and shadows of the level stream, looked tame beside the foaming, tumbling river, rushing with shouts among its rocks, singing over its pebbles, leaping and hurrying onward through all those bold braes that hemmed it in, and played perpetual chase and escape with the brown torrent. The trees on Esk-side were not the grand broad placid trees to which Dick was used. Red firs, with the sun on their great russet pillars; white birches, poisoning daintily on every fairy knove; pale ash-trees, long-limbed and bare—mixed with the oaks and beeches, and gave a different character to the scene; and here and there a bold bit of brown rock, a slip of red earth, the stony course of a burn which went rattling in hot haste to join the Esk, crossing the path and toppling down in dozens of tiny waterfalls—all these were like nothing he had ever seen before. He strayed on a little further and a little further, by bypaths of which Val knew every curve and corner, under trees, every one of which, could they have spoken, would have asked for news of their young lord. Sometimes it occurred to him, with a sense of additional pleasure, that all this would one day belong to his young patron. Would

Val ever ask him to come here, he wondered? then “Lord bless me!” said Dick to himself, “why should he? He’ll always be kind and good as long as he lives; but why should he ask the like of me?” and he laughed at his own absurdity. But what with these thoughts, and what with no thought at all, mere pleasure, which perhaps carries farthest, he went on, much farther than he knew, as far as the linn and the two great beeches which had played so great a part in Val’s life. Just before he reached that point he was stopped by a sudden sound which startled him, which had a distinct tone of humanity in it, and did not spring from the fresh and free nature about. It was the sound of a sob. Dick stood still and looked about him, with recollections of his own childhood rising fresh into his mind, and a tender thought of finding some poor little tired wanderer under some tree, crying for weariness. But he could see nothing, and presently went on again, persuading himself that his ears must have deceived him. He went on, himself rousing intermittent echoes, for his step was sometimes inaudible on the mossy turf, and sometimes sent thrills of sound all through the wood, as his foot crashed on a fallen branch, or struck the pebbles aside in a little shower.

When he got to the linn he paused some time on the edge of the river, struck by the beauty of the place; and only when he was passing on, perceived behind him, all at once, somebody sitting at the foot of one of the trees—a little figure muffled in a blue cloak, and leaning against the bole of one of the big beeches. Dick made an unconscious exclamation—“I beg your pardon”—and went on, half frightened lest he should have disturbed some one who had a better right to be there than he had. But

this incident broke the spell of his wandering, and recalled him to the thought that he was far from Rosscraig, and that it would be safer to turn back as he had come, than to risk losing his way. Perhaps a little curiosity about the solitary figure under the tree had something to do with this prudent thought; but his curiosity was lessened by a second glance he had stolen through the trees, which showed him that it was a lady who sat there. Had it been a tramp-woman, Dick might have shown his sympathy; but with a lady, even one in trouble, he could only intrude; and yet he could not help being interested. Could it be from her that the sob had come? and why should she be crying here, all alone, like an enchanted princess? He knew little about enchanted princesses, but he had a tender heart, and the sob had troubled him. He went back again, passing slowly, trying to make out, without staring—which was not consistent with Dick's idea of "manners"—who it was, and what she was doing under the shadow of the tree. The soft grass glade between these two giants of the wood was lighted up by a slant ray of the sun which slid all the way down the high bank on the other side of Esk, to pour that oblique line of glory under the great sweeping boughs over the greensward. She was seated out of the sunshine, but

with her face turned towards the light, and it seemed to Dick that it was a face he had seen before. I do not think the fact that it was a young face, and a fair one, touched him so much as that it was very pale and mournful, justifying his idea that the sob must somehow have belonged to it. How he would have liked to linger, to ask what was the matter! He would have done so, had she not been a lady; but Dick knew his place. His surprise was great, however, when, as soon as his back was turned, he heard a stir, a sound of footsteps, a faint call, which seemed addressed to him. He turned round quickly. The girl, whoever she was, had risen from her seat. She had come out of the shade into the sunshine, and was standing between the trees, with the light upon her, catching a glittering edge of hair, and giving a hem of brightness to one side of her figure, and to the outlines of the blue cloak. "I beg your pardon; did you call me?" said Dick, shy but eager. Perhaps she had lost her way. Perhaps she wanted help of one kind or another. Then the little woodland lady beckoned to him timidly. I think, if it had not been for the anxiety and longing that swelled her heart well-nigh to bursting, that Violet would never have had the courage thus to appeal to a stranger in the wood.

CHAPTER XXXV.

' She advanced a step to meet him, timid, yet with that confidence which social superiority gives: for Dick, I am bound to confess, though I love him, was not one of those wonderful beings who bear the exterior of a fine gentleman even in a workman's clothes. He was not vulgar in any respect, being per-

fectly free from every kind of pretension, and with all the essence of fine manners—that politeness of the heart which neither birth nor education by themselves can give; but though, as I have said, his dress was to a certain degree copied from Valentine's, who possessed the *je ne sais quoi* in perfection, and was quite

well made and unobtrusive, yet I am obliged to allow that Dick had not that mysterious something which makes a gentleman. You could have found no fault with his appearance, and to look at his candid countenance was to trust him; but yet he had not the *je ne sais quoi*, and Violet knew that, conventionally speaking, she was addressing one who was "not a gentleman;" this fact gave her a degree of freedom in calling him which she would scarcely have felt with a stranger of her own class. But more than that, Violet had recognised Dick. It was some years since she had seen him, but she remembered him. Not all at once, it is true. When he appeared first, before he saw her, she had felt as he did, that she had seen his face before; but ere he passed again, she had made out where and how it was that she had seen him. It must be recollected, too, that Violet's heart was full to overflowing with thoughts of Val, of whom this stranger, so suddenly and strangely appearing, was a kind of shadow in her mind. The whole scene came before her as by a flash of light, after five minutes' pondering within herself where she had seen that face before—for from the first glance she had felt that it was somehow associated with Valentine. What could bring him here, this boatman from the Thames? Her heart was breaking for news of her young lover, so dismally parted from her, whom she must never see again (she thought); but only to hear his name, to know where he was, would be something. She would not have betrayed herself to "a gentleman," to one of Val's friends and equals; but of "Mr Brown"—she remembered even his name by good fortune—she might make her inquiries freely. So, urged by the anguish in her poor little breast, Vi took this bold

step. She had been sitting thus for hours crying all alone, and thinking to herself that this horrible blank was to go on for ever, that she would nevermore hear of him even—and I have not the heart to blame her for appealing thus to the first possibility of help. She made a step forward, and looked at him with a pitiful little smile. "Perhaps you do not remember," she said, "but I think I am sure it is you. I never forget people whom I have once seen. Did not you row us once, on the Thames, at Eton—my father and——"

"Oh yes, ma'am, to be sure!" cried Dick. "I knew that I had seen you before." He was a little confused, after his experience with Lady Eskside, how he ought to address a lady, but after reflection decided that "ma'am" must always be right; for had he not heard the Queen herself addressed by the finest of fine ladies as "Ma'am,"?

"Yes; and I remember you," said Vi. Then she made a pause, and with a wistful glance at him, and a sudden flush which went as quickly as it came, added—"I am Mr Ross's cousin."

"I recollect now," cried Dick. "He was so set on it that you should see everything. I think he was a bit better when I left."

"Better!" cried Violet, clasping her hands together; "was he——" She was going to say, was he ill? and then reflected that, perhaps, it was best not to betray to a stranger how little she knew of him. So she stood looking up in his face, with great eyes dilated. Her eyes had been pathetic and full of entreaty even when poor Vi was at her happiest. Now there is no telling how beseeching those pretty eyes were, with the tears stealing into them, making them bigger, softer, more liquid and tender still. This look quite made an end of

poor Dick, who felt disposed to cry too for company, and was aware of some strange, unusual movements in his own good heart.

"Don't you fret," he said soothingly; "I brought the old lady the news this morning. He had an accident, and his illness was sudden. But it had nothing to do with the accident," he added. "Don't be frightened, ma'am. It's some fever, but not the worst kind; and the doctor told me himself that he'd pull through."

"Oh, Mr Brown!" cried poor Vi. She dropped down upon a fallen tree, and began to cry, so that he could scarcely look at her for pity.

"Indeed you must not be frightened," said Dick. "I am not anxious a bit, after what the doctor told me. Neither is the old lady up there at the Castle—Lady Esk side. She is going with me to-morrow morning to help to nurse him. Mother has him in hand," Dick added with a little pride, "and he's very safe with her. Don't fret like this—now don't! when I tell you the doctor says he'll pull through."

"Oh Val, Val, my Val!" cried poor little Violet. It was not because she was frightened; for at her age—unless experience has taught otherwise—getting better seems so necessary, so inevitable a conclusion to being ill. She was not afraid of his life; but her heart was rent with pity, with tenderness, with that poignant touching remorse, to which the innocent are liable. All that had gone before, all that Valentine had suffered, seemed to come back to her. It was not her fault, but it was "our" fault. She seemed to herself to be involved in the cause of it, though she would have died sooner than harm him. Her lips began to quiver, the tears rained through the fingers with which she tried to hide

her piteous streaming eyes. Oh Val, Val, my Val!" she cried. It was "our" fault; her father had done it, and even good Sandy had had his share; and herself, who had twined her foolish little life with his, so that even parting with her had been another complication in Valentine's woes. She seemed to see him looking up at her in the moonlight, bidding her good-bye. Oh, why did he think of her? why did he take that trouble for her? She scarcely heard Dick's anxious attempts at consolation. She was not thinking of the future, in which, no doubt—how could she doubt it?—Valentine would get better; but of the past, and of all that made him ill. Her tears, her abandonment to that sorrow, her attempts to command herself, went to Dick's heart. He stood looking at her, wondering wistfully for the first time in his life over the differences in men's lots. If he (Dick) were to fall ill, his mother, no doubt, would be grieved; but Dick knew that it would create no commotion in the world; would not "upset" any one as Val's illness did. Naturally, the good fellow felt, Mr Ross was of much more importance than he was, or would ever be; but still—

"Oh, how foolish you must think me!" cried Violet, drying her eyes. "It is not that I am frightened. It is because I know all that made him ill. Oh, Mr Brown, tell me about it—tell me everything. He is my cousin, and he has always been like my—brother. He used to bring me here when I was a child. You can't think how everything here is full of him—and then all at once never to hear a word!" Between every broken sentence the tears fell in little bright showers from Violet's eyes.

Dick sat down on the same fallen tree, but at a respectful distance, and told her all he knew—which

was not everything, for his mother did not enter into details, and he knew little about the incident on the river, and her share in it. Violet listened, never taking her eyes from his face, which was hard upon Dick, yet not undelightful to him. He had gone through a great many experiences that morning. But even Lady Eskside's strange emotion, her curiosity about himself, and agitated manner, had not the same effect as this still more unexpected and strange encounter. He sat, at first rather awkwardly, upon the edge of his end of the tree, with his face turned towards her, but not always bold enough to look at her. The slant of the sun-beam, which was gradually dying off the scene, fell in the middle between them like a rail of gold, separating them from each other. Across this heavenly line of separation her eyes shone like stars, often bewildering Dick, though he kept pretty straight in his narrative, taking as little account as possible of the occasional giddiness that came over him, and the dazzling sensation in his eyes. Violet, interrupting him now and then by a brief question, sometimes crying softly under her breath, gave her entire attention to every word; and Esk ran on through all, with a murmur as of a third person keeping them company; and the wood contributed those numberless soft sounds which make up the silence of nature, enveloping them in an atmosphere of her own. Dick was not much given to poetry, but he felt like something in a fairy tale. It was an experience altogether new and strange; for hitherto there had been no enchantments in his life. How different it was to her and to him! To the young man, the first thrill of romance, the first touch of magic—the beginning of all sweet delusions, follies, and dreams;

to the girl, an imperfect, faltering narrative, filled out by imagination, a poor, blurred picture—better, far better, indeed, than nothing, and giving her for the moment a kind of miserable happiness, but in itself nothing. It is frightful to think at what a disadvantage people meet each other in this world. Dick's life, which had all been honest prose up to this moment, became on the spot, poetry; but, poor fellow, he was nothing but prose, poor prose to Vi, to whom these woods were full of all the lyric melodies of young life. She listened to him without thinking of him, drinking in every word, and not ungrateful, any more than she was ungrateful to the fallen tree, or the beech boughs that sheltered her. Nay, she had a warmer feeling, a sense of grateful friendship, to Dick.

"Mr Brown," she said, when his tale was done, "I am very, very thankful to you for telling me. I should never have known but for you. For I ought to say that my people and Val's people—I mean my cousin's—are not quite—quite good friends. I must not say whose fault it is," said Vi, with a suppressed sob; "and I don't see Lady Eskside now—so without you I should not have known. Mr Brown! would you mind writing—a little note—just two lines—to say how he is when you get back?"

"Mind!" said Dick. "If you will let me——"

"And you can tell him when he gets well," cried the girl, her voice sinking very low, her eyes leaving Dick's face, and straying into the glow of sunshine (as he thought) between the two great trees—"you can tell him that you met me here; and that I was thinking of him, and was glad—glad to hear of him——" To show her gladness, Violet let drop two great tears which for some time had been brimming over her eyelids.

"It is dreadful to be parted from a friend and to hear no word ; but now that I know, it will not be so hard. Mr Brown, you will be sure to send just two lines, two words, to tell me——"

Here her voice faltered, and lost itself in a flutter of suppressed sound—sobs painfully restrained, which yet would burst forth. She did her very best, poor child, to master them, and turning to Dick with a pathetic smile, whispered as well as she could—"I can't tell you how it all is. It is not only for Val being ill. It is everything—everything that is wrong ! Papa, too—but I can't tell you ; only tell him that you met Violet at the linn."

"I will tell him everything you have said. I will write, if you like, every day," cried poor Dick, his heart wrung with sympathy—and with envy as well.

"Would that be too much ?" she asked, with an entreating look. "Oh, if it would not be too much ! And, Mr Brown, perhaps it will be best to send it to mamma. I cannot have any secrets, though I may be unhappy. If you will give me a piece of paper, I will write the address, and thank you—oh, how I will thank you !—all my life."

Dick, who felt miserable himself, he could scarcely tell why, got out his note-book, with all the rough little drawings in it of the brackets at Rossraig. He had not known, when he put them down, how much more was to befall him in this one brief afternoon. She wrote the address with a little hand which trembled.

"My hand is so unsteady," she said. "I am spoiling your book. I must write it over again. Oh, I beg your pardon ; my hand never used to shake. Tell Val—but no, no. It is better that you should not tell him anything more."

"Whatever you bid me I will

tell him. I will do anything, everything you choose to say," said Dick, in his fervour. She gave a surprised wistful look at him, and shook her head.

"I must think for both of us," she said ; "and Val is very hasty, very rash. No, you must not say anything more. Tell him I am quite well if he asks, and not unhappy—not very unhappy—only anxious to know ; and when he is well," she said, with a reluctant little sigh, "you need not mind writing any more. That will be enough. It is a terrible thing when there are quarrels in families, Mr Brown."

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, who knew nothing about families, nor about quarrels, but followed with a curious solemnity the infantine angelical wisdom and gravity of her face.

"A terrible thing when people try to hurt each other who ought to love each other ; and some of us must always pay for it," said poor Violet, in deep seriousness—"always, always some one must suffer ; when it might be so different ! If you are going back to Rossraig, you should go before the sun sets, for it is far, when you don't know the way."

"And you ?" said Dick, rising in obedience to this dismissal, yet longing to linger, to prolong the conversation, and not willing to allow that this strange episode in his life had come to an end.

"My way is not the same as yours," she said, holding out her hand with gentle grandeur, like a little princess, sweet and friendly, but stooping out of a loftier region, "and I know every step. Good-bye, and thank you with all my heart. You must keep this path straight up past the firs. I am very, very glad I was here."

"Good-bye, Miss Violet," said Dick. It gave him a little pleasure to say her name, which was so

pretty and sweet; and he was too loyal and too respectful to linger after this farewell, but walked away as a man goes out of a royal presence, not venturing to stay after the last gracious word has been said. He could not bear to go, but would not remain even a moment against her will. When he had gone a little way he ventured to turn back and look—but nothing was visible except the trees. She had disappeared, and the sunshine had disappeared; it seemed to Dick's awakened fancy as if both must have gone together. The last golden arrow of light was gliding from the opposite bank of the river, and all the glade between the bushes lay dim in the greyiness of the evening. What a change it made! He went on with a sigh. Violet had gone back to the foot of the tree, and was waiting there till he should be out of sight; and Dick divined that this was the case, and that she wanted no more of him. Well! why should she want any more of him? She was a lady, quite out of Dick's way, and she had been very sweet to him—as gracious as a queen. Between this impersonation of sweet youth, and the other figure, old Lady Eskside, with her dignity and agitated kindness, Dick was wonderfully dazzled. If all ladies were like these, what a strange sort of enchantment it must be to spend one's life in such society. Dick had never known any woman but his mother, whom he loved, and upon whose will he had often been dependent, but to whom he was always in some degree forbearing and indulgent, puzzled by her caprices, and full of that tender patience towards her which has in its very nature something of superiority; and to find himself suddenly in the society of these two ladies, one after the other, both taking him into their confidence, betray-

ing their feelings to him, receiving, as it were, favours at his hand, had the most curious effect upon him. He had never felt so melancholy in his life as when Violet thus sent him away; and yet his head was full of a delicious intoxication, a sense of something elevated, ethereal, above the world and all its common ways. Should he ever see her again, he wondered? would she speak to him as she had done now, and ask his help, and trust to his sympathy? Poor Dick had not the remotest idea that those new sensations in his mind, this mixture of delight and of melancholy, this stirring up of all emotions, which made his long walk through the woods feel like a swallow-flight to him, had anything to do with the vulgar frenzy he had heard of, which silly persons called falling in love. He had always felt very superior and rather contemptuous of this weakness, which young men of his class feel no doubt in its more delicate form, like others, but which is seldom spoken of among them in any but that coarse way which revolts all gentle natures. So he was totally unwarned and unarmed against any insidious beginnings of sentiment, and would have resented indignantly any idea that his tender sympathy with this little lady, who had opened her heart to him, had anything whatever in it of the character of love. How could it have—when the very foundation of this strange sweet revelation to him of an utterly new kind of intercourse and companionship, was the love, or something that he supposed must be love, between Mr Ross, his patron, and this little princess of the woods? What a lucky fellow Mr Ross was, Dick thought, with the tenderest, friendliest version of envy that ever entered a man's bosom! and then it occurred to him, with a little sigh, to think that the lots of men in this

world were very different; but he was not, he hoped, so wretched a fellow as to grudge his best friend any of the good things that were in his share. Thus he went back to Ross-craig with his mind entirely filled with a new subject—a subject which made him less sensitive even than he was before to any new light upon his own position. He looked at Violet's writing in his note-book with very bewildering feelings when he got at night to the luxurious room where he was to sleep. She had written the address very unsteadily, then crossed it out, and repeated it with great care and precision—Mrs Pringle, Moray Place, Edinburgh. Though it slightly chilled him to think that this was her mother's name, not her own, yet the sense of having this little bit of her in his breast-pocket was very delightful and very strange. He sat and looked at it for a long time. On the page just before it were these notes he had made of the brackets in the great drawing-room. These were the tangible evidences of this strange mission of his, and sudden introduction into a life so different from his own. It just crossed his mind to wonder whether these scratches on the paper would be all, whether he might look them up years hence to convince himself that it was not a dream. And then poor Dick gave a great sigh, so full and large, expanding his deep bosom, that it almost blew out his candles; whereupon he gave a laugh, poor fellow, and said his prayers, and got to bed.

As for Lady Eskside, she showed more weakness that particular evening than had been visible, I think, all her life before. She could not sleep, but kept Mrs Harding by her bedside, talking in mysterious but yet intelligible confidence. "You'll set to work, Margret, as soon as I've gone, to have all the new wing

put in order, the carpets put down, and the curtains put up, and everything ready for habitation. I cannot quite say who may be coming, but it is best to be ready. My poor old lord's new wing, that gave him so much trouble! It will be strange to see it lived in after so many years!"

"Indeed, and it will that, my lady," said Mrs Harding, discreet and courteous.

"It will that! I don't suppose that you take any interest," said Lady Eskside, "beyond just the furniture, and so forth—though you've lived under our roof and ate our bread these thirty years!"

Mrs Harding was a prudent woman, and knew that too much interest was even more dangerous than too little. "The furniture is a great thought," she said demurely, "to a person in my position, my lady. If you'll mind that I'm responsible for everything; and I canna forget it's all new, and that there is aye the risk that the moths may have got into the curtains. I've had more thought about these curtains," said the housekeeper, with a sigh, "than the Queen hersel' takes about the state."

"You and your moths!" said my lady, with sharp scorn. "Oh, Margret Harding, it's little you know about it! If there was any way of keeping the canker and the care out of folks' hearts! And what is it to you that I'm standing on the verge of, I don't know what—that I've got the thread in my hand that's failed us so long—that maybe after all, after all, my old lord may get his way, and everything be smooth, plain, and straight for them that come after us? What's this to you? I am a foolish old woman to say a word. Oh, if my Mary were but here!"

"My lady, it's a great deal to me, and I'm as anxious as I can be;

but if I were to take it upon me to speak, what would I get by it?" said Mrs Harding, driven to self-defence. "The like of us, we have to know everything, and never speak."

"Margret, my woman, I cannot be wrong this time—it's not possible that I can be wrong this time," said Lady Eskside. "You were very much struck yourself when you saw the young—when you saw my visitor. I could see it in your face—and your husband too. He's not a clever man, but he's been a long time about the house."

"He's clever enough, my lady," said the housekeeper. "Neither my lord nor you would do with your owre clever men, and I canna be fashed with them mysel'. Now, my man, if he's no that gleg, he's

steady; and I'm aye to the fore," said Mrs Harding, calmly. This was a compensation of nature which was not to be overlooked.

"You see, you knew his father so well," said Lady Eskside, with an oracular dimness which even Mrs Harding's skill could scarcely interpret; and then she added softly, "God bless them! God bless them both!"

"My lady," said the housekeeper, puzzled, "you'll never be fit to travel in the morning, if you don't get a good sleep."

"That's true, that's true; but yet you might say, God bless them. The Angel that redeemed us from all evil, bless the lads," murmured the old lady, under her breath. "Good-night. You may go away, you hard-hearted woman; I'll try to sleep."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Eskside was seated in a little dingy sitting-room in Jermyn Street. Once upon a time, long years ago, the Esksides had possessed a town-house in a region which is no longer habitable by lords and ladies; but as they had ceased for years to come for even that six weeks in London which consoles country families with a phantasmagoric glimpse of "the world," the town-house had long passed out of their hands. Lord Eskside had spent this dreary week in rooms which overlooked the dreary blank wall of St James's, with its few trees, and the old gravestones inside—not a cheerful sight for an old man whose last hopes seemed to be dying from him. He had employed detectives, had advertised with immense precaution in the newspapers, and himself had wandered about the town, night and day, seeking his boy; while the few people whom he met when he appeared at rare intervals in such

streets as are frequented by anybody worth speaking of, paid him compliments on his grandson's success, and hoped that Val, when he appeared in the House of Commons, would show himself worthy of his race. "I expect him to do us credit," the old lord said, working his shaggy eyebrows in such a way that his acquaintances thought he had some nervous complaint; and shook their heads, and wondered that "in his state of health" he should be in town alone. What bitter pangs were in his heart when he said these words! The boy had done them credit all his life up to this moment. If it was not the loftiest kind of reputation which Val had acquired, it was yet a kind highly estimated in the world, and which young men prized; and no stain had ever touched that bright young reputation, no shadow of shame ever lighted upon it. And now! These congratulations, which in other cir-

cumstances would have been so sweet to him, were gall and bitterness. What if Val had disappeared like his mother, with all the indifference to the claims of life and duty which that undisciplined, uneducated woman had shown? What if he were so crushed by the revelations suddenly made to him, that instead of taking the manly way, facing the scandal and living it out, he were now to give in, and fail, and leave his place to be occupied by others? The thought of that election declared void for which he had struggled so stoutly, and of some one else coming in upon Val's ruin, triumphing in his downfall, was sharp as a poisoned sword in the old man's heart. Lady Eskside thought chiefly of the boy himself, and of what he might do in his despair; but the public downfall which seemed imminent, added pangs even more bitter to her husband's sufferings. His adversary had done all that an adversary might; but no adversary could harm Lord Eskside and break his heart as his boy could. The old lord was very strong upon race. It was one of the objects of his fullest faith. He believed not only in the efficacy of being well-born, but extended that privilege far beyond the usual limits allowed to it. He had faith in the race of a ploughman as well as in that of his own noble house. But the blood in the veins of his boy had come from a race of wanderers—a species, indeed, not a race at all—made up by intermixtures of which neither law nor honour took note; and how could he tell that the honest ichor of the Rosses would predominate over the influence of that turbid mixture? Already it was evident enough that the vagabond strain had not lost its power. He had feared it all Val's life, and sternly repressed it from his boyhood up; but repression had now ceased to be possible, and

here was the evil in full force. Lord Eskside's notion was that no man could be a man who was not capable of setting his face hard against difficulty and fighting it out. To flee was a thing impossible to him; but Valentine had fled, and what but his vagrant blood could be to blame? It did not occur to the old lord that his own son, in whom there was no vagrant blood, had fled more completely than poor Val—turning his back upon his country, and hiding his shame in unknown regions and unknown duties. Richard's desertion had wounded his father to the quick in its time; but Val had obliterated Richard, and now he scarcely recollected that previous desertion. It never occurred to him to think that Richard's example had put it into the boy's mind to abandon his natural place, and flee before the sudden mortification and downfall. With strange pain, and anxiety deeper than words, he set everything down to the unfortunate mother. Her wild blood—the blood of a creature without reason, incapable of that supreme human faculty of endurance, which was to Lord Eskside one of the highest of qualities—was at the bottom of it all. If he could find the boy in time to exert his old influence over him, to induce him to make a stand against the coward principle in his mind, to bring him back to his duty! Lord Eskside thought of Val as an old soldier might think of a descendant who had turned his back upon an enemy. Shame, and love eager to conceal the shame—sharp personal mortification and the sting of wounded pride, battling with tenderness unspeakable, and anxious longing at any cost, at all hazards, to wipe out this stain and inspire the unfortunate to redeem himself—these were the feelings in his mind. The sharpest ingredient in such a cup of bitterness

is, that the parent well knows he cannot work out redemption for his boy. No other but himself can do it. Prayers, and tears, and atonements, and concealments, and all the piteous expedients of human love and misery, cannot do it. No man can redeem his brother. The coward must himself prove that he has overcome his cowardice; the man who has failed must himself turn back the tide of fortune and win. And I do not know anything more pathetic in nature than the brave old hero trying hard to put his own heart of gold into the leaden bosom of some degenerate boy; or the pure strong woman labouring to inspire with her own white fervent soul some lump of clay who has been given to her—God knows how—for a daughter. This was how the old lord felt. If he could but put himself, his old steadfast heart, his obdurate courage, his dogged strength of purpose, into the boy! If there was but any way to do it!—transfusion of spirit like that fanciful medical notion of transfusion of blood. Lord Eskside would have given his old veins to be drained—his aged frame to be hacked as any physician pleased—would have had his very heart taken out of his breast had that been possible—to give the best of it to Val; but could not, heaven help us!—could only sit and think what impotent words to say, what arguments to use, when he should find him, to make the boy stand and endure like a man.

He was sitting thus, his head leaning on his hand, his shaggy eyebrows so bent over his eyes that you scarcely could see them glimmer in the caverns below, though there was a painful suffusion in them which glistened when the light caught it. A claret-jug was on the table and a single glass. He had dined late, after being out all day, and was worn out

by the sickness of hope deferred, and the heaviness of disappointment. There was a little fire smouldering in the grate, but he had thrown the window open with an irritable impatience of the close small shut-up room. The distant sounds of the streets still came in, though the full tide of traffic was over. There was still a roll and murmur of distant carriages and voices, the hum of that sea which calls itself London. The old lord paid no attention. He was going over ideas which he had pondered again and again, anxiously, but with a certain languor and hopelessness in his heart. If he heard the carriage stop below, the sound of the opening door, he took no notice. What was it to him? Carriages stopped continually all through the evening. People were always coming and going. What could it matter to him—a stranger, alone?

He sat facing the door—it was a habit he had fallen into since he came here—not with any expectation, but only in case—for, to be sure, some visitor might come, some one with news might come, though he did not look for anything. Even the sound of steps and voices coming up-stairs did not excite him, it was so usual. All at once, however, he roused himself. The door was thrown wide open, without any preliminary, and Lady Eskside walked straight in, her old eyes shining, her figure dilating with triumph, like a figure in a procession. The sight of her startled her husband beyond expression, yet not so much as did the other figure behind her. “You, Catherine, you? and you’ve got him!” he cried; for there was a certain general resemblance in height and form between Dick and Val. “I’ve got him!” said Lady Eskside, standing aside with that extraordinary air of triumph, to show to her husband the figure of a timid

young man, respectful and hesitating, who looked at him with blue eyes, half deprecating, half apologetic. Lord Eskside's heart, which had jumped high, sank down in his breast. He gave but one look at the stranger whom, at first, he had taken for Valentine. "Good Lord! do you mean to drive me mad? My lady! is this what you bring me for Val?" he cried; and turned his back upon the new-comer with feverish irritability, feeling the disappointment go to his very heart.

"Oh, my dear, forgive me!" cried Lady Eskside; "I was not thinking of Val for the moment. Look at him, look at him! look at the boy again!"

"You were not thinking of Val? In the name of heaven, who else was there to think of?" said her husband. He was almost too angry to speak—and so sick with his disappointment, that he could have done something cruel to show it, had the means been in his way.

"Forgive me!" said my lady, putting her hand upon his arm; "but there's news of Val. I have brought you news of him. He's ill—in his bed with fever; oh! when I think of it, I am half frantic to find how long it takes, with all their bonnie railways! But he's safe. It had been more than he could bear. My poor boy!—he's been ill since the day he left us. What ails you? what ails you, my old man?"

"Nothing," he said, fumbling, with his hands clasped, his shaggy eyebrows concealing any gleam of the light underneath, his lips quivering—"nothing." It took him a minute to recover himself, to get over the sudden stilling of the storm within him, and the sudden calm that came after so much trouble. The change seemed to stop his breath, but not painfully, and rolled off loads as of Atlas himself—more

than the world—from his shoulders. "Wait a moment," said Lord Eskside, his eyebrows gradually widening; "what did you say it was? I did not catch it clearly; ill, in his bed?"

"But nothing to be frightened about—nothing to alarm us——"

"I am not alarmed, I am not alarmed!" said the old lord. To tell the truth, he was giddy with the sudden cessation of pain. "There, Catherine! it's you I ought to think of, after such a journey," he added, quickly coming to himself. "Sit down and rest; no doubt you're very tired. Ill—in his bed? Then it's all accounted for; and God be thanked!" said Lord Eskside. He said this under his breath, and drew a chair close to the smouldering fire, and put his old wife into it, grasping her by both the arms for a moment, which was his nearest approach to an embrace.

"But you have not given a look or a thought to—him I brought with me," said the old lady, grasping him in her turn with a forcible yet tremulous hold.

"Him you've brought with you?" Lord Eskside turned round, with a scowl from under his shaggy eyebrows, which meant no harm, but was one of his devices to conceal emotion. He saw a fair-haired timid young man standing irresolute near the door, evidently very uneasy to find himself there, and not knowing what to do. He had Lady Eskside's shawl on his arm, and a helpless, apologetic, deprecating look on his face. The old lord did not know what to make of him. Was it a new servant, he asked himself for a moment? But the stranger did not look like a servant. "Here is somebody waiting," he said, in as quiet a tone as possible, for he did not want to show the impatience he felt.

"Is that all you say?" cried my

lady, in keen tones of disappointment. "Oh, look at him—look at him again!"

"Sit down," said the old lord, abruptly. "It is clear Lady Eskside means you to stay, though she is too tired to introduce you. I ask your pardon for not knowing your name. My lady, as you and I have much to say to each other, and the night is far on, could not this business wait?"

"Oh," cried Lady Eskside with a groan, "is that all—is that all you say?"

"My lady," said Dick, emboldened to the use of this title by hearing it used by no less a personage than Lord Eskside himself, "I beg your pardon; but isn't it best for me to go? I will come back for you in the morning before the train starts. I would rather go, if you don't mind." Dick had never felt himself so entirely out of his element, so painfully *de trop*, in his life. He was not used to this feeling, and it wounded him mightily—for he, too, had some pride of his own. And he had not come seeking any favour, but rather conferring one, taking a great deal of trouble, voluntarily, of his own will, for what was no advantage to him. And then Dick had been made much of these two days—he had found himself elevated into a vague region of mystery, where he met with nothing but kind interested looks, phrases full of meaning which he could not penetrate, but which all tended to make him feel himself of importance. He seemed now for the first time to come down to common life after this curious episode, and the shock was rude. He did not like it; he felt less inclined than usual to put up with anything that was disagreeable. He felt angry even, though he did not wish to show it. What was this old lord to him that he should linger

about like a servant, waiting for a word?

"Oh, hush, hush!" said the old lady; "look at him again! You don't think I would come all this way for nothing—me that have not travelled for years. Look at him—look at him again."

"Do you call Valentine nothing? or have you gone out of your wits?" said the old lord, pettishly. "I think the young man is very sensible. Let him come back to-morrow. We have plenty to think of and plenty to talk of to-night."

Lady Eskside was so deeply disappointed that her courage failed her; she was very tired, and so much had happened to take away her strength. The tears came into her eyes, and it was all she could do to keep herself from mere feeble crying in her weakness. "Sit down, Richard," she said. "Oh, my dear, my dear, this is not like you! Can you see nothing in him to tell the tale? I have it all in my hands. Listen to me: I know where she is; I am going to find her: I can make everything all clear. It's salvation for us all—for Val, God bless him! and for this one——"

"For what one?" cried Lord Eskside hoarsely under his breath.

"Oh!" cried Lady Eskside, almost with violence, thrusting her husband away from her, "can you not see? must I summer it and winter it to you—and can you not see? Richard, my man," she added, rising up suddenly, and holding out both her hands to Dick, "you're full of sense, and wiser than I am. Don't stay here to be stared at, my dear, but go to your bed, and get a good night's rest. The woman told me there was a room for you. See that you have everything comfortable; and good-night! We'll go down to my boy in the morning, you and me; and God bless you, my good

lad! You'll be a comfort to all of us, father and mother, and your grandparents, though they may not have the sense to see. Good-night, Richard, my man—good-night!"

"What does all this mean, my lady?" said Lord Eskside. He had watched her proceedings with growing excitement, impatience, and an uncomfortable sense of something behind which he did not understand. "You're not a foolish woman to torment me with nonsense at such a moment. What does it mean?"

"If you had ever looked at the boy, you would have seen. It is Richard himself come back," cried the old lady: "Richard, not what he is now, as old a man as you and me, and tashed and spotted with the world; but my son as he was, when he was the joy of our hearts, before this terrible marriage, before anything had happened, when he was just too good, too kind, too stainless—or so at least you said; for me, I never can see, and never will see," cried Lady Eskside, indignantly, "that it is not a man's crown and glory, as well as a woman's, to be pure."

"My lady! my lady!" said the old lord. He was walking about the small room in his agitation; his under lip thrust out, his eyebrows in motion, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Have you any foundation, or is it all a wild fancy about a likeness? A likeness!—as if in anything so serious you could trust to that."

"Do you mean to tell me you did not see it?" she said.

"Oh, see it! My lady," said the old lord, ungenerously, with a snort of contempt, "you saw a likeness in Val when he came, a dark boy, with eyes like black diamonds, and curly brown hair, to Richard. You said he was his father's image." The

old man ended with an abrupt, short laugh. "Catherine, for heaven's sake, no more fancies! Have you any foundation? and the lad not even a gentleman," he added under his breath.

"If you go by the clothes and the outside," cried the old lady, contemptuous in her turn, "how could he be a gentleman? That poor creature's son—nothing but a tramp—a tramp! till the fine nature in him came out, and he stopped his wandering and made a home for his mother. Was that like a gentleman or not? He's told me everything, poor boy," she went on, her tone melting and softening, "without knowing it—every particular; and I am going to find her to clear it all up. When Val gets well, there shall be no more mystery. We'll take his mother home in the eye of day. She must be a changed woman—a changed woman! He's told me everything, in his innocence—how she would sit and watch Val in his boat, but never said a word. God bless her! for she's been faithful to what light she had."

"What is all this you are saying?" said Lord Eskside. He was utterly subdued. He drew a chair close to hers and sat down, humbly putting his hand on her arm. "Catherine, you would not speak to me so if there was not something in it," he said.

The old pair sat up together far into the night. She told him everything she had found out, or thought she had found out; and he told her what he had been doing, and something of the things he had been thinking—not all, for my lady had never had those fears of Val's courage and strength which had undermined the old lord's confidence. But when she told him, weeping and smiling, of the alliance between the two boys, so unwitting of their close relationship, and of the mother's

speechless adoration at a distance of the child she had given up, Lord Eskside put his hand over his face, and his old wife, holding his other hand, felt the quiver of emotion run through him, and laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept there, sweet tears; as when they were young and happiness sought that expression, having exhausted all others. "My dear, we'll have to die and leave them soon," she said, sobbing, in his ear.

"Ay, Catherine! but we'll go together, you and me," said the old lord, pressing the hand that had held his for fifty years; and they kissed each other with tremulous lips; for was not the old love, that outlasted both sorrow and joy, more sacred, more tender, than any new?

Dick presented himself next morning in time for the train; but he was not quite like himself. He had been put on the defensive, which is not good even for the sweetest nature. Lady Eskside had bewildered him, he felt, with mysterious speeches which he could not understand—making him, in spite of himself, feel something and somebody, he could not tell why; and by so doing had put him in a false position, and subjected him to unjust slight and remark. He had not wanted to thrust himself, a stranger, into the interview between my lord and my lady. She had made him follow her against his will, and Dick felt aggrieved. It was not his doing. "Why did she drag me in where I was not wanted?" he said to himself. He was too faithful and loyal not to keep his appointment with her, though the idea of leaving a note and hurrying away to his work did cross his mind. His work, after all, was the thing that was most important. *That* would not deceive him, as the ladies most likely would, old and young, who

had established a claim upon Dick's services, he knew not how. What were ladies to him? He must go back to his work. It was with this sentiment clouding his face that he presented himself next morning, having breakfasted half-sulkily by himself. It is hard for the uninitiated to tell which is virtuous melancholy and which is sulkiness, when an early access of that disorder comes on; Dick felt very sad, and did not suspect himself of being sulky; he knocked very formally at the door of Lord Eskside's little sitting-room. The old lord himself, however, came forward to meet him, with a changed countenance. He held out his hand, and looked him in the face with an eager interest, which startled Dick. "Come in, come in," said Lord Eskside; "my lady is getting ready. We are all going together." The old man held his hand fast, though Dick was somewhat reluctant. "I was startled last night, and could not understand you—or rather I could not understand *her*. But you must not bear me any malice," he said, with a strange sort of agitated smile, which was bewildering to the young stranger.

"I don't bear any malice," said Dick, brightening up; "it would not become me—and to you that are—that belong to Mr Ross."

"Yes, I belong to Mr Ross—or Mr Ross to me, it doesn't much matter which," said Lord Eskside. "You'll understand better about that by-and-by; but, Richard, my lady's old, you know, though she has spirit for twenty men. We must take care of her—you and me."

"Surely," said Dick, bewildered; and then my lady herself appeared, and took a hand of both, and looked at them, her bright old eyes shining. "I can even see another likeness in him," she said, looking first at Dick and then at Lord Eskside;

and the old lord bent his shaggy eyebrows with a suppressed snort, and shook his head, giving her a look of warning. "Time enough," he said—"time enough when we are there." Dick went in the same carriage with them, and was not allowed to leave them, though his own idea was that he ought to have travelled with Harding, who had accompanied Lady Eskside; and they talked over him in a strain full of strange allusions, which made him feel that he did not know what was going to happen—speaking of "her" and "them," and giving glances at Dick which were utterly bewildering to him. "Here is a packet Richard left for me, though I have never had the heart to look at it," Lord Eskside said—"the certificate of their birth and baptism." "And that reminds me," said my lady, "where is Richard? did he go to you? did you see him? I would not wonder but he is passing his time in London, thinking little of our anxiety. God send that he may take this news as he ought."

Richard! there was then another Richard, Dick thought. He had been roused, as was natural, by the sound of his own name, but soon perceived, with double bewilderment, that it was not to him, but some other Richard, that the conversation referred.

"You are doing him injustice," said Lord Eskside; "he came yesterday, but I did not see him. I was out wandering about like an old fool. He left this and a note for me, and said he was going to Oxford. To be sure, it was to Oxford he said; so we'll see him, and all can be cleared up, as you say, at once."

"To Oxford!" cried Lady Eskside, a sudden pucker coming into her forehead. "I mind now—that was what he said to me too. Now, what could *he* be wanting at Oxford?" said the old lady with an impatient look. She said no more during the journey, but sat looking out from the window with that line of annoyance in her forehead. It felt to her somehow unjustifiable, unnecessary, that Richard should be there, in the way of finding out for himself what she had found out for him. The thought annoyed her. Just as she had got everything into her hands! It was not pleasant to feel that the merest chance, the most trivial incident, a meeting in the streets, a word said, might forestall her. My lady was not pleased with this suggestion. "Talk of your railways," she said—"stop, stopping, every moment, and worrying you to death with waiting. A post-chaise would be there sooner!" cried Lady Eskside.

THE CATO OF LUCAN.

HAD it been my lot to write myself "Civis Romanus" in the eventful times immediately preceding the dissolution of the great Republic, I am afraid that, however much I might have admired the virtues of Cato, especially if I had been on his side of the question in politics, I should not have cared much for his society. The epithets applied to him by the Roman poets, "rigidus," "durus," "severus," "atrox," and the like, though compatible with all excellence as a citizen and a patriot, hardly suggest to us a character then, or now, socially attractive. They indicate a certain amount of compelled respect, but little enough of personal affection.

One taste, indeed, usually social, inherited possibly from his great-grandfather, the Censor, he seems to have indulged to a degree beyond moderation. The elder Cato is reported to have warmed and fortified his virtue with an occasional glass; but there is no imputation, so far as I know, upon his habitual temperance. But we read that his more famous descendant, surnamed of Utica, "in process of time came to *love drinking*, and would sometimes spend the whole night over his wine." One may almost question, nevertheless, whether a man, with whose whole life and character the idea of austerity is so indissolubly associated, could have been genial and jovial in his cups; or whether, more probably, to borrow the happy phraseology of the modern Frenchman, "*il avoit le vin triste*" on such occasions. "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong," wrote unhappy Eustace Budgell, ere he committed suicide. Curiously enough, there was this other thing that Cato did and

Addison approved (in his later practice at any rate); but I never heard of the classical five-bottle man who thought of quoting their consentient authority as an argument in defence of hard drinking.

With a due amount of sober censure for this unfortunate propensity, —with the righteous indignation of the moralist at the famous, or infamous, transaction by which "his friend Hortensius" was accommodated for five years with the undisturbed loan of Marcia (the mother of the "virtuous Marcia" of Addison's "stately but frigid" play), —with a strict critical raking-up and catalogue of occasional political shortcomings or vacillations, and a few smart reviewer-like sentences depreciating his abilities as a military commander, —it might not be difficult to present a picture of Cato the Younger which should fall a good deal short of that perfection of goodness and greatness which it has been for ages the fashion to associate with his name.

Rehabilitation is the present fashion; and even Judas has of late found more than one apologist. I am not about to undertake so ungracious a task as that of pulling down Cato from his pedestal. My business is simply literary, with Cato as his most flattering painter has portrayed him.

* The other day a casual quotation set me to "chew upon" — (the phrase which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of such a man as Brutus may be not unfitly applied to such a subject as Cato) — the not-easily-to-be-translated epithet of Horace —

"Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis."

(Lord Lytton, with Flaccus in his

mind, in his "Richelieu," the noblest acting play of our century, has—

"All, all but"—"What?"—"The indomitable soul
Of Armand Richelieu!"

but "atrox" is indomitable, and something more.) It struck me that the character of Cato, as drawn by Lucan, might be the best illustration of Horace's passage, and that it was a long time since I had looked into my Lucan. And, as I read, I was moved to attempt one more "doing into English" of the five great speeches which the poet puts into his mouth. They may haply be still not without interest for old-fashioned "gentlemen and scholars." Few people nowadays are familiar with Rowe's version of "The Poet of the Republic;" fewer still (save, of course, all the staff of professional Reviewers) with the earlier rendering of Thomas May.

Here they are, with some brief introduction for those whose memory of the

"Bella per Æmathios plusquam civilia campos"

may have grown rusty by disuse.

We meet with Cato, first, in the second book of the poem. Brutus, in quest of his guiding counsel, seeks his modest home ("atria non ampla"), and craves his judgment on the choice of a leader in the impending contest. He himself avows no great inclination for either party, but expatiates on the horrors of civil war, and hints that Cato might do best to bury himself in that philosophic seclusion he loves. In any case, he, Brutus, professes himself the partisan neither of Cæsar nor Pompey; but the enemy of whoever proves victor, if such victor proves dangerous to liberty. Cato answers him:—

ii. 286.

"True is it, Brutus, that the worst of crimes
"Is civil war;—but, where the Fates command
"Virtue may follow, conscience-clear of fault:—
"Or, if the Gods will have me guilty too,
"Be theirs the blame. What man could see the stars
"Dashed from their orbits 'mid a falling world
"And know no touch of terror? Who,—when Heaven
"Collapsing on the staggered earth confounds
"In chaos all this universal bulk—
"Stand calm with folded hands? Shall lands unknown—
"Shall kings, who reign 'neath other stars than ours,
"Athwart the seas that part us—flock to share
"Hesperia's frenzy 'mid the ranks of Rome,
"And Cato only leisurely look on?—
"Spare me at least that baseness, O ye Gods!
"Nor in Rome's fall, a spectacle to wring
"The barbarous breast of Dahan or of Gete,
"Let me alone sit safe and unconcerned!
"Even as some sire, by death bereft of sons,
"Heads in his grief the long funereal pomp,
"And to the high-piled fabric of the pyre
"Himself applies the smoking torch, and bathes
"His hands in pious duty 'mid the flames,—
"So none shall drag me from the tomb of Rome
"Till in a last embrace I clasp her corse,
"And honour with all reverent rites of death,

"O Liberty ! thy name and empty shade.
 "So be it ! Let the ruthless Gods exact
 "To the last jot from Rome what penalties
 "She owes them : nor of one red drop of blood
 "Cheat we the war. I would the powers of Heaven
 "And Erebus might be content to doom
 "This head a sacrifice to expiate
 "The guilt of all !—Devoted Decius died
 "Pierced by a thousand foes :—I would that so
 "Betwixt the swords of both contending ranks
 "I too might fall,—or let the barbarous hosts
 "Of Rhine at me aim only ! I would stand
 "The mark of all the weapons of the world,
 "Bear all the wounds of all the war, so thus
 "My blood redeemed the people, so my death
 "Paid the full ransom of the sins of Rome !
 "Why should a herd that, ready for the yoke,
 "Would gladly seat some tyrant on a throne,
 "Thus perish ? Better every sword were turned
 "On me alone, yet champion, though in vain,
 "For violated rights and trampled laws !
 "This throat shall purchase for Hesperia's sons
 "Peace and an end of broils !—when Cato dies,
 "Who seeks to reign may reign without a war.
 "But, for the nonce, what leader should we choose
 "Save Pompey and the standards of the state ?
 "Even he—too well we know it—if he fight
 "With Fortune's favour, for his prize may claim
 "The empire of the world :—then let him fight
 "With Cato by his side, nor dare to think,
 "So aided, that he conquers for himself !"

At the conclusion of this speech, which of course puts an end to the hesitation of Brutus, the poet makes Marcia, fresh from the funeral of Hortensius, knock at Cato's door, requesting, in a set speech certainly neither bashful nor repentant, to be readmitted to her former bed and board. Cato re-establishes her as his wife, but—as well he may—without any of the ceremonies usually observed at wedding festivals. The gods and Bru-

tus are the only witnesses of the reunion. But the lady is restored (says the poet) to little more than her husband's unimpassioned esteem, and the right to call herself once more "*Catonis Marcia*." The Stoic is in no mood for the indulgence of the softer emotions. Lucan takes the occasion to sum up the more salient points of his character in a few epigrammatic lines, which I may as well give in the original Latin :—

"Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
 "Secta fuit, servare modum, finemque tenere,
 "Naturamque sequi, patriæque impendere vitam ;
 "Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.
 "Huic epulæ, vicisse famem : magnique penates,
 "Submovisse hiemem tecto : pretiosaque vestis,

"Hirtam membra super, Romani more Quiritis,
 "Induxisse togam. Venerisque huic maximus usus,
 "Progenies: Urbi pater est, ubique maritus:
 "Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator honesti:
 "In commune bonus: nullosque Catonis in actus
 "Subrepsit, partemque tulit, sibi nata voluptas."

—ii. 380-390.

We hear but little more of Cato till the ninth book of the poem of which he is the almost deified hero. The great battle of Pharsalia has been fought and lost. Pompey has fled and been murdered. Cato is safe, for the time, in Africa, where the widowed Cornelia and her sons, Cneius and Sextus, have joined him. Such maimed funeral rites as yet can honour and soothe the mighty shade of him whose corpse lies far

away, entombed by humble but faithful hands on the shores of perfidious Egypt, are paid amid universal lamentation, not unmixed with accusation of the unjust gods who allowed such an ending to such a life. But more grateful, says the poet, to the ghost of Magnus than all such expressions of public indignation with Heaven, were the few eulogistic words of Cato, coming as they did "from a heart full of truth."

ix. 190.

"In Pompey Rome hath lost a citizen
 "Less apt, it may be, than his sires of old
 "To brook the curb of Law:—but, to an age
 "Like ours, to reverent sense of Justice dead,
 "Of service past all count. The liberty
 "Of Rome with him, all-potent as he was,
 "Was safe assured: and, with the ready crowd
 "Ripe for his yoke, he, subject to himself
 "Alone, preferred, a private citizen,
 "To sway the Senate while the Senate swayed
 "The world beside. Nothing he coveted
 "That must be won by war:—What honours Rome
 "Had will to give, she must be free to grant
 "Or to deny.—His wealth was measureless,
 "But in the service of the State he spent
 "More than he saved. A soldier, prompt to draw
 "His blade, he knew the time to lay it by.
 "The sword to him was dearer than the gown:
 "Yet most, when armed for war, he saw and loved
 "The worth of Peace:—To him 'twas joy alike
 "Or to assume command or to resign.
 "His house was simple, chaste, to no excess
 "Corrupted by the fortune of its lord.
 "His name a title, famous, full of awe
 "In foreign ears, whose very mention oft
 "Hath turned the scale for Rome.* True Liberty

Compare—

* "Multum nostræ quod proderet urbi."

"I'll humbly signify what in *his name*,
 "That magical word of war, we have effected."

—Ant. and Cleop., iii. 1.

" Was done to death long since when Rome recalled
 " Sylla and Marius ; now, our Pompey's death
 " Kills even her lying semblance. He who dares
 " To mount a throne may find his pathway clear,
 " Nor blush to tread it. Tyranny, unveiled
 " By specious forms, may trample absolute
 " Upon a prostrate Senate. O ! thrice blest
 " To whom defeat came hand in hand with Death !
 " Who found in Pharian treachery the sword
 " To strike the coveted blow ! Thou else hadst lived
 " Perchance to see thy sire-in-law a king !
 " The first best boon and privilege that Heaven
 " Can grant to man is the free choice of death ;
 " Its second, death compelled.* If Fate for me
 " Reserve subjection to another's power,
 " Fortune ! let Juba be my Ptolemy,
 " And, if he keep me for a show to feast
 " Mine enemy's eyes, why he may shew my corse
 " And welcome, so he first do take its head !"

And so, with those few words, was more honour done to the noble shade of Pompey than if all the Rostra in the Forum of Rome had resounded with orations in his praise.

But Cato's followers are not all animated by the lofty resolution of their leader. Tarchondimotus, a Cilician captain, heads a revolt of many already weary of warfare, and further dispirited by the news of Pompey's death. The mutineers hurry to their ships, and are actually on board and hoisting sail : but the voice of Cato can yet reach their chief from the shore. "What !" he says bitterly—"now that Pom-

pey, the scourge of piracy, is dead, must you, with the restless lawlessness of your race, turn again to a pirate's life ?" One of the crew answers him : "Forgive us, Cato ; we did not fight for love of war but for love of Pompey. Pompey is dead. He who, while Pompey lived, was but the Second, is now the First. I was faithful to Pompey, but he who has conquered Pompey is invincible. Civil warfare is no longer fidelity ; it has become a crime. There is no safety save under Cæsar ; no choice but to follow the standard of Rome : and Cæsar, who bears it, is her Consul." Then Cato breaks forth :—

ix. 256.

" Were ye too like the rest ? Had all the vows
 " Ye pledged, the fields ye fought, no nobler aim

* Or, if the reader prefers it more shortly,

" Death is man's blessing, most when free-embraced,
 " Next when enforced."

I had at first rendered it—

" Heaven's first best boon is to know how to die ;
 " Its next, that die we must ;"—

a sense which I think the words of Lucan will bear : but reflection convinces me that the ultra-stoical sentiment is what the poet intended to express ; and that "scire mori" is something more than merely "to know how to die."

"Than to secure a Master? Did ye list
 "For war, the band of Pompey, not of Rome?
 "What! when your service rears no tyrant's throne,—
 "When for yourselves, not for your generals,
 "Ye live and die, nor win for any One
 "The empire of the world,—when fear is lost
 "Lest victory enslave ye,—do ye shrink
 "From war, and bow the ready neck to wear
 "A servile yoke, nor, save beneath a king,
 "Know how to suffer?—'Tis a cause, to-day
 "That claims ye, worth all peril man can dare.
 "Pompey had haply but abused your blood
 "Had Pompey triumphed. Now, when liberty
 "Waits but your winning, to your country's cause
 "Ye grudge your swords and bosoms!—Of the Three
 "That were your Masters, Fortune leaves but one.
 "O shame! that Nilus' Palace, and the shafts
 "Of Parthia's archers more should serve the laws
 "Of Rome, than Rome's own sons!—Degenerate souls
 "That know or care not how to use the boon
 "That Ptolemy's dagger gave ye!—Who henceforth
 "Will think to charge with any guilt of blood
 "Such hands as yours?—What else should Cæsar deem
 "But that your coward backs were easily turned?
 "What else but that from red Philippi's field
 "Ye were the first to fly?—Hence! and be safe!
 "Cæsar, your Judge, will give you leave to live,
 "Nor punish subjects won without the cost
 "Of battle or of siege. Base household slaves!
 "Your Lord is dead:—be quick to court his Heir!
 "Nay—why not win at once a larger boon
 "Than life and pardon?—Drag across the seas
 "Great Pompey's hapless wife, Metellus' child,
 "Bound, with her captive sons! Outbid the bribe
 "Of Ptolemy!—Bethink ye, he who bears
 "This hated visage to the Tyrant's sight
 "Will earn no scanty guerdon. Up! and teach
 "Your comrades, by the price of Cato's head,
 "How profitable 'twas to follow him!
 "Strike! and by murder merit thanks and fee!
 "To be mere cowards is but barren guilt."

The mutineers are shamed by the reproof, and, disembarking, return to their standards. Their only punishment is immediate and incessant employment upon the fortifications of Cyrene. After a while Cato resolves upon an attempt to reach the dominions of Juba, where he hopes to find friends and assistance.

The fleet, under the command of Pompey's son, runs terrible risk in passing the Syrtes, of which the poet, at some length, describes the dangers. Cato determines to prosecute his march across the desert, and before starting addresses his troops:—

ix. 379.

" O ye that, faithful to my standard found,
 " With Cato choose the one assurance yet
 " Of safety left—the privilege to die
 " With necks unshackled by a Despot's yoke,—
 " Behoves ye now your manliest fortitude
 " For valour's hardest trial. Hence we start
 " Across Earth's barrenest tract, a desert burned
 " By sun too constant, where but rarely springs
 " The fount, where swarm o'er all the thirsty waste
 " Serpents whose bite is death ! No easy path !
 " Yet here, through Libya's heart, by ways unknown,
 " For all who love their falling country's laws
 " It rests to seek them :—but for those alone
 " Who nurse no thought of shrinking,—those content
 " To march, whate'er the road. I seek not—I—
 " To cheat you with disguises, would not mask
 " The peril, or mislead a blinded crowd :—
 " Be those my comrades whom the danger's self
 " Allures, who think it noble, Roman-like,
 " With Cato for their witness, to endure
 " All ills that Fate can send. If here there be
 " One so in love with life as to demand
 " A sponsor for his safety, let him seek
 " A master elsewhere by an easier road.
 " Upon yon sands my foot shall be the first :—
 " Upon this head yon blazing heavens shall pour
 " Their earliest fires :—the foremost serpent prove
 " Upon these limbs his venom :—by my fate
 " Yourselves shall see what dangers ye affront.
 " Let him who sees me drink repine at thirst :—
 " Who sees me seek the shade, the while himself
 " Sweats in the sun, may murmur at the heat :—
 " Who sees me horsed before my men on foot,
 " Or by distinction of commodity
 " Twixt Cato and himself can tell if I
 " Be general or be trooper, be he free
 " To falter, flag, desert me ! Serpents, thirst,
 " The desert's blinding glare and choking sand,
 " Are valour's welcome trials. Patience loves
 " The exercise of hardship. Honour won
 " Is nobler held the dearer that it cost.
 " And but in Libya now, with all the plagues
 " She breeds encountered, lies your chance to prove
 " Ye were no cowards though ye fled elsewhere ! "

Here follows a long description of Libya, and of the difficulties and dangers of the journey across the Desert, including an episode known to many who never read the *Phar-*

salia.' The whole host is tortured by thirst. A soldier lights upon a tiny and turbid rivulet ("maligna vena"), and, with difficulty scooping up a few drops of the fluid in a

helmet, proffers them to his general. Cato dashes it wrathfully to the ground, with a short and (as it seems to me) uncalled-for rebuke to the "degenerate" bringer, for supposing his commander less capable of endurance than those whom he leads, and a hint at a punishment which the poor wretch hardly deserved, even if he *had* taken the opportunity of first privately moistening his own parched lips. Doubtless, Cato was right not to drink ;—but he might have declined the draught with less stoical bluster and clap-trap indignation :—(and, whenever I read the story, my memory takes a leap

over sixteen centuries to the field of Zutphen, and the nobler and more gentle self-denial of the suffering Sidney—"Friend ! thy necessity is even greater than mine.") After some time the army arrives at the Oasis whereon stands the world-famous temple of Jupiter Ammon ; and Cato's lieutenant, Labienus, urges him, with a good deal of compliment to his personal favour with the gods, to seize the opportunity of consulting the Oracle as to the ultimate fate of Caesar and of the war, and what course it will be best for himself to pursue. But Cato wants no guidance, and thus refuses :—

ix. 566.

"What question, Labienus, of the God
 "Wouldst have me ask ?—if better 'tis to die
 "In arms and free, than subject to a king ?—
 "If life, at longest, be a thing of naught ?—
 "If years its worth enhance ?—if violence
 "Can hurt the good ?—if Fortune waste her threats
 "Against opposing virtue ?—if enough
 "It be to will the right, nor by success
 "To measure honour ?—Why, to these ourselves
 "Can give reply :—the answer's in our hearts,
 "Nor Ammon's self can grave it clearer there.
 "We are fast-bound to the Gods, and needs must serve :
 "And, though no temple speaks, all human act
 "Works but the prompting of the will supreme,
 "That needs not speak with voice articulate
 "To teach us more. What knowledge man may claim
 "The Maker's self inspired him with at birth,
 "Nor chose these barren sands to teach at times
 "Some few, and in the Desert bury Truth.
 "What is God's seat but Earth and Sea and Air
 "And Heaven and Virtue ? Wherefore should we seek
 "For Deity beyond ? Wherever eye
 "Can reach, wherever foot can turn, is Jove !
 "Leave to poor timid souls, irresolute
 "In face of doubtful fortune, to inquire
 "Of priest and augur :*— me no Oracle
 "Makes certain, but the certainty of Death !
 "The coward and the brave must die alike :—
 "So Jove hath said, and so hath said enough."

* Compare, "You know that I am no believer in auguries"; I do not seek after oracles ; I place no reliance on dreams. It is not from auguries, but from faith, that I learn that the decrees of Providence cannot fail of accomplishment."—Speech of John Sobieski to the Diet, 1688.

And so, save in a few more lines descriptive of his heroic endurance of the labours and privations of the terrible desert-journey, the great figure of Cato disappears from the unfinished Epic of Lucan. Those who care to see the last touch put to his poetical portrait must turn to the tragedy of Addison; a "piece" which, whatever its merits, no longer excites the enthusiastic admiration with which it was hailed by its author's contemporaries. "Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair," would hardly now provoke "the universal peal" which from pit, boxes, and gallery, greeted the appearance of Barton Booth. I am not going to quote here the dying soliloquy familiar to the student of our literature, and which "every schoolboy" of fifty years ago was taught to spout by heart: or to weary the reader with any attempt to settle, at this time of day, the poetical claims and rank of Addison. If we accept the concurrent testimony of the eight "eminent hands" who prefixed their commendatory verses to the earlier editions of 'Cato,' there never was such a masterpiece penned. But the poetical thermometer has fluctuated a good deal since then. The mercury rarely stands above "temperate," and has been known to fall even to "freezing." The praise, when it comes, is fainter; and the censure which would have sounded like blasphemy in the ears of the eighteenth century, ventures ever and anon to

speak in tones certainly little reverent, and, I think I may say, not altogether just. I conclude by appending two specimens, one in either kind, not unamusing by their contrast, which the older and more careful readers of this Magazine may remember to have met with in its pages. "The language," says the earlier writer, "may be rather too stilted; but it is classical, and not seldom in itself stately: the sentiments are always dignified and often noble. . . . 'Cato' elevates the mind, even in perusal, if not 'above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call Earth,' at least up among its more elevated regions and purer atmosphere." ('Blackwood's Magazine,' xxxvi. 165.)

"Addison's 'Cato,'" says a five-years' later critic, "is poor enough, and spouts like a village school-master in his fifth tumbler: and virtuous Marcia towers above her sex like a matron of the penitentiary." ('Blackwood's Magazine,' xlv. 248.)

There are days when, after a good breakfast, we go lightly forth into the highways of the world, and see everything *couleur de rose*:—all the men we meet look cheerful, and all the women pretty. There are others, when a rotten egg, a burnt-up chop, or a rack of flabby toast, will blacken the whole face of creation for the next dozen hours. There is room for an essay "On the Influence of Digestion on Criticism."

H. K.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XLVI.

IN those old times of heavy pounding, scanty food, and great hardship, when war was not accounted yet as one of the exact sciences, and soldiers slept, in all sorts of weather, without so much as a blanket round them, much less a snug tent overhead, the duties of the different branches of the service were not quite so distinct as they are now. Lieutenant Lorraine—for the ladies had given over rapid promotion when they called him their “brave captain”—had not rejoined his regiment long before he obtained acknowledgment of his good and gallant actions. Having proved that he could sit a horse, see distinctly at long distance, and speak the Spanish language fairly—thanks to the two young Donnas—and possessed some other accomplishments (which would now be tested by paper work), he received an appointment upon the Staff, not of the Light Division, but at Headquarters, under the very keen eyes of “the hero of a hundred fights.”

If the brief estimate of his competitors is of any importance to a man of powerful genius—as no doubt it must be, by its effect on his opportunities—then the Iron Duke, though crowned with good luck (as everybody called each triumph of his skill and care), certainly seems to have been unlucky as to the date of his birth and work. “Providence in its infinite wisdom”—to use a phrase of the Wesleyans, who claim the great general as of kin to their own courageous founder—produced him at a time, no doubt, when he was uncommonly needful;

but when (let him push his fame as he would, by victory after victory) there always was a more gigantic, because a more voracious, glory marching far in front of him. Our great hero never had the chance of terrifying the world by lopping it limb by limb and devouring it; and as real glory is the child of terror (begotten upon it by violence), the fame of Wellington could never vie with Napoleon's glory.

To him, however, this mattered little, except that it often impaired his means of discharging his duty thoroughly. His present duty was to clear the Peninsula of Frenchmen; and this he would perhaps have done in a quarter of the time it cost, if his own country had only shown due faith in his abilities. But the grandeur of his name grew slowly (as the fame of Marcellus grew), like a tree in the hidden lapse of time; and perhaps no other general ever won so many victories before his country began to dream that he could be victorious.

Now this great man was little, if at all, inferior to his mighty rival in that prime necessity of a commander—insight into his material. He made a point of learning exactly what each of his officers was fit for; and he seldom failed, in all his warfare, to put the “right man in the right place.” He saw at a glance that Lieutenant Lorraine was a gallant and chivalrous young fellow, active and clever in his way, and likely to be very useful on the Staff after a little training. And so many young Aids had fallen lately, or were upon the sick-list, that the

Quartermaster-General was delighted with a recruit so intelligent and zealous as Hilary soon proved himself. And after a few lessons in his duties, he set him to work with might and main to improve his knowledge of "colloquial French."

With this Lorraine, having gift of tongues, began to grow duly familiar; and the more so perhaps because his knowledge of "epistolary English" afforded him very little pleasure just now. For all his good principles and kind feelings must have felt rude shock and shame, when he read three letters from England which reached him on the very same day at Valladolid. The first was from his Uncle Struan; and after making every allowance for the rector's want of exercise in the month of August, Hilary (having perhaps a little too much exercise himself) could not help feeling that the tone was scarcely so hearty as usual. The letter was mainly as follows:—

"WEST LORRAINE, 20th Aug. 1812.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, — Your father and myself have not been favoured with any letters from you for a period of several months. It appears to me that this is neither dutiful nor affectionate; although we know that you have been wounded, which increased our anxiety. You may have been too bad to write, and I wish to make all allowance for you. But where there is a will, there is a way. When I was at Oxford, few men perhaps in all the University felt more distaste than I did for original Latin composition. Yet every Saturday, when we went to hall to get our battel-bills—there was my essay, neatly written, and of sound Latinity."—"Come, come," cried Lorraine; "this is a little too cool, my dear uncle. How many times have I heard you boast what you used to pay your scout's son per line!"

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"I cannot expect any young man, of course," continued the worthy parson, "to make such efforts for conscience' sake, as in my young days were made cheerfully. But this indolence and dislike of the pen '*furcâ expellendum est*'—must be expelled with a knife and fork. Perhaps you will scarcely care to hear that your aunt and cousins are doing well. After your exploits your memory seems to have grown very short of poor folk in old England. Your birthday falling on a Sunday this year, I took occasion to allude in the course of my sermon to a mural crown, of which I remember to have heard at school. Nobody knew what I meant; but many were more affected than if they did. But, after all, it requires, to my mind, quite as much courage, and more skill, to take a dry wall properly, when nobody has been over it, than to scramble into Badajos. Alice will write to you by this post, and tell you all the gossip of the sad old house, if there is any. There seems to be nobody now with life enough to make much gossip. And all that we hear is about Captain Chapman, (who means to have Alice,) and about yourself.

"About you it is said, though I cannot believe it, and must be ashamed of you when I do so, that you are making a fool of yourself with a Spanish lady of birth and position, but a rank, idolatrous, bigoted Papist! The Lorraines have been always sadly heterodox in religious matters, from age to age receiving every whim they came across of. They have taken to astrology, Mahomet, destiny, and the gods of Greece, and they never seem to know when to stop. The only true Church, the Church of England, never has any hold of them; and if you would marry a Papist, Hilary, it would be a judgment.

"Your father, perhaps, would be very glad of any looseness of mind and sense that might have the power to lead you astray from my ideas of honour. I have had a little explanation with him; in the course of which, as he used stronger language than I at all approve of, I ventured to remind him that from the very outset I had charged him with what I call this low intention, this design of working upon your fickle and capricious temper, to make you act dishonourably. Your poor father was much annoyed at this home-truth, and became so violent and used such unbecoming language, that I thought it the more clerical course to leave him to reflect upon it. On the following Sunday I discoursed upon the third chapter of the Epistle of St James; but there was only Alice in the Coombe pew. I saw, however, that she more than once turned away her face with shame, although I certainly did not discover any tears. It is to be hoped that she gave Sir Roland an accurate summary of my discourse; none of which (as I explained to your dear aunt after the service) was intended for my own domestic hearth. Since that time I have not had the pleasure of meeting Sir Roland Lorraine in private life.

"And now a few words as to your own conduct. Your memory is now so bad that you may have forgotten what I did for you. At a time when my parish and family were in much need of my attention, and two large coveys of quite young birds were lying every night in the corner of the Hays, I left my home in extremely hot weather, simply to be of use to you. My services may have been trifling; but at that time you did not think so. It was not my place to interfere in a matter which was for your father's decision. But I so far committed myself, that if you

are fool enough and knave enough—for I never mince language, as your father does—to repudiate your engagement with a charming and sensible girl for the sake of high-flying but low-minded Papists, much of the disgrace will fall on me.

"And what are those Spanish families (descended perhaps from Don Quixote, or even Sancho Panza) to compare with Kentish landowners, who derive their title from the good old Danes? And what are their women when they get yellow—as they always do before twenty-five—compared with an Englishwoman, who generally looks her best at forty? And not only that (for after all that is a secondary question, as a man grows wise), but is a southern foreigner likely to make an Englishman happy? Even if she becomes converted from her image-worship (about which they are very obstinate), can she keep his house for him? Can she manage an English servant? can she order a dinner? does she even know when a bed is aired? can a gentleman dine and sleep at her house after a day's hunting, without having rheumatism, gout, and a bilious attack in the morning? All this, you will think, can be managed by deputy; and in very large places it must be so. But I have been a guest in very large places—very much finer than Coombe Lorraine, however your father may have scoffed at me; and I can only say that I would rather be the guest of an English country squire, or even a parson, with a clever and active wife at the head of his table, than of a duke with a grand French cook, and a duchess who never saw a dust-pan.

"And if you should marry a Spaniard, where are you to get your grand establishment? Your father never saves a farthing, and you are even less likely to do so. And as

for the lady, she of course will have nothing. 'My blood is blue because I have no breeches,' says one of their poets, feelingly; and that is the case with all of them. Whereas I have received a little hint, it does not matter how or where, that Mabel Lovejoy (who is much too good for any fickle jackanapes) is down for a nice round sum in the will of a bachelor banker at Tonbridge. Her father and mother do not know it, neither do any of her family; but I did not pass my very pleasant holiday in that town for nothing. Every one seemed to understand me, and I was thoroughly pleased with all of them.

"But I shall not be pleased at all with you, and in good truth you never shall darken my door, if you yield yourself bound hand and foot to any of those Dulcineas, or rather Dalilahs. I have known a good many Spaniards, when Nelson was obliged to take them prisoners; they are a dirty, lazy lot, unfit to ride anything but mules, and they poison the air with garlic.

"Your aunt and cousins, who have read this letter, say that I have been too hard upon you. The more they argue the more I am convinced that I have been far too lenient. So that I will only add their loves, and remain, my dear nephew, your affectionate uncle,

"STRUAN HALES.

"P.S.—We expect a very grand shooting season. Last year, through the drought and heat, there was not a good turnip-field in the parish. Birds were very numerous, as they always are in hot seasons, but there was no getting near them. This season the turnips are up to my knees. How I wish that you were here, instead of popping at the red legs! Through the great kindness of young Steenie Chapman I am to have free warren of all Sir Remnant's vast estates! But I

like the home-shooting best; and no doubt your father will come to a proper state of mind before the first. Do not take amiss, my dear boy, whatever I may have said for your good. *Scribe cito. Responde cras.*—Your loving uncle, S. H."

All this long epistle was read by Hilary in the saddle; for he had two horses allowed him now—whenever he could get them—and now he was cantering with an order to an outpost of the advanced-guard tracking the rear of Clausel. They knew not yet what Clausel was,—one of the few men who ever defied, and yet escaped from Wellington. The British Staff was weak just now, though freshly recruited with Hilary, or haply the Frenchman might not have succeeded in his brilliant movement.

"He must be terribly put out," said young Lorraine, meaning neither Clausel, nor Wellington, nor Napoleon even, but his Uncle Struan; "there is not a word of any paragon dog, nor the horses he has bought or chopped, nor even little Cecil. He must have had a great row with my father, and he visits it on this generation. How can he have heard of angelic Claudia, and connect her with garlic? My darling, I know what you are, though heavy-seated Britons fail to soar to such perfection! Now for Alice, I suppose. She will know how to behave, I should hope. Why, how she begins, as if I were her thirty-second cousin ten times removed! And how precious short it is! But what a beautifully clear firm hand!"

"MY DEAR HILARY,—My father, not having any time to spare just now, and having received no letter from you which he might desire to answer, has asked me to say that we are quite well, and that we are very glad to hear that you seem to have

greatly distinguished yourself. To hear this must always be, as you will feel, a pleasure and true pride to us. At the same time we have been very anxious, because you have been returned in the 'Gazette' as heavily wounded. We hope, however, that it is not so, for we have been favoured with a very long letter from Major Clumps of your regiment to my grandmother's dear friend, Lady de Lampnor, in which you were spoken of most highly; and since that he has not spoken of you, as he must have done, if you were wounded. Pray let us hear at once what the truth is. Uncle Struan was very rude to my father about you the other day, and used the most violent language, and preached such a sermon against himself on Sunday! But he has not been up to apologise yet; and I hear from dear Cecil that he means to tell you all about it. He is most thoroughly good, poor dear; but allowances must be made for him.

"He will tell you, of course, all the gossip of the place; which is mainly, as usual, about himself. He seems to attach so much importance to what we consider trifles. And he does the most wonderful things sometimes.

"He has taken a boy from the bottom of our hill—the boy that stole the donkey, and lived upon rags and bottles—and he has him at the rectory, every day except Sunday, to clean knives and boots. The whole of the village is quite astonished; the boy used to run for his life at the sight of dear Uncle Struan, and we cannot help thinking that it is done just because we could never encourage the boy.

"Papa thinks that you are very likely to require a little cash just now, for he knows that young officers are poorly paid, even when they can get their money, which is

said to be scarce with your brave army now; therefore he has placed £100 to your credit with Messrs Shotman, for which you can draw as required; and the money will be replaced at Christmas. And Grandmamma begs me to add that she is so pleased with your success in the only profession fit for a gentleman, that she sends from her own purse twenty guineas, through the hands of Messrs Shotman. And she trusts that you will now begin to cultivate frugality.

"With these words I must now conclude, prolonging only to convey the kind love of us all, and best desires for your welfare, with which I now subscribe myself, your affectionate sister, ALICE LORRAINE."

"P.S.—Darling Brother,—The above has been chiefly from that Grandmamma. I have leave to write to you now myself; and the rest of this piece of paper will hold not a hundredth part of what I want to say. I am most unhappy about dear papa, and about you, and Uncle Struan, and Captain Chapman, and everybody. Nothing goes well; and if you fight in Spain, we fight much worse in England. Father is always thinking, and dwelling upon his thoughts, in the library. He knows that he has been hard upon you; and the better you go on, the more he worries himself about it. Because he is so thoroughly set upon being just to every one. And even concerning a certain young lady—it is not as Uncle Struan fancies. You know how headlong he is, and he cannot at all understand our father. My father has a justice such as my uncle cannot dream of. But dear papa doubts your knowledge of your own mind, darling Hilary. What a low idea of Uncle Struan, that you were sent to Spain to be tempted! I did not like what happened to you in Kent last summer,

any more than other people did. But I think that papa would despise you—and I am quite sure that I should—if you deceived anybody after leading them to trust you. But of course you could not do it, darling, any more than I could.

"Now do write home a nice cheerful letter, with every word of all you do, and everything you can think of. Papa pretends to be very quiet; but I am sure that he is always thinking of you; and he seems to grow so much older. I wish all his books were at Hanover! I would take him for a good ride every day. Good-bye, darling! If you make out this, you will deserve a crown of crosses. Uncle Struan thought that he was very learned; and he confounded the mural with the civic crown! Having earned the one, earn the other by saving us all, and your own LALLIE."

Hilary read this letter twice; and then put it by, to be read again; for some of it touched him sadly. Then he delivered the orders he bore, and made a rough sketch of the valley, and returning by another track, drew forth his third epistle. This he had feared to confront, because his conscience went against him so; for he knew that the hand was Gregory's. However, it must be met sooner or later; it was no good putting off the evil day; and so he read as follows:—

"MID. TEMPLE, Aug. 22d, 1812.

"MY DEAR LORRAINE,—It is now many months since I heard from you, and knowing that you had been wounded, I have been very anxious about you, and wrote three several times to inquire, under date May 3d, June 7th, and July 2d. Of course none of these may have come to hand, as they were addressed to your regiment, and I do not at all understand how you manage

without having any post-town. But I have heard through my friend Capper, who knows two officers of your regiment, that you were expected to return to duty in July, since which I have vainly expected to hear from you by every arrival. No one, therefore, can charge me with haste or impatience in asking, at last, for some explanation of your conduct. And this I do with a heavy heart, in consequence of some reports which have reached me from good authority."

"Confound the fellow!" cried the conscious Hilary; "how he beats about the bush! Will he never have it out and be done with it? What an abominably legal and cold-blooded style! Ah, now for it!"

"You must be aware that you have won the warmest regard, and indeed I may say the whole heart, of my sister Mabel. This was much against the wishes and intentions of her friends. She was not thrown in your way to catch the heir to a title, and a rich man's son. We knew that there would be many obstacles, and we all desired to prevent it. Even I, though carried away by my great regard for you, never approved of it. If you have a particle of your old candour left, you will confess that from first to last the engagement was of your own seeking. I knew, and my sister also knew, that your father could not be expected to like it, or allow it for a very long time to come. But we also knew that he was a man of honour and integrity, and that if he broke it off, it would be done by fair means, and not by foul. Everything depended upon yourself. You were not a boy, but a man at least five years older than my sister; and you formed this attachment with your eyes open, and did your utmost to make it mutual."

"To be sure I did," exclaimed the young officer, giving a swish to

his innocent horse, because himself deserved it; "how could I help it? She was such a dear! How I wish I had never seen Claudia! But really, Gregory, come now, you are almost too hard upon me!"

"And not only this," continued that inexorable young barrister; "but lest there should be any doubt about your serious intentions, you induced, or at any rate you permitted, your uncle, the Rev. Struan Hales, to visit Mabel and encourage her, and assure her that all opposition would fail, if she remained true and steadfast."

"Mabel has remained true and steadfast, even to the extent of disbelieving that you can be otherwise. From day to day, and from week to week, she has been looking for a message from you, if it were only one kind word. She has felt your wound, I make bold to say, a great deal more than you have done. She has taken more pride than you can have taken in what she calls your 'glory.' She watches every morning for the man who goes for the letters, and every evening she waits and listens for a step that never comes.

"If she could only make up her mind that you had quite forgotten her, I hope that she would try to think that you were not worth grieving for. But the worst of it is that she cannot bring herself to think any ill of you. And until she has it under your own hand that you are cruel and false to her, she only smiles at and despises those who think it possible.

"We must put a stop to this state of things. It is not fair that any girl should be kept in the dark and deluded so; least of all such a girl as Mabel, so gentle, and true, and tender-hearted. Therefore I must beg you at once to write to my sister or to me, and to state honestly your intentions. If your intention is to desert my sister, I ask you as a last favour to do it as rudely and roughly as possible; so that her pride may be aroused and help her to overget the blow. But if you can give any honourable explanation of your conduct, no one will be more delighted, and beg your pardon more heartily and humbly, than your former friend,

"GREGORY LOVEJOY."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lorraine set spurs to his horse as soon as he got to the end of this letter. It was high time for him to gallop away from the one idea,—the bitter knowledge that out of this he could not come with the conscience of a gentleman. He was right in fleeing from himself, as hard as ever he could go; for no Lorraine had been known ever to behave so shabbily. In the former days of rather low morality and high feudalism, many Lorraines might have taken fancies to pretty girls, and jilted them. But never as he had done; never approaching a pure maid as an equal, and pledg-

ing honour to her, and then dishonourably deserting her.

"I am sure I know not what to do," he cried, in a cold sweat, while his nag was in a very hot one. "Heaven knows who my true love is. I am almost sure that it must be Mabel; because when I think of her I get hot; and when I think of Claudia, I get cold."

There may have been some sense in this; at any rate it is a question for a meteorologist. Though people who explain—as they always manage to do—everything, might without difficulty declare that they understood the whole of it. That

a young man in magnetic attitude, towards two maidens widely distinct, one positive and one negative, should hop up and down, like elder-pith, would of course be accounted for by the "strange phenomena of electricity." But little was known of such things then; and every man had to confront his own acts, without any fine phraseology. And Hilary's acts had left him now in such a position—or "fix" as it is forcibly termed nowadays—that even that most inventive Arab, the Sheikh of the Subterfuges, could scarcely have delivered him.

But, after all, the griefs of the body (where there is perpetual work) knock at the door of the constitution louder than those of the mind do. And not only Hilary now, but all the British army found it hard to get anything to eat. As for money—there was none, or next to none, among them; but this was a trifling matter to men who knew so well how to help themselves. But shoes, and clothing, and meat for dinner, and yellow soap for horny soles, and a dram of something strong at night before lying down in the hole of their hips,—they felt the want of these comforts now, after spending a fortnight in Madrid. And now they were bound to march every day fifteen to twenty English miles, over very hard ground, and in scorching weather, after an enemy offering more than affording chance of fighting.

These things made every British bosom ready to explode with anger; and the Staff was blamed, as usual, for negligence, ignorance, clumsiness, inability, and all the rest of it. These reproaches entered deeply into the bruised heart of Lorraine, and made him so zealous that his chief very often laughed while praising him. And thus in the valley of the Arlanzan, on the march

towards Burgos, he became a gallant captain, with the goodwill of all who knew him.

Lorraine was royally proud of this; for his nature was not self-contained. He contemplated many letters, beginning "Captain Lorraine presents his compliments to so and so;" and he even thought at one time of thus defying his Uncle Struan. However, a little reflection showed him that the wisest plan was to let the rector abide a while in silence. It was out of all reason—though not, perhaps, entirely beyond precedent—that he, the least injured of all the parties, should be the loudest in complaint; and it would serve him right to learn from the hostile source of Coombe Lorraine the withering fact, that his recreant nephew was a captain in the British army.

To Alice, therefore, the captain wrote at the very first opportunity, to set forth his promotion, and to thank his father and grandmother for cash. But he made no allusion to home-affairs, except to wish everybody well. This letter he despatched on the 17th of September; and then, being thoroughly stiff and weary from a week spent in the saddle, he shunned the camp-fires and the cooking, and slept in a tuft of plantain-grass, to the melody of the Arlanzan.

On the following day our army, being entirely robbed of fighting by a dancing Frenchman (who kept snapping his fingers at Lord Wellington), entered in no pleasant humour into a burning city. The sun was hot enough in all conscience, roasting all wholesome Britons into a dirty Moorish colour, without a poor halt and maimed soldier having to march between burning houses. A house on fire is full of interest, and has become proverbial now as an illustration of bright success. But the metaphor—whether derived or

not from military privileges—proceeds on the supposition that the proper people have applied the torch. In the present case this was otherwise. The Frenchmen had fired the houses, and taken excellent care to rob them first.

Finding the heat of the town of Burgos almost past endurance, although the fire had now been quenched, Hilary strolled forth towards sunset for a little change of air. His duties, which had been so incessant, were cut short for a day or two; but to move his legs, with no horse between them, seemed at first unnatural. He passed through narrow reeking streets, where filthy people sprawled about under overlapping eaves and coignes, and then he came to the scorched rough land, and looked back at the citadel. The garrison, now that the smoke was clearing from the houses below the steep (which they had fired for safety's sake), might be seen in the western light, training their guns upon the city, which swarmed with Spanish guerillas.

These sons of the soil were plundering with as good a grace as if themselves had taken a hostile city; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, or from force of habit perhaps, some of them gladly lent a hand in robbing their own houses. But the British soldiers grounded arms, and looked on very grimly; for they had not carried the town by storm, and their sense of honesty prevailed. All this amused Lorraine, who watched it through his field-glass, as he sat on a rocky mound outside the city, resting himself, for his legs were stiff, and feeling quite out of his element at being his own master. But presently he saw that the French, who were very busy in the castle, were about to treat both Spaniards and Britons to a warm salute of shells; and he rose at once to give them

warning, but found his legs too stiff for speed. So he threw a half-dollar to a Portuguese soldier, who was sauntering on the road below, and bade him run at his very best pace, and give notice of their danger.

But before his messenger had passed the gate, Hilary saw a Spanish chief, as in the distance he seemed to be, come swiftly out of a side street, and by rapid signals recall and place quite out of the line of fire all the plundering Spaniards. This man, as Hilary's spy-glass showed him, was of very great breadth and stature, and wore a slouch-hat with a short black feather, a green leather jerkin, and a broad white sash; his mighty legs were encased above mid-thigh in boots of undressed hide; and he was armed with a long straight sword and dagger. Having some experience of plunderers, Hilary was surprised at the prompt obedience yielded to this guerilla chief, until he was gratified by observing a sample of his discipline. For two of his men demurring a little to the abandonment of their prey, he knocked them down as scientifically as an English pugilist, handed their booty to others, and had them dragged by the heels round the corner. Then having his men all under cover, he stood in a calm and reflective attitude, with an immense cigar in his mouth, to see a fine group of thirsty Britons (who were drinking in the middle of the square), shot or shelled, as the case might be. And when Hilary's messenger ran up in breathless haste to give the alarm, and earn his half-dollar honestly, what did that ruthless fellow do, but thrust forth a long leg, trip him up, and hand him over with a grin to some brigands, who rifled his pockets and stopped his mouth. Then came what Hilary had expected, a roar, a plunge, a wreath of smoke, and nine

or ten brave Englishmen lay shattered round the fountain.

"That Spaniard is a very queer ally," said Hilary, with a shudder. "He knew what was coming, and he took good care that it should not be prevented. Let me try to see his face, if my good glass will show it. I call him a bandit and nothing else. *Partidas* indeed! I call them cut-throats."

At that very moment, the great guerilla turned round to indulge in a hearty laugh, and having a panel of pitched wall behind him, presented his face (like a portrait in an ebony frame) towards Hilary. The collar of the jerkin was rolled back, and the great bull throat and neck left bare, except where a short black beard stood forth, like a spur of jet to the heavy jaws. The mouth was covered with a thick moustache; but haughty nostrils and a Roman nose, as well as deep lines of face, and fierce eyes hung with sullen eyebrows, made Hilary cry, "What an ugly fellow!" as he turned his glass upon something else.

Yet this was a face such as many women dote upon and almost adore. Power is the first thing they look for in the face of a man; or at least it is the very first thing that strikes them. And "power" of that sort is headstrong will, with no regard for others. From mental power it so diverges, that very few men have embodied both; as nature has kindly provided, for the happiness of the rest of us. But Captain Lorraine, while he watched that Spaniard, knew that he must be a man of mark, though he little dreamed that his wild love Claudia utterly scorned his own comely self, in comparison with that "ugly fellow."

But for the moment the sight of that brigand, and slaughter of good English soldiers, set Hilary (who, with all his faults, was vigorously patriotic) against the whole

race of Spaniards, male or female, or whatever they might be. Being driven by nature, as usual, rather with a spur than bridle, he made a strong dash at a desperate fence which for months had been puzzling him. Horses unluckily do not write, although they talk, and laugh, and think, and may tell with their eyes a great deal more than most of us who ride them. Therefore this metaphor must be dropped, for Lorraine pulled out his roll of paper, pen, and ink, (which he was bound to carry), and put up his knees, all stiff and creaking, and on that desk did what he ought to have done at least three months ago. He wrote to his loving Mabel; surely better late than never.

"MY DARLING MABEL,—I know that I have not behaved to you kindly, or even as a gentleman. Although I was not allowed to write to you, I ought to have written to your brother Gregory long ago, and I am ashamed of myself. But I am much more ashamed of the reason, and I will make no sham excuses. It is difficult to say what I want to say; but my only amends is to tell the whole truth, and I hope that you will try to allow for me.

"And the truth is this. I fell in love; not as I did with you, my darling, just because I loved you. But because—well I cannot tell why, although I am trying for the very truth; I cannot tell why I did it. She saved my life, and nursed me long. She was not bad-looking; but young and good.

"I hope that it is all over now. I trust in the Lord that it is so. I see that these Spaniards are cruel people, and I work night and day to forget them all. When I get any sleep, it is you that come and look upon me beautifully; and when I kick up with those plague-some insects, the face that I see is a

Spanish one. This alone shows where my heart is fixed. But you have none of those things at Old Applewood.

"And now I can say no more. I write in the midst of roaring cannon, and perhaps you will say, when you see my words, that I had better

have died of my wounds, than lived to disgrace, as I have done, your

"HILARY.

"P.S.—Try to think the best of me, darling. If anybody needs it, I do. Gregory wrote me such a letter that I am afraid to send you any—anything!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Pessimists who love to dwell on the darker side of human nature, and find (or at any rate colour) that perpetually changing object to the tone of their own dull thoughts, making our whole world no better than the chameleon of themselves; who trace every act and word, and thought, either to very mean selfishness, or exceedingly grand destiny—according to their own pet theory,—let those gloomy spirits migrate in as cheerful a manner as they can manage to the back side of the moon, the side that neither shines on earth, nor gathers any earth-shine. But even if they will not thus oblige inferior mortals, let them not come near a scene where true love dwells, and simple faith, and pleasant hours are spent in helping nature to be kind to us.

Where the rich recesses of the bosomed earth brim over with variety; where every step of man discloses some new goodness over him; and every hour of the day shows different veins of happiness; the light in sloping glances looking richer as the sun goes down, and showing with a deeper love its own good works and parentage; the children of the light presenting all their varied joy to it; some revolving, many bending, all with one accord inclining softly, sweetly, and thankfully,—can any man, though of the lowest order, wander about at a time like this, with the power of the sunset over him, and walk down

the alleys of trees, and think, and ponder the grand beneficence, without putting both hands into his pockets, and tapping the band of his small-clothes?

If any man could be so ungrateful to the Giver of all good things, he was not to be found in the land of Kent, but must be sought in some northern county where they grow sour gooseberries. Master Martin Lovejoy had, in the month of October 1812, as fine a crop of pears as ever made a fountain of a tree.

For the growers did not understand the pruning of trees as we do now. They were a benighted lot altogether, proceeding only by rule of thumb, and the practice of their grandfathers, never lopping the roots of a tree, nor summer pinching, nor wiring it, nor dislocating its joints; and yet they grew as good fruit as we do! They had no right to do so; but the thing is beyond denial. Therefore one might see a pear-tree rising in its natural form, tall, and straight, and goodly, hanging its taper branches like a chandelier with lustrous weight, tier upon tier, the rich fruit glistening with the ruddy sunstreaks, or with russet veinage mellowing. Hard thereby the Golden Noble, globular and stainless, or the conical King Pippin, pencilled on its orange fulness with a crimson glow, or the great bulk of Dutch codlin, oblong, ribbed and overbearing. Here was the place and

the time for a man to sit in the midst of his garden, and feel that the year was not gone in vain, nor his date of life lessened fruitlessly, and looking round with right good will, thank the Lord, and remember his father.

In such goodly mood and tenour, Master Martin Lovejoy sat, early of an October afternoon, to smoke his pipe and enjoy himself. He had finished his dinner—a plain but good one; his teeth were sound, and digestion stanch; he paid his tithes and went to church; he had not an enemy in the world, to the utmost of his knowledge; and his name was good for a thousand pounds from Canterbury to Reigate. His wheat had been fine, and his hops pretty good, his barley by no means below the mark, the cherry and strawberry season fair, and his apples and pears as you see them. Such a man would be guilty of a great mistake if he kept on the tramp perpetually. Fortune encouraged him to sit down, and set an arm-chair and a cushion for him, and mixed him a glass of Schiedam and water, with a slice of lemon, and gave him a wife to ask how his feet were, as well as a daughter to see to his slippers.

"Now you don't get on at all," he said, as he mixed Mrs Lovejoy the least little drop, because of the wind going round to the north; "you are so abstemious, my dear soul; by-and-by you will pay out for it."

"I must be a disciplinarian, Martin," Mrs Lovejoy replied, with a sad sweet smile. "How ever the ladies can manage to take beer, wine, gin, bitters, and brandy, in the way they do, all of an afternoon, is beyond my comprehension."

"They get used to it," answered the Grower, calmly; "and their constitution requires it. At the same

time I am not saying, mind you, that some of them may not overdo it. Moderation is the golden rule; but you carry it too far, my dear."

"Better too little than too much," said Mrs Lovejoy, sententially. "Whatever I take, I like just to know that there is something in it, and no more. No, Martin, no—if you please, not more than the thickness of my thumb-nail. Well, now for what we were talking about. We can never go on like this, you know."

"Wife, I will tell you what it is;" here Martin Lovejoy tried to look both melancholy and stern, but failed; "we do not use our duties right; we do not work up in the position to which it has pleased God to call us. We don't make our children see that they are—bless my heart, what is the word?"

"'Obligated' is the word you mean. 'Obligated' they all of them are."

"No, no; 'bounden' is the word I mean; 'bounden' says the Catechism. They are bounden to obey, whether they like it or no, and that is the word's expression. Now is there one of them as does it?"

"I can't say there is," his wife replied, after thinking of all three of them. "Martin, no; they do their best, but you can't have them quite tied hand and foot. And I doubt whether we should love them better if we had them always to order."

"Likely not. I cannot tell. They have given me no chance of trying. They do what seems best in their own eyes, and the fault of it lies with you, mother."

"Do they ever do anything wrong, Martin Lovejoy? Do they ever disgrace you anywhere? Do they ever go about and borrow money, or trade on their name, or anything? Surely you want to provoke me, Martin, when you begin to revile my children."

"Well," said the Grower, blowing smoke, in the manner of a matrimonial man, "let us go to something else. Here is this affair of Mabel's now. How do you mean to settle it?"

"I think you should rather tell me, Martin, how you mean to settle it. She might have been settled long ago, in a good position and comfortable, if my advice had been heeded. But you are the most obstinate man in the world."

"Well, well, my dear, I don't think that you should be hard upon any one in that respect. You have set your heart upon one thing, and I upon another; and we have to deal with some one perhaps more obstinate than both of us. She takes after her good mother there."

"After her father, more likely, Martin. But she has given her promise, and she will keep it, and the time is very nearly up, you know."

"The battle of Trafalgar, yes. The 21st of October, seven years ago, as I am a man! Lord bless me, it seems but yesterday! How all the country up and wept, and how it sent our boy to sea! There never can be such a thing again; and no one would look at a drumhead savoy!"

"Plague upon the market, Martin! I do believe you think much more of your growings than your gainings. But she fixed the day herself, because it was a battle; didn't she?"

"Yes, wife, yes. But after all, I see not so much to come of it. Supposing she gets no letter by to-morrow-night, what comes of it?"

"Why, a very great deal. You men never know. She puts all her foolish ideas aside, and she does her best to be sensible."

"By the spread of my measure, oh deary me! I thought she was bound to much more than that. She gives up him, at any rate."

"Yes, poor dear, she gives him up, and a precious cry she will make of it. Why, Martin, when you and I were young we carried on so differently."

"What use to talk about that?" said the Grower; "they all must have their romances now. Like tapping a cask of beer, it is. You must let them spit out at the top a little."

"All that, of course, needs no discussion. I do not remember that, in our love-time, you expected to see me 'spit out at the top!' You grow so coarse in your ideas, Martin; the more you go growing, the coarser you get."

"Now, is there nothing to be said but that? She gives him up, and she tries to be sensible. The malting season is on, and how can Elias come and do anything?"

"Martin, may I say one word? You keep so perpetually talking that I scarcely have a chance to breathe. We do not want that low Jenkins here. How many quarters he soaks in a week is nothing, and cannot be anything to me. A tanner is more to my taste a great deal, if one must come down to the dressers. And there one might get some good ox-tails. I believe that you want to sell your daughter to get your malt for nothing."

The Grower's indignation at this despicable charge was such, that he rolled in his chair, like a man in a boat, and spread his sturdy legs, and said nothing, for fear of further mischief. Then he turned out his elbows, in a manner of his own, and Mrs Lovejoy saw that she had gone too far.

"Well, well," she resumed, "perhaps not quite that. Mr Jenkins, no doubt, is very well in his way; and he shall have fair play, so far as I am concerned. But mind, Dr Calvert must have the same; that was our bargain, Martin. All the days

of the week to be open to both, and no difference in the dinner."

"Very well, very well!" the franklin murmured, being still a little wounded about the malt. "I am sure I put up with anything. Calvert may have her, if he can cure her. I can't bear to see the poor maid so pining. It makes my heart ache many a time; but I have more faith in barley-corn than jalap; though I don't want neither of them for nothing."

"We shall see, my dear, how she will come round. The doctor prescribes carriage exercise for her. Well, how is she to get it, except in his carriage? And she cannot well have his carriage, I suppose, before she marries him."

"Carriage exercise? Riding on wheels, I suppose, is what they mean by it. If riding on wheels will do her any good, she can have our yellow gig five times a-week. And I want to go round the neighbourhood too. There's some little bits of money owing me. I'll take her for a drive to-morrow."

"Your yellow gig! To call that a carriage! A rough sort of exercise, I doubt. Why, it jerks up, like a Jack-in-a-box, at every stone you come to. If that is your idea of a carriage, Martin, pray take us all out in the dung-cart."

"The old gig was good enough for my mother; and why should my daughter be above it? They doctors and women are turning her head, worse than poor young Lorraine did. Oh, if I had Elias to prune my trees—after all I have taught him—and Lorraine to get up in the van again; I might keep out of the bankrupt court after all; I do believe I might." Here the Grower fetched a long sigh through his pipe. He was going to be bankrupt every season; but never achieved that glory.

"I'm tired of that," Mrs Lovejoy

said. "You used to frighten me with it at first, whenever there came any sort of weather—a storm, or a frost, or too much sun, or too much rain, or too little of it; the Lord knows that if you have had any fruit, you have got it out of Him by grumbling. And now you are longing, in a heathenish manner, to marry your daughter to two men at once! One for the night-work, and one for the day. Now, will you, for once, speak your mind out truly?"

"Well, wife, there is no one that tries a man so badly as his own wife does. I am pretty well known for speaking my mind too plainly, more than too doubtfully. I can't say the same to you, as I should have to say to anybody else; because you are my wife you see, and have a good right to be down upon me. And so I am forced to get away from things that ought to be argued. But about my daughter, I have a right to think my own opinion; while I leave your own to you, as a father has a right with a mother. And all I say is common-sense. Our Mabel belongs to a time of life when the girls are always dreaming. And then you may say what you like to them mainly; and it makes no difference. Now she looks very pale, and she feels very queer, all through that young sort of mischief. But let her get a letter from Master Hilary—and you would see what would come over her."

"I have got it! I have got it!" cried a young voice, as if in answer, although too sudden of approach for that. "Father, here it is! Mother, here it is! Long expected, come at last! There, what do you think of that now?"

Her face was lit with a smile of delight, and her eyes with tears of gladness, as she stood between her astonished parents, and waved in the air an open letter, fluttering less

(though a breeze was blowing) than her true heart fluttered. Then she pressed the paper to her lips, and kissed it, with a good smack every time; and then she laid it against her bosom, and bowed to her father and mother, as much as to say—"You may think what you like of me, I am not ashamed of it!"

The Grower pushed two grey curls aside, and looked up with a grand amazement. Here was a girl, who at dinner-time even would scarcely say more than "yes," or "no;" who started when suddenly spoken to, and was obliged to clear her mind to think; who smiled now and then, when a smile was expected, and not because she had a smile,—in a word, who had become a dull, careless, unnatural, cloudy, depressed, and abominably inconsistent Mabel—a cause of anxiety to her father, and of recklessness to herself—when lo, at a touch of the magic wand, here she was, as brave as ever!

The father, and the mother also, knew the old expression settled on the darling face again; the many family modes of thinking, and of looking, and of loving, and of feeling out for love, which only a father and a mother dearly know in a dear child's face. And then they looked at one another; and in spite of all small variance, the husband and the wife were one, in the matter of rejoicing.

It was not according to their

schemes! and they both might still be obstinate. But by a stroke their hearts were opened—wise or foolish, right or wrong,—what they might say outside reason, they really could not stop to think. They only saw that their sweet good child, for many long months a stranger to them, was come home to their hearts again. And they could have no clearer proof than this.

She took up her father's pipe, and sniffed with a lofty contempt at the sealing-wax (which was of the very lowest order) and then she snapped it off, and scraped him (with a tortoise-shell handled knife of her own) a proper place to suck at. And while she was doing that, and most busy with one of her fingers to make a draught, she turned to her mother with her other side, as only a very quick girl could do, and tucked up some hair (which was slipping from the string, with a palpable breach of the unities) and gave her two tugs, in the very right place to make her of the latest fashion; and then let her know, with lips alone, what store she set on her opinion. And the whole of this business was done in less time than two lovers would take for their kissing!

"You have beaten me, Popsy," said Mrs Lovejoy, fetching up an old name of the days when she was nursing this one.

"Dash me," cried the Grower, "you shall marry Old Harry, if you choose to set your heart on him."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Peradventure the eyes and the heart, as well as the boundless charity of true love, were needed to descry what Mabel at a glance discovered, the "grand nobility" of Hilary's conduct, and the "pathetic beauty" of his self-reproach. Perhaps at first sight the justice of

the latter would be a more apparent thing; but love (when it deserves the name) is a generous as well as a jealous power; especially in the tender gush of renewal and reassurance. And Lorraine meant every word as he wrote it, and indeed for a good while afterwards; so that

heart took pen to heart, which is sometimes better than the wings of speech. Giving comfort thus, he also received the same from his own conscience and pure resolutions; and he felt that his good angel was, for the present at least, come back to him. How long she would stop was another question.

And he needed her now in matters even more stirring than the hottest love-affairs. For though he had no chance of coming to the front in any of the desperate assaults on the castle of Burgos, being far away then with despatches, he was back with his chief when the retreat began; a retreat which must have become a rout under any but the finest management. For the British army was at its worst towards the month of November 1812. Partly from intercourse with *partidas*, partly perhaps from the joys of Madrid, but mainly no doubt from want of cash, the Britons were not as they had been. Even the officers dared to be most thoroughly disobedient, and to follow the route which they thought best, instead of that laid down for them. But Wellington put up with insolent ignorance, as a weaker man could not have deigned to do: he had to endure it from those above him; and he knew how to bear with it all around him; and yet to be the master. His manifold dealings with everybody and everything at this time (with nobody caring to understand him, and his own people set against him; with the whole world making little of him, because he hated flash-work; and perhaps his own mind in some doubt of its powers, because they were not recognised)—these, and the wearisome uphill struggle to be honest without any money, were beginning to streak with grey the hair that had all the hard brain under it.

Here again was a chance for Hilary; and without thinking he worked it well. In his quick, and perhaps too sudden, way of taking impression of every one, he had stamped on his mind the abiding image of his great commander. The General knew this (as all men feel the impression they are making, as sharply almost as a butter-stamp), and of course he felt goodwill towards the youth who so looked up at him. It was quite a new thing for this great Captain, after all his years of conquest, to be accounted of any value; because he was not a Frenchman.

Being, however, of rigid justice, although he was no Frenchman, Lord Wellington did not lift Captain Lorraine over the heads of his compeers. He only marked him (in his own clear and most tenacious mind) as one who might be trusted for a dashing job, and deserved to have the chance of it.

And so they went into winter quarters on the Douro and Aguada, after a great deal of fighting, far in the rear of their storms and sieges and their many victories; because the British Government paid whole millions right and left to rogues, and left its own army to live without money, and to be hanged if it stole an onion. And the only satisfaction our men had—and even in that they were generous—was to hear of the Frenchmen in Russia freezing as fast as could well be expected.

Now, while this return to the frontier, and ebb of success created disgust in England and depression among our soldiers, they also bore most disastrously on the fortunes of a certain gallant and very zealous Staff officer. For they brought him again into those soft meshes, whence he had wellnigh made good his escape without any serious damage; but now there was no such deliver-

ance for him. And this was a very hard case, and he really did deserve some pity now; for he did not return of his own accord, and fall at the feet of the charmer; but in the strictest course of duty became an unwilling victim. And it happened altogether in this wise.

In the month of May 1813, when the British commander had all things ready for that glorious campaign which drove the French over the Pyrenees, and when the British army, freshened, strengthened, and sternly redisciplined, was eager to bound forward—a sudden and sad check arose. By no means, however, a new form of hindrance, but one only too familiar, at all times and in all countries—the sinews of war were not forthcoming. The military chest was empty. The pay of the British troops was far in arrear, and so was their bounty-money; but that they were pretty well used to by this time, and grumble as they might, they were ready to march. Not so, however, the Portuguese, who were now an important element; and even the Spanish regulars in Andalusia would do nothing until they had handled dollars.

This need of money had been well foreseen by the ubiquitous mind of Wellington; but what he had not allowed for, and what no one else would have taken into thought, so soon after Nelson's time, was the sluggishness of the British navy. Whether it were the fault of our Government, or of our Admiral on the station, certain it is that the mouth of the Tagus (which was the mouth of the whole British army) was stopped for days and even weeks together by a few American privateers. And ships containing supplies for our army (whether of food, or clothing, or the even more needful British gold), if they escaped at all, could do it

only by running for the dangerous bar of the Douro, or for Cadiz.

In this state of matters, the "Generalissimo" sent for Captain Lorraine one day, and despatched him on special duty.

"You know Count Zamora," said Lord Wellington, in his clear voice of precision; "and his castle in the Sierra Morena."

Hilary bowed, without a word, knowing well what his Chief was pleased with.

"You also know the country well, and the passes of the Morena. Colonel Langham has orders to furnish you with the five best horses at hand, and the two most trusty men he knows of.—You will go direct to Count Zamora's house, and deliver to him this letter. He will tell you what next to do. I believe that the ship containing the specie, which will be under your charge, was unable to make either Lisbon or the port of Cadiz, and ran through the Straits for Malaga. But the Count will know better than I do. Remember that you are placed at his disposal, in all except one point—and that is the money. He will provide you with Spanish escort, and the Spaniards are liable for the money, through Andalusia, and the mountains, until you cross the Zujar, where a detachment from General Hill will meet you. They begged me not to send British convoy (beyond what might be needful, to authorise the delivery to them), because their own troops are in occupation.

"Never mind that; be as wide awake as if every farthing was your own, or rather was part of your honour. I seldom place so young a man in a position of so much trust. But the case is peculiar; and I trust you. There will be £100,000 in English gold to take care of. The Spaniards will furnish the transport, and Count Zamora

will receive half of the specie, on behalf of the Junta of Seville, for the pay of the Spanish forces, and give you his receipt for it. The remainder you will place under the care of General Hill's detachment, and rejoin us as soon as possible. I have no time more. Colonel Langham will give you your passes, and smaller directions. But remember that you are in a place of trust unusual for so young an officer. Good-bye, and keep a sharp look-out."

Lord Wellington gave his hand, with a bow of the fine old type, to Hilary. And he from his proper salute recovered, and took it as one gentleman takes the courtesy of another. But as he felt that firm, and cool, and muscular hand for a moment, he knew that he was treated with extraordinary confidence; and that his future as an officer, and perhaps as a gentleman, hung on the manner in which he should acquit himself of so rare a trust. In the courtyard he found Colonel Langham, who gave him some written instructions, and his passes and credentials, as well as a good deal of sound advice, which the General had no time to give. And in another hour Hilary Lorraine was riding away in the highest spirits, thinking of Mabel, and of all his luck; and little dreaming that he was galloping into the ditch of his fortunes.

Behind him rode two well-trying troopers, as thoroughly trained to their work as the best hereditary butler, gamekeeper, or even pointer. There could be found no steadier men in all the world of steadiness; one was Sergeant-major Bones, and the other was Corporal Nickles. Each of them led a spare horse by the soft brown twist of willow-bark, steeped in tan and fish-oil, so as to make a horse think much of it. And thus they rode through the brilliant night, upon a fine old Roman road, with beautiful change,

and lovely air, and nobody to challenge them. For the French army lay to the east and north, the Portuguese were far in their rear, and the Spanish forces away to the south, except a few guerillas, who could take nothing by meddling with them. But the next day was hot, and the road grew rough, and their horses fell weary; and, hasted as they might, they did not arrive at Monte Argento till after sunset of the second day.

The Count of Zamora felt some affection, as well as much-gratitude, towards Lorraine, and showed it through the lofty courtesy with which he received him. And Hilary, on his part, could not help admiring the valour, and patriotism, and almost poetic dignity, of this chieftain of a time gone by. For being of a simple mind, and highly valuing eloquence, the Count nearly always began with a flourish as to what he might have done for the liberation of his country; if he had been younger. Having exhausted this reflection, he was wont to proceed at leisure to the military virtues of his sons. Then, if anybody showed impatience, he always stopped with a lofty bow; otherwise, on he went, and the further he went, the more he enjoyed himself. Hilary, a very polite young man, and really a kind-hearted one, had grown into the Count's good graces—setting aside all gratitude—by truly believing all his exploits, and those of his father and grandfathers, and best of all those of his two sons,—and never so much as yawning.

"You are at my orders!" said the Count, with a dry smile on his fine old face. "It is well, my son; it is glorious. Our great commander has so commanded. My first order is that you come to the supper; and rest, and wear slippers, for the three days to follow."

"Shall I take those instructions in writing," asked Hilary; "and under the seal of the Junta?"

"The Junta is an old woman," said his host; "she chatters, and she scolds, and she locks up the money. But enter, my son, enter, I pray you. You are at the very right moment arrived—as is your merit; or I should not be here. We have a young boar of the first nobility; and truffles are in him from the banks which you know. You shall carve him for us; you are so strong, and you Englishmen so understand sharp steel. My sons are still at the war; but my daughters—how will they be pleased to see you!"

At the smell of the innocent young roaster—for such he was in verity,—light curtains rose, and light figures entered; for all Spanish ladies know well what is good. Camilla and Claudia greeted Hilary, as if they had been with him all the morning; and turned their whole minds to the table at once. And Hilary, thoroughly knowing their manners, only said to himself, how well they looked!

In this he was right. The delicate grace and soft charm of Camilla set off the more brilliant and defiant beauty of young Claudia. Neither of them seemed to care in the least what anybody thought of her; or whether any thought at all occurred to anybody, upon a subject so indifferent, distant, and theoretical. Captain Lorraine was no more to them than a friar, or pilgrim, or hermit. They were very much obliged to him for cutting up the pig; and they showed that they thought it a good pig.

Now, as it happened, these were not the tactics fitted for the moment. In an ordinary mood, Lorraine might have fallen to these fair Parthians; but knowing what danger he was running into—without any chance

of avoiding it—he had made up his mind, all along the road, to be severely critical. Mabel's true affection (as shown by a letter in answer to his) had moved him; she had not hinted at any rival, or lapse of love on his part; but had told with all her dear warm heart the pleasure, the pride, and the love she felt. Hilary had this letter in his pocket; and it made him inclined to be critical.

Now it may, without any lese-majesty of the grand female race, be asserted, that good and kind and beautiful and purely superior as they are, they are therewith so magnanimous to men, that they abstain, for the most part, from exhibiting mere perfection. No specimen of them seems ever to occur that is entirely blameless, if submitted to rigid criticism; which, of course, they would never submit to. Therefore it was wrong of Hilary, and showed him in a despicable light, that because the young ladies would not look at him much, he looked at them with judicial eyes. And the result of his observation, over the backbone of the pig, was this.

In "*physique*"—a word which ought to be worse than *physic* to an Englishman—there was no fault of any sort to be found with either of these young ladies. They were noble examples of the best Spanish type, tall, and pure yet rich of tint, with most bewitching eyes, and classic flexure of luxuriant hair, grace in every turn and gesture, and melody in every tone. Yet even in the most expressive glance, and most enchanting smile, was there any of that simple goodness, loyalty, and comfort, which were to be found in an equally lovely but less superb young woman?

Herewith the young captain began to think of his uncle Struan's advice, and even his sister's words on the matter; which from so

haughty a girl—as he called her, although he knew that she was not that—had caused him at first no small surprise, and at the same time produced no small effect. And the end of it was that he gave a little squeeze to Mabel's loving letter, and said to himself that an English girl was worth a dozen Spanish ones.

On the following day, the fair young Donnas changed their mode of action. They vied with each other in attention to Hilary, led him through the well-known places, chattered Spanish most musically, and sang melting love-songs, lavished smiles and glances on him, and nothing was too good for him. He was greatly delighted, of course, and was bound in gratitude to flirt a little; but, still on the whole, he behaved very well. For instance, he gave no invidious preference to either of his lovely charmers; but paid as much heed to poor Camilla

(whose heart was bounding with love and happiness) as he did to Claudia, who began to be in earnest now, that her sister might not conquer him. This was a dangerous turn of events for Hilary; and it was lucky for him that he was promptly called away. For his host got despatches which compelled him to cut short hospitality; and Captain Lorraine, with great relief, set forth the next morning for Malaga. Sergeant Bones and Corporal Nickles had carried on handsomely downstairs, and were most loath to come away; but duty is always the guiding-star of the noble British Corporal. Nickles and Bones, at the call of their country, cast off all domestic ties, and buckled up their belly-bands. Merrily thus they all rode on, for their horses were fresh and frolicsome, to the Spanish headquarters near Cordova; and thence again to Malaga.

CHAPTER L.

At this particular time there was nothing so thoroughly appreciated, loved, admired, and begged, borrowed, or stolen in every corner of the Continent, as the good old English guinea. His fine old face and his jovial colour made him welcome everywhere; one look at him was enough to show his purity, substance, and sterling virtue, and prove him sure to outlast in the end the flashy and upstart "Napoleon." Happily for the world, that poor, weak-coloured, and adulterated coin now called the "sovereign," was not the representative of English worth at that time, otherwise Europe might have been either France or Russia for a century.

And though we are now in the mire so low—through time-servers, hucksters, and demagogues—that the voice of England is become no

more than the squeak of a half-penny shoe-black, we might be glad to think of all our fathers did, at our expense, so grandly and heroically, if nations (trampled on for years, and but for England swept away) would only take it as not a mortal injury that through us they live. At any rate, many noble Spaniards in and round about Malaga condescended to come and see the unloading of the British corvette, "*Cleopatra-cum-Antonio*." She was the nimblest little craft (either on or off a wind) of all ever captured from the French; and her name had been reefed into "*Clipper*" first, and then into "*Clipper*," which still holds way. And thus, in spite of all her money, she had run the gauntlet of Americans and Frenchmen, and lay on her keel discharging.

Lorraine regarded this process with his usual keen interest.

The scene was so new, and the people so strange, and their views of the world so original, that he could not have tried to step into anything nobler and more refreshing. There was no such babel of gesticulation as in a French harbour must have been; but there was plenty of little side-play, in and out among the natives, such as a visitor loves to watch. And the dignity with which the Spaniards took the money into their charge was truly gratifying to the British mind. "They might have said 'Thank you,' at any rate," thought Hilary, signing the bill of delivery, under three or four Spanish signatures. But that was no concern of his.

One hundred thousand British guineas, even when they are given away, are not to be made light of. Their weight (without heeding the iron chests, wherein they were packed in Threadneedle Street) would not be so very much under a ton; and with the chests would be nearly two tons. There were ten chests, thoroughly secured and sealed, each containing ten thousand guineas, and weighing about 4 cwt. All these were delivered by the English agent to the deputy of Count Zamora, who was accompanied by two members of the Junta of Seville, and the Alcalde of Cordova; and these great people, after no small parley, and with the aid of Spanish officers, packed all the consignment into four mule-carts, and sent them under strong escort to headquarters near Cordova. Here the Count met them, and gave a receipt to Hilary for the Spanish subsidy, which very soon went the way of all money among the Spanish soldiers. And the next day the five less lucky mules, who were dragging the pay of the British army, went on with the five remain-

ing chests—three in one cart and two in the other—still under Spanish escort, towards the slopes of the Sierra Morena.

Hilary, as usual, adapted himself to the tone and the humour around him. The Spanish officers took to him kindly, and so did the soldiers, and even the mules. He was in great spirits once more, and kindly and cordially satisfied with himself. His conscience had pricked him for many months concerning that affair with Claudia; but now it praised him for behaving well, and returning to due allegiance. He still had some little misgiving about his vows to the Spanish maiden; but really he did not believe that she would desire to enforce them. He was almost sure in his heart that the lovely young Donna did not care for him, but had only been carried away for the moment by her own warmth and his stupid fervour. Tush! he now found himself a little too wide awake, and experienced in the ways of women, to be led astray by any of them. Claudia was a most beautiful girl, most fascinating, and seductive; but now, if he only kept out of her way, as he meant most religiously to do—

"The brave and renowned young captain," said the Count of Zamora, riding up in the fork of the valley where the mountain-road divided, and one branch led to his house, "will not, of course, disdain our humble hospitality for the night."

"I fear that it cannot be, dear senhor," answered Lorraine, with a lift of his hat in the Spanish manner, which he had caught to perfection; "my orders are to make all speed with the treasure until I meet our detachment."

"We are responsible for the treasure," the Count replied, with a smile of good-humour, and the slightest touch of haughtiness, "until you have crossed the river upon

the other side of our mountains. Senhor, is not that enough? We have travelled far, and the mules are weary. Even if the young captain prefers to bivouac in the open air, it is a proverb that the noble English think more of their beasts than of themselves. And behold, even now the sun is low; and there are clouds impending! The escort is under my orders as yet. If you refuse, I must exercise the authority of the Junta."

What could Hilary do but yield? He was ordered to be at the Count's disposal; and thus the Count disposed of him. Nevertheless he stipulated that the convoy should pursue its course, as soon as the moon had risen; for the night is better than the day for travelling, in this prime of the southern year.

So the carts were brought into a walled quadrangle of the Monte Argento; and heavy gates were barred upon them, while the mules came out of harness, and stood happily round a heap of rye. The Spanish officers, still in charge, were ready to be most convivial; and Hilary fell into their mood, with native compliance well cultivated. In a word, they all enjoyed themselves.

One alone, the star of all, the radiant, brilliant, lustrous one, the admired of all admirers, that young Claudia, was sorrowful. Hilary, in the gush of youthful spirits and promotion; in the glow of duty done and lofty standard satisfied; through all the pride of money paid by the nation he belonged to; and even the glory of saying good things in a language slightly known to him;—Hilary caught from time to time those grand reproachful eyes, and felt that they quite spoiled his dinner. And he was not to get off like this.

For when he was going, in the driest manner, to order forth his

carts, and march, with the full moon risen among the hills, the daintiest little note ever seen came into his hand as softly as if it were dropped by a dove too young to coo. He knew that it came from a lady of course; and in the romantic place and time his quick heart beat more quickly.

The writing was too fine for even his keen eyes by moonlight; but he managed to get to a quiet lamp, and then he read as follows: "You have forgotten your vows to me. I must have an explanation. There is no chance of it in this house. My nurse has a daughter at the 'bridge of echoes.' You know it, and you will have to cross it, within a league of your journey. If I can escape I shall be on that bridge in two hours' time. You will wait for me there, if you are an English gentleman."

This letter was unsigned, but of course it could only come from Claudia. Of all those conceited young Spanish officers, who had been contradicting Lorraine, and even daring to argue with him, was there one who would not have given his right hand, his gilt spurs, or even his beard, to receive such a letter and such an appointment from the daughter of the Count of Zamora?

Hilary fancied, as he said farewell, in the cumbrous mass of shadows and the foliage of the moonlight, that Donna Camilla (who came forth with a white mantilla fluttering) made signs, as if she longed with all her heart to speak to him. But the Count stood by, and the guests of the evening, and two or three mule-drivers cracking whips; and Hilary's horse turned on his tail, till the company kissed their hands to him. And thus he began to descend through trees, and rocks, and freaks of shadowland, enjoying the fresh-

ness of summer night, and the tranquil beauty of moonlit hills. Nickles and Bones, the two English troopers, rode a little in advance of him, each of them leading a spare horse, and keeping his eyes fixed stubbornly on the treasure-carts still in the custody of the Spanish horsemen. For the Englishmen had but little faith in the honesty of "them palavering Dons," and regarded it as an affront and a folly that the treasure should be in their charge at all.

In this order they came to the river Zujar, quite a small stream here at the foot of the mountains, and forming the boundary of the Count's estates. According to the compact with the Spaniards, and advices that day received, the convoy was here to be met by a squadron of horse from Hill's division, who at once would assume the charge of it, and be guided as to their line of return by Captain Lorraine's suggestions. At the ford, however, there was no sign of any British detachment, and the trumpeters sounded a flourish in vain.

Hilary felt rather puzzled by this ; but his own duty could not be in doubt. He must on no account allow the treasure-carts to pass the ford, and so quit Spanish custody, until placed distinctly under British protection. And this he said clearly to the Spanish colonel, who quite agreed with him on that point, and promised to halt until he got word from Lorraine to move into the water. Then Bones and Nickles were despatched to meet and hurry the expected squadron ; for the Spanish troopers were growing impatient, and their discipline was but fortuitous.

Under these circumstances young Lorraine was sure that he might, without any neglect, spare just a few minutes to do his duty elsewhere as a gentleman. He felt

that he might have appeared perhaps to play fast and loose with Claudia, although in his heart he was pretty certain that she was doing that same with him. And now he intended to tell her the truth, and beg to be acquitted of that vow whose recall was more likely to gall than to grieve her.

The "bridge of echoes" was about a furlong above the ford where the convoy halted. It was an exceedingly ancient bridge, supposed to be even of Gothic date, and patched with Moorish workmanship. It stood like a pack-saddle over the torrent, which roared from the mountains under it ; and it must have been of importance once, as commanding approach to the passes. For, besides two deep embrasures wherein defenders might take shelter, it had (at the south or Morena end) a heavy fortalice beetling over, with a dangerous portcullis. And the whole of it now was in bad repair, so that every flood or tempest worked it away at the top or bottom ; and capable as it was of light carts or of heavy people, the officers were quite right in choosing to send the treasure by the ford below.

Hilary proved that his sword was free to leap at a touch from its scabbard, ere ever he set foot on that time-worn, shadowy, venerable, and cut-throat bridge. The precaution perhaps was a wise one. But it certainly did not at first sight exhibit any proof of true love's confidence in the maiden he was come to meet. It showed the difference between a wise love and a wild one ; and Hilary smiled as he asked himself whether he need have touched his sword in coming to meet Mabel. Then, half ashamed of himself for such very low mistrust of Claudia, he boldly walked through the crumbling gateway, and up the steep rise of the bridge.

On the peaked crown of the old arch he stood, and looked both up and down the river. Towards the mountains there was nothing but loneliness and rugged shadow; scarred with clefts of moonlight, and at further distance fringed with mist. And down the water and the quiet sloping of the lowlands, everything was feeding on the comfort of the summer night; the broad delicious calm of lying under nature's womanhood, when the rage of the masculine sun is gone, and fair hesitation has followed it.

Hilary looked at all these things, but did not truly see them. He took a general idea that the view was beautiful; and he might have been glad, at another time, to stand and think about it. For the present, however, his time was short, and he must make the most of it. The British detachment might appear at the ford at any moment, and his duty would be to haste thither at once, and see to the transfer of convoy. And to make sure of this, he had begged that the Spanish trumpets might be sounded, and kept his own horse waiting for him, and grazing kindly where the grass was cold.

The shadow of the old keep and the ivy-mantled buttress fell along the roadway of the bridge, and lay in scollops there. Beyond it, every stone was clear (of facing or of parapet), and the age of each could be guessed almost, and its story and its character. Even a beetle or an earwig must have had his doings traced if an enemy were after him. But under the eaves of the lamp of night, and within all the marge of the glittering, there lay such darkness as never lies in the world where the moon is less brilliant. Hilary stood in the broad light waiting; and out of the shadow came Claudia.

"I doubted whether you would

even do me the honour to meet me here," she said. "Oh, Hilary, how you are changed to me!"

"I have changed in no way, *senhorita*; except that I know when I am loved."

"And you do not know—then you do not know—it does not become me to say it, perhaps. Your ways are so different from ours, that you would despise me if I told it all. I will not weep. No, I will not weep."

With violent self-control, she raised her magnificent eyes to prove her words; but the effort was too much for her. The great tears came, and glistened in the brilliance of the moonlight; but she would not show them, only turned away, and wished that nobody in the world should know the power of her emotions.

"Come, come!" said Hilary (for an Englishman always says "come, come," when he is taken aback), "you cannot mean half of this, of course. Come, Claudia; what can have made you take such a turn? You never used to do it!"

"Ah, I may have been fickle in the days gone by. But absence—absence is the power that proves

"Hark! I hear a sound down the river! Horses' feet, and wheels, and clashing——"

"No; it is only the dashing of the water. I know it well. That is why this bridge is called the 'bridge of echoes.' The water makes all sorts of sounds. Look here; and I will show you."

She took his hand, as she spoke, and led him away from the parapet facing the ford to the one on the upper side of the bridge, when suddenly such a faintness seized her, that she was obliged to cling to him, as she hung over the low and crumbling wall. And how lovely she looked in the moonlight, so

pale, and pure, and perfect, and at the same time so intensely feminine and helpless!

"Let me fall," she murmured; "what does it matter, with no one in the world to care for me? Hilary, let me fall, I implore you."

"That would be nice gratitude to the one who nursed me, and saved my life. Senhorita, sit down, I pray you. Allow me to hold you. You are in great danger."

"Oh no, oh no!" she answered faintly; as he was obliged to support her exquisite, but, alas! too sensitive figure. "Oh, I must not be embraced. Oh, Hilary, how can you do such a thing to me?"

"How can I help doing it, you mean? How very beautiful you are, Claudia!"

"What is the use of it? Alas! what is the use of it, if I am? When the only one in all the world——"

"Ah! There I heard that noise again. It is impossible that it can be the water,—and I see horses, and the flash of arms."

"Oh, do not leave me! I shall fall into the torrent. For the sake of all the saints, stay one moment! How can I be found here? What infamy!—at least, at least, swear one thing."

"Fifty, if you please. But I must be gone. I may be ruined in a moment."

"And so may I. In the name of the Saviour, swear not to tell that I met you here. My father would kill me. You cannot even dream——"

"I swear that no power on earth shall induce me to say a word about this scene."

"Oh, I faint, I faint! Lay me there in the shadow. No one will see me. It is the last time. Oh, how cruel, how cold, how false! how bitterly cruel you are to me!"

"Is it true," he whispered tremulously, for he was in great excite-

ment and hurry, and he heard the Spanish trumpets sound as he carried her towards the shadow of the keep, and there for an instant leaned over her; "is it true that you love every me, Claudia?"

"With my whole, whole——" and he thought that she glanced at the corner timidly; "oh, do not go, for one moment, darling!—with atom of my poor——"

"Heart," she was going to say, no doubt, but was spared the trouble; for down fell Hilary, stunned by a crashing blow from the dark corner; and in a moment Alcides d'Alcar had him by the throat with gigantic hands, and planted one great knee on his breast.

"Did I do it well?" whispered Claudia, recovering all her energies. "Oh, don't let him see me. He never must know it."

"Neither that nor anything else shall he know," muttered the brigand, with a furious grasp, till poor Hilary's blue eyes started forth from their sockets. "You did it too well, my fair actress; so warmly, indeed, that I am quite jealous. The bottom of the Zujar is his marriage-couch."

"Loosen his throat, or I scream with all my power. You promised me not to hurt him. He shall not be hurt more than we can help, although he has been so faithless to me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the great brigadier; "there is no understanding the delicate views of the females. But you shall be obeyed, beloved one. He will come to himself in about ten minutes; these Englishmen have such a thickness of head. Search him; be quick; let me have his despatch-book. You know where your lovers keep their things."

Senseless though Hilary lay, the fair maiden kept herself out of the

range of his eyes, as her nimble fingers probed him. In a moment she drew from an inner breast-pocket his private despatch-book, and Mabel's letter. That last she stowed away for her own revenge, after glancing with great contempt at it; but the book she spread open to her lover.

"It is noble!" he cried, as the brilliant moonlight shone upon the pages. "What could be more fortunate? Here are the blank forms with the heading, and the flourish prepared for his signature. There is his metal pencil. Now write as I tell you in Spanish, but with one or two little barbarisms; such as you know him given to. 'The detachment is here. I am holding them back. They are not to cross the water. Send the two carts through; but do not come yourselves. Good-night, and many thanks to you. May we soon meet again. (Signed) Hilary Lorraine.' You know how very polite he is."

"It is written, and in his own hand, most clearly. He has been my pupil, and I have been his. Poor youth, I am very sorry for him. Now let me go. Have I contented you?"

"I will tell you at the chapel to-morrow night. I shall have the cleverest and most beautiful bride in all Iberia. How can I part with you till then?"

"You will promise me not to hurt him," she whispered through his beard, as he clasped her warmly; while Hilary lay at their feet, still senseless.

"By all the saints that ever were, or will be, multiplied into all the angels! One kiss more, and then adieu, if it must be."

The active young Claudia glided away; while the great brigadier proceeded, with his usual composure, to arrange things to his liking.

He lifted poor Hilary, as if he were a doll, and bound him completely with broad leather straps, which he buckled to their very tightest; and then he fixed over his mouth a scarf of the delicate wool of the mountains; and then he laid him in the shade; for he really was a most-honourable man, when honour came into bearing. And though (as far as his own feelings went) he would gladly have pitched this Captain Lorraine into the rush of the Zujar, he had pledged his honour to Claudia. Therefore he only gagged and bound him, and laid him out of the moonlight; which, at the time of year, might have maddened him. After this, Don Alcides d'Alcar struck flint upon punk, and lit a long cigar.

The whole of that country is full of fleas. The natives may say what they like; but they only damage their credit by denying it, or prove to a charitable mind their own insensibility. The older the deposit or the stratum is, the greater is the number of these active insects: and this old bridge, whether Moorish or Gothic, or even Roman (as some contended), had an antiquarian stock of them.

Therefore poor Hilary, coming to himself—as he was bound to do by-and-by—grew very uneasy, but obtained no relief, through the natural solace of scratching. He was strapped so tightly that he could only roll; and if he should be induced to roll a little injudiciously, through a gap of the parapet he must go to the bottom of the lashing water. Considering these things, he lay and listened; and though he heard many things which he disliked (and which bore a ruinous meaning to him for the rest of his young life, and all who loved him), he called his high courage to his help; and being unable to talk to himself (from the thickness of the

wool between his teeth, which was a most dreadful denial to him), he thought in his inner parts—"Now, if I die, there will be no harm to say of me." He laid this to his conscience, and in contempt of all insects he rolled off to sleep.

The uncontrollable outbreak of day, in the land where the sun is paramount, came like a cataract over the mountains, and scattered all darkness with leaps of light. The winding valley, and the wooded slope, the white track of water, and the sombre cliffs, all sprang out of their vaporous mantle; and even the bridge of echoes looked a cheerful place to lounge on.

"A bad job surely!" said Corporal Nickles, marching with his footsteps counted, as if he were a pedometer. "Bones, us haven't searched this here ramshackle thing of a Spanish bridge. Wherever young Cap'en can be, the Lord knows. At the bottom of the river, I dessay."

"Better if he never was born," replied Bones; "or leastwise now to be a dead one. Fifty thousand guineas in a sweep! All cometh of trusting them beggarly Dons. Corporal, what did I say to you?"

"Like a horacle, you had foreseen it, sergeant. But, we'm all

right, howsomever it be. In our favour we has the hallerby."

Hilary, waking, heard all this, and he managed to sputter so through the wool, that the faithful non-commissioned officers ran to look for a wild sheep coughing.

"Is it all gone?" he asked pretty calmly, when they had cut him free at last, but he could not stand from stiffness. "Do you mean to say that the whole is gone?"

"Captain," said Bones, with a solemn salute, which Nickles repeated as junior, "every guinea are gone, as clean as a whistle; and the Lord knows where 'em be gone to."

"Yes, your honour, every blessed guinea;" said Nickles, in confirmation. "To my mind it goes against the will of the Lord to have such a damned lot of money."

"You are a philosopher," answered Lorraine; "it is pleasing to find such a view of the case. But as for me, I am a ruined man. No captain, nor even 'your honour,' any more."

"Your honour must keep your spirits up. It mayn't be so bad as your honour thinks," they answered very kindly, well knowing that he was a ruined man, but saluting him all the more for it.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

CHINESE TARTARS.

JUST after I had managed to get the better of my illness, but was still in danger from it, and confined to my cot, Mr Pagell arrived, having been recalled from a place in Spiti, ten days' journey off, by the letter which his wife forwarded to him. I found the Moravian missionary to be a strong, active, and cheerful man; no great scholar, perhaps, but with a considerable knowledge of English, able to speak Tibetan fluently, acquainted with the Lama religion, well liked by the people of the country, and versed in the arts which were so necessary for a man in his isolated and trying position. He had been established, with Mrs Pagell, at Pú for about ten years; and, before that, had spent some years in the Moravian mission at Kaelang, in Lahaul, where also Tibetan is spoken. The house he had constructed for himself, or, at least, had supervised the construction of, was small, but it was strongly built, the thick beams having been brought from a distance, and was well fitted to keep out the cold of winter, though not so agreeable as a summer residence. There was a small chapel in his compound, in which service was conducted on Sundays for the benefit of the few Christians, and of any strangers or people of the place who might choose to attend. Christianity has not made much progress at Pú, but this is to be attributed to the entire contentment of the people with their own religion, rather than to any want of zeal or ability on the part of the missionary. Besides himself and his wife, two or three men, with their families, constituted the entire

Christian community; and of these one was the hereditary executioner of Kunáwar, the office having been abolished during the lifetime of his father; while of another, a true Tibetan, who acted as a house servant, Mrs Pagell said that he was a *schande*, or scandal, to the Christian name, from his habits of begging and borrowing money right and left. The good lady's opinion of the people among whom she dwelt, whether Christians or Buddhists, was lower than that of her husband; and, in particular, she accused them of being very ungrateful. I saw a little to show me that they were so—and even Mr Pagell admitted that; but, as a rule, he was inclined to take their part, to regard them in a kindly manner, and to find excuses for their faults—even for their polyandry—in the circumstances of their life. A youth, christened Benjamin, who accompanied us for some days on our further journey, seemed the best of the Christians, and I think he was glad to get away for a time in order to escape from the hateful practice which Mrs Pagell compelled him to undergo, of washing his hands and face every morning. In language, dress, religion, and manners, the people are thoroughly Tibetan; and though they are nominally subject to the Rajah of Bussahir, yet their village is so difficult of access that they pay little regard to his commands. Mr Pagell estimated the population at about 600, but I should have thought there were more, and perhaps he meant families. There is so much cultivation at Pú that the place must be tolerably wealthy. During

my stay there most of the men were away trading in Chinese Tibet and Ladak, and I could not but admire the wonderful industry of the women. There were some fields before my tent in which they worked literally day and night, in order to lose no time in getting the grain cut, and in preparing the ground for a second crop, one of buckwheat. Besides labouring at this the whole day, they returned to their fields after dinner in the evening, and worked there, with the aid of torches of resinous pine-wood, until one or two in the morning. The enormous flocks of blue pigeons must have caused great loss in the grain harvest. There are vines at Pú, and very good tobacco, but when prepared for smoking it is not properly dried, and remains of a green colour. I found that this tobacco when well sieved, so as to free it from the dust and pieces of stalk, afforded capital smoking material, and I prefer it to Turkish tobacco.

Mr Pagell's society assisted me in recovery, and I was soon able to sit up during the day in front of my tent in an easy-chair, with which he furnished me; and on the 30th of July I was able to visit his house. But I knew that my recovery would go on much more rapidly if I could get up to some of the heights above the Sutlej valley. Though Pú is about 10,000 feet high, it is in the Sutlej valley, and has not a very healthy climate in August, so I was anxious to leave it as soon as at all possible. Seeing my weak state, Mr Pagell kindly offered to accompany me for a few days, and I was glad to have his companionship. On the afternoon of the 5th August we set off for Shipki, in Chinese Tibet, with the design of reaching it in four easy stages. Three hours and a half took us to our first camping-

place, on some level ground beyond Dabbling, and underneath the village of Dúbling—places the names of which have been transposed by the Trigonometrical Survey. To reach this, we had to descend from Pú to the Sutlej, and cross that river upon a *sangpa*, or very peculiar kind of wooden bridge. The Sutlej itself is here known to the Tibetans usually by the name of *Sang-po*, or "the river;" and I notice that travellers and map-makers are apt to get confused about these words, sometimes setting down a bridge as "the Sangpa bridge," and a river as "the Sangpo river." I have called the Namtú bridge, as it is named, beneath Pú peculiar; because, though about 80 feet above the stream, which is there over 100 feet across, it is only about three or four feet broad in the middle, is very shaky, and has no railing of any kind to prevent one going over it, and being lost in the foaming torrent below. A Pú yak once survived a fall from this bridge, being swept into a backwater there is a little way down the stream; but that was a mere chance, and the *Bos grunniens* can stand a great deal of knocking about. These bridges are constructed by large strong beams being pushed over one another, from both sides, until they approach sufficiently to allow of the topmost beams being connected by long planks. So rapid is the river below this bridge that Gerard was unable to fathom it with a 10-lb. lead. The path from it towards the Chinese frontier kept up the left bank of the Sutlej, and not far above it, over tolerably level ground. The pieces of rock in the way were unpleasant for dandy-travelling; but it would take little labour to make a good road from beneath Pú to opposite the junction of the Sutlej and the Spiti river, there being a kind of

broad ledge all the way along the left bank of the former stream, but, for the most part, a few hundred feet above it. Though easier for travelling, yet the Suttlej valley became wilder than ever as we advanced up it, though not so chaotic as lower down. On the side opposite to us there were almost perpendicular precipices thousands of feet in height, and the clay and mica-schist strata (interspersed here and there with granite) were twisted in the most grotesque manner. Shortly before, a Pú hunter had been killed by falling over these cliffs when in search of ibex. Above this precipice-wall high peaks were occasionally visible, but in our neighbourhood there was nothing but rocks and precipices, the foaming river, mountain torrents crossing the path, and a few edible pines, junipers, and tufts of fragrant thyme.

On the next day to Khalb, a short journey of four hours, the Suttlej gorge appeared still deeper and narrower. Quartz-rock became more plentiful, and, curiously enough, we passed a vein of very soft limestone. Some of the mountain streams were rather difficult to pass, and one of them had to be crossed on two poles thrown over it, though to have fallen into the torrent would have been utter destruction. At Khalb there is a most picturesque camping-ground, amid huge granite boulders, and well shaded by pines and junipers. It is opposite and immediately above one of the most extraordinary scenes in the world—the junction of the Suttlej, and the Lee or Spiti river. You cannot get near the junction at all, and there are few points from which you can even see it, so deeply is it sunk between close mural precipices; but you can look down towards it and see that the junction must be there. These two rivers have

all the appearance of having cut their way down through hundreds of feet of solid rock strata. Even below the great precipices they seem to have eaten down their way and made deep chasms. I do not venture to say positively that such has been the case; but the phenomena presented are well worthy of the special attention of geologists; because, if these rivers have cut the passages which they appear to have cut, then a good deal more effect may be reasonably ascribed than is usually allowed to the action of water in giving the surface of our globe its present shape. But, though not positive, I am inclined to believe that the Lee and the Suttlej have cut a perpendicular gorge for themselves from a little below Khalb down to the present level of their waters—a distance, roughly speaking, of about 1200 feet, and this becomes more credible on considering the structure of the rock. Gerard fell into the mistake (pardonable in his day) of calling it "stratified granite." Across the Chinese border the mountains are rolling plains of quartz and whitish granite, and probably contain great gold deposits; but at the confluence of the Spiti river and the Suttlej, the rock is slate and schist strata containing veins and detached blocks of granite and quartz, and also various zeolites. These slates and schists are for the most part rather soft, and the whole strata have been so much disturbed by the process of elevation that they are peculiarly open to the action of disintegrating influences. The weather has broken it down greatly wherever there is an exposed surface, and extremely rapid rivers might eat their way down into it with considerable ease. Even the veins and blocks of solid granite and quartz which are interspersed among the strata, are calcu-

lated to aid rather than to hinder such a process. Though the Himá-liya are at once the highest and the most extensive mountains in the world, yet there is some reason to believe that they are among the youngest; and this explains the present state of their narrow deep valleys. Their rivers carry out from them an immense amount of solid matter every year, but the process has not continued long enough to allow of the formation of broad valleys. Hence we have little more in the Himáliya than immense ravines or gorges. A valley there is something like the interior of the letter V, only the farther down you go, the more nearly perpendicular are its sides, while above 12,000 feet there is some chance of finding open, rounded, grassy slopes. There are also some comparatively open or flat valleys to be found above 12,000 feet; for at that height, where everything is frozen up during great part of the year, there are no large rivers and no great action of water in any way.

At this junction of the two rivers there is an outstanding end of rock wall, which is pretty sure in course of time to cause a cataclysm similar to what occurred on the Sutlej in the year 1762 below Kunáwar province, when a shoulder of a mountain gave way and fell into the gorge, damming up the stream to a height of 400 feet above its normal level. Similar events have occurred in the upper Indus valley, but these were caused by avalanches of snow or ice. In the case to which I allude, and as will be the case at the junction of the Lee and Sutlej, the fall of a portion of the mountain itself caused the cataclysm; and when the obstruction gave way, which it did suddenly, villages and towns were destroyed by the tremendous rush of water. The Lee is almost as inaccessible and furious

as the Sutlej, but it has calm pools, and its water is of a pleasant greenish hue, which contrasts favourably with the turbid, whitish-yellow of the latter stream. I may mention that I have written of the Spiti river as the Lee, or *Lí*, because it has got by that name into the maps; but it is not so called by the people of the country, and the name has probably arisen from a confused localising of it with the village of *Lí*, or *Lío*, which is to be found a short way above the confluence. On both sides of the Chinese border they call the Spiti river the *Mapzja Jzazholmo*. The former of these words means a peacock, but what the connection is I do not know. It must be admitted, however, that *Mapzja Jzazholmo* are not sounds well fitted to make their way with the general public, so I shall continue to speak of the Lee or Spiti river. I may also be excused from calling the Sutlej the *Langchhen-khabad*, or "elephant-mouth-fed" river, which General Cunningham asserts is the Tibetan name for the Sutlej; though all the Tibetans I questioned on the subject spoke of it either as the Sangpo, or as the Singi Sangpo. In fact there seem to be numerous local names for the rivers in that part of the world, and it would be hazardous to insist on any one in particular.

From Khalt there are two ways of getting to Shipki; the one over the Kíng-ma Pass, which is 16,000 feet high, and the other up the gorge of the Sutlej, across the face of its precipitous cliffs, and over the dreaded Oopung Gorge. The latter road is never used when the snow will at all allow of the high pass being crossed; and—judging from what I saw of it afterwards, from the mountain *Lío* Porgyúl on the opposite side of the river—it must be nearly as bad as the path from Shaso to Pú. The cliffs, however,

on which the path runs must be interesting to the geologist. They are often of a bluish and of a purple colour; they present a brilliant and dazzling appearance from the zeolites with which they abound, and probably have other and rarer minerals. But the Kúng-ma Pass, above the height of Mont Blanc though it be, is the only tolerable way of crossing into Chinese Tibet from Pú; and to toil over a 16,000 feet pass in one day is not desirable for an invalid, even though starting from a height of about 10,000 feet. So, after procuring yaks and coolies, for the passage into Tartary, from the villages of Khalb and Namgea, we resolved to camp some way up on the pass and to take two days to the business. This can easily be done, because at the height of about 12,500 feet there are a few terraced fields belonging to Namgea, and called Namgea Rizhing, with sufficient room to pitch a small tent upon, and with plenty of water and bushes fit for firewood.

At this height the air was very pure and exhilarating, but the sun beat upon our tents in the afternoon so as to raise the thermometer within them to 82° Fahrenheit; but, almost immediately after the sun sank behind the Spítí mountains, the thermometer fell to 60°. I do not think it got much lower, however, for at daybreak it was 54°. Evening brought also a perfect calm, which was most welcome after the violent wind of the day; but the wind rose again during the night, which fortunately does not usually happen in the Himáliya, otherwise existence there in tents would be almost insupportable. From the little shelf on which we camped, as also, to some extent, from Khalb and Namgea beneath, the view was savage and grand beyond description. There *was* a mountain before us, visible in all

its terrific majesty. The view up the Spítí valley had a wild beauty of its own, and ended in blue peaks, at this season nearly free from snow; but the surprising scene before us was on the left bank of the Spítí river, and on the right of the Suttlej, or that opposite to which we were. A mountain rose there almost sheer up from the Suttlej, or from 9000 feet to the height of 22,183 feet, in gigantic walls, towers, and *aiguilles* of cream-coloured granite and quartz, which had all the appearance of marble. At various places a stone might have rolled from the summit of it down into the river, a descent of over 13,000 feet. In appearance it was something like Milan Cathedral divested of its loftiest spire, and magnified many million times, until it reached the height of 12,000 feet; and I either noticed or heard several great falls of rock down its precipitous sides, during the eight days I was on it or in its immediate neighbourhood. Here and there the white rock was streaked with snow, and it was capped by an enormous citadel with small beds of *névé*; but there was very little snow upon the gigantic mass of rock, because the furious winds which for ever beat and howl around it allow but little snow to find a resting-place there. At Shipki they told us that even in winter Lío Porgyúl, as this mountain is called, presents much the same appearance as it had when we saw it. Half of it rests on Chinese Tartary, and the other half on Hangrang, a province which was ceded by the Chinese less than a century ago to the Rajah of Bussahir; so that Lío Porgyúl might well be regarded as a great fortress between Iran and Turan, between the dominions of the Aryan and the Tartar race. Even more remarkably than the Kailas, it suggested an inaccessible dwelling-place of the gods;

a fortress shaped by hands, but not by human hands. And if the scene was impressive by day, it was absolutely overpowering at night, when the orb of night was slowly rising behind the dark precipices on which we midway stood. While itself unseen, the moon's white light illuminated the deep gorges of the Spiti river, and threw a silvery splendour on the marble-like towers and battlements of Lío Porgyúl. It did not at all appear as if any external light were falling, but rather as if this great castle of the gods, being transparent as alabaster, were lighted up from within, and shone in its own radiance, throwing its supernatural light on the savage scenes around.

The word *ma* in Chinese means a horse, and it is possible that the Kúng-ma may mean the Horse Pass, in contradistinction to the path across the cliffs of the Suttlej along which horses cannot go; but I am by no means sure of this derivation. Be that as it may, horses or some animals are needed on the stiff pull up to the top of it, in a highly rarefied air. Here we found the immense advantage of our yaks, and "the comfort" of riding upon them. They grunted at almost every step, and moved slowly enough, but on they went steadily, seldom stopping to rest. Chota Khan, who had not been provided with a yak, was extremely indignant at the exertion which his large body had to make, and I regretted not having been more liberal towards him. As we got up towards the 16,000 feet summit, the effect of the rarefied air compelled him to pause at every step, and quite bewildered him. He and one or two other of our people, also, began bleeding at the nose. These phenomena, together with the novel sight of a glacier hanging above us near the top of the pass, had such

an effect upon the bold Afghan, that, at one point, he sat down and cried, lamenting his fate and cursing everybody and everything in general, the word *Sheitan*, or "devil," being especially conspicuous in his language. That was only a momentary weakness, however; for on getting down the Chinese side of the pass he quite recovered his spirits; he went down rollicking and singing, and was the first to enter the dreaded Shipki, where some Tartar young women speedily brought him to his bearings and threw him into a state of great perplexity.

It took us nearly ten hours to reach Shipki from Namgea Fields, and we started at four in the morning in order to escape the full effect of the sun's rays when ascending the pass, which involved no rock-climbing, but a continuous and very steep ascent up a cork-screw path, which was the best I had seen since leaving Pangay. Though the air, generally speaking, is quite cool and invigorating at these great elevations, yet the reflected and radiating rock-heat is sometimes exceedingly oppressive; and so powerful are the rays of the sun in summer, that exposure to them, or even to a good reflection of them, will destroy the skin of the hands or face of a European in five minutes or even less. We were all a little ill after crossing this pass, and I ascribe that not so much to the exertion it required, or to the rarefied air, as to the tremendous heat and glare of the sun on the south-east slope down to Shipki, which involves rather more than a mile of perpendicular descent.

A short way before reaching the extreme summit of the pass, we rested for a little on an open brow of the mountain covered with grass and flowers. The view over the Spiti ranges to the north-west was very extensive and striking; for,

though it was a land of desolation on which we gazed, it was under an intensely dark-blue sky; it was beautifully coloured with snow and cloud, and variegated rock, and presented vast ranges of picturesquely shaped peaks, between two of which the 18,000 feet Manerung Pass could easily be discerned. Westward, over sections of the Sutlej valley, near Rarang and Pangay, the great peaks and snows of the Indian Kailas mingled with the clouds of the Indian monsoon, which were arrested on its southern side. Behind us, and overhanging us, were glaciers and snowy peaks. Then came the summit of the Kúng-ma Pass; and to the north-east the vast citadel of Lío Porgyil. Though the view was limited on one side, yet it was much more extensive than any I have seen from any other Himá-liyan pass,—even from the Shink-al, which is at least 2000 feet higher. An enormous semicircle was visible of grand precipices, high mountain peaks, and snowy summits over 20,000 feet high. Resting on the grass, looking on that beautiful yet awful scene—on the boundless wild of serrated ridges, rock-needles, mountain battlements, storm-scathed precipices, silvery domes, icy peaks, and snowy spires—and breathing the pure, keen, exhilarating air,—it almost seemed as if, during my illness at Pú, I had indeed passed from the torturing life of earth, and had now alighted upon a more glorious world. But the Nangea women dispelled the illusion by bringing me blue Alpine flowers, reminding me that I was still upon the sad star, the loveliness of which is marred by the dark shadow which hangs over all its sentient and conscious beings. “Our life is crowned with darkness;” and it becomes not those who aspire to be worthy

of that crown to seek it prematurely, while those the inclination of whose natures must draw them from the purgatory of earth to a lower and darker world, if there existence is to be continued at all, instinctively cling to the happiest life they can hope to know. But even earthly life, under certain conditions, has its intense enjoyments. It was an immense relief for me, after the Sutlej valley and its shadow of death, to feel my feet on the springy turf of rounded slopes—to find that I had room to move and breathe—and to see the lights and shadows chasing each other over the flowery grass.

Before the last ascent, we passed, beneath a considerable glacier, into a small but deep ravine, just above which there was a camping-place for travellers, but no wood and no water visible, though a stream from the glacier might be heard moving underneath the ground. This camping-place marks the boundary between Kunáwar and the Chinese territory; and from there a gentle ascent, difficult only from the great rarity of the air, took us up to the extreme summit of the Kúng-ma Pass, where there are the ruins of a Tartar guard-house, at which formerly travellers attempting to cross the Chinese frontier used to be stopped; but as a European traveller makes his appearance at this gate of entrance only once in ten or fifteen years, it was obviously quite unnecessary to keep a permanent guard up there at the inconvenient height of 16,000 feet—and so the congenial business of stopping his advance has been deputed to the people of the large village of Shipki, which lies immediately, but nearly 6000 feet, below. Fortunately there was hardly any wind; for at these great heights exposure to a high wind for a few minutes may be fatal, so rapidly does it make the body inanimate. From this

guard-house the view towards Tartary was perfectly unclouded and clear. It presented to our view a great expanse of bare and rounded but smooth-looking hills fading away into the elevated rolling plains beyond. The appearance of Tartary is quite different from that of Kunáwar and Spiti, and of the Western Himáliya in general. Except down at Shipki not a tree was visible, and there were no high peaks or abrupt precipices. No snow was visible in Tartary beyond Lío Porgyúl, though the Shírang mountain, over which the road to Gartop goes, must be about 18,000 feet high. The furze on these mountain plains was here and there of a dark-brown colour; and when Alexander Gerard, a native of Aberdeenshire, saw it from a neighbouring pass in 1818, he was at once struck by the resemblance of the furze to Scotch heather. Even "Caledonia stern and wild," however, has no scenes which could afford any notion of the wild sterility of these Tartar plains, or of the tremendous mass of Lío Porgyúl which flanked them on the immediate left. There is no descent in Scotland either to compare in utter wearisomeness to that of the 6000 feet from the top of the Kúng-ma down to the great village of Shipki, though, to do the Chinese justice, they must have expended not a little labour on the rude path which connects the two points. This path was too steep for riding down *comfortably* on a yak; and even Chota Khan, despite his bleeding at the nose, declined the offer which I made him of the use of mine. So I had to endure more than the usual amount of bumping, in my dandy, and of being let fall suddenly and violently on the stony ground, owing to the two coolies in front occasionally coming down by the run. I did, however, manage to get carried

down, there being literally no help for it; but the dandywallahs came to Mr Pagell next day and pathetically showed that gentleman the state of their shoulders.

Chota Khan and one or two more of our servants had gone on in advance to Shipki, with some of the coolies, in order to have the little mountain tents ready for us on our arrival; but that was not to be accomplished so easily as they expected. Instead of tents, a most amusing scene presented itself when we at last got down. But, in order to understand it, the reader must bear in mind that Shipki is situated on the very steep slope of a hill above a foaming river, and that it is by no means a place abundant in level ground. In fact there is no level ground at Shipki except the roofs of the houses, which are usually on a level with the streets, and the narrow terraced fields, the entrances to which are guarded by prickly hedges or stone walls, or *chevaux-de-frise* of withered gooseberry branches. You cannot pitch a tent on a slope, covered with big stones, at an angle of about 45°. Neither were the roofs of the houses desirable, because on the roof of every house there was a ferocious Tibetan mastiff, roused to the highest pitch of excitement by our arrival, and desiring nothing better than that some stranger should intrude upon his domain. Consequently the terraced fields presented the only available places for our tents, and they were clearly available, many of them being in stubble, while there was no immediate intention of digging up the ground. Of course a terraced field was the place, but here was the difficulty which threw Chota Khan into a state of amazement, perplexity, and wrath. A band of handsome and very powerful young Tartar women, —clad in red or black tunics, loose

trousers, and immense cloth boots, into which a child of five years' old might easily have been stuffed—had constituted themselves the guardians of these terraced fields, and whenever Chota Khan or any of his companions attempted to enter, they not only placed their bulky persons in the way, but even showed determined fight. Woman to man, I believe these guardian angels could have given our people a sound thrashing; and I afterwards found it to be a most useful goad for lagging coolies to remark that one Shipki woman could beat two men of Spiti or Lahaul, as the case might be. These angels in big boots were very good-humoured, and seemed to enjoy their little game immensely; but not the less on that account were they pertinacious, and even ferocious, when any attempt was made to get past them. If catching a Tartar be a difficult operation, I should like to know what catching a Tartar young woman must be. When we arrived, Mr Pagell reasoned with them eloquently in fluent Tibetan, and they allowed the force of his argument to the extent of admitting that there was no spot for us at Shipki on which to pitch our tents, except a terraced field; but they parried the obvious conclusion by reminding him that there was a very nice little piece of camping-ground about half-way up the six thousand feet we had just come down, and that it was little past the middle of the day. I myself tried gently to pass between them, with the most admiring smiles and affectionate demeanour I could summon up for the occasion, and in the circumstances; but though this seemed to amuse them much, it did not at all induce them to allow me to pass; and when we tried other fields, either the same women or a fresh band opposed our entrance. Mean-

while, groups of men, on the roofs of houses and elsewhere, watched the operations without interfering. It really looked as if the intention was to compel us to go back from Shipki without allowing us to stay there even for a night. There was much ingenuity in this plan of setting the Tartar damsels to prevent our camping. Had we used force towards these young persons, there would have been a fair reason for the men of the place falling upon us in a murderous manner; and Mr M'Nab, the superintendent of the hill states, had told me that one of his predecessors in office who tried either to camp at Shipki, or to go farther, very nearly lost his life there. Had I been alone I do not know what might have happened, for, in my weak state, I was beginning to get irritated; and it was fortunate I was accompanied by Mr Pagell, who took the matter quite easily, and said it would be necessary to respect the wishes of the people of the country. Fortunately, too, at this juncture, he recognised a Lama, for whom he had formerly done some medical service, and the Lama not only took our part generally, but also offered us a narrow field of his own on which to pitch our tents. There was a disposition on the part of the young Tartars to resist this also, but they were a little too late in making up their minds to do so; for whenever the priest showed my friend the wall which was at the end of his field, our servants and coolies, appreciating the exigency of the occasion, made a rush over it and took immediate possession.

We remained at Shipki that afternoon, the whole of the next day, and the greater part of the day after, making unavailing attempts to provide for further progress into Chinese Tibet. We should have been glad to go very lightly

burdened, but none of the coolies or yakmen from Kunáwar would accompany us a step further. They said that their duty to their own State had compelled them to take us across the frontier to Shipki, at great inconvenience to themselves, for it was their season of harvest, and many of the men of their villages were away travelling on commercial ventures; but that there was no duty resting on them to take us any further, and they were afraid to do so, because they well knew that if they persisted in advancing with us, the Tartars would either fall upon them and kill them then, or do so on some future occasion when their business might take them across the frontier. We had no hold upon the Kunáwar people for a further journey; it would have been most cruel and unjustifiable to have attempted to force them to accompany us, and they would listen to no offers of increased monetary recompense. The Tartars, on the other hand, were still more impracticable. They openly derided the idea of our going on into their country, and would not give us any supplies either of carriage or of food. On the whole they were anything but civil, and at times it looked as if they only wanted a pretext for falling upon us; but at other times they condescended to reason on the matter. They said that they were under express orders from the Lassa Government not to allow any Europeans to pass, and that it would be as much as their possessions and their heads were worth to allow us to do so. Death itself would not be the worst which might befall them, as there were certain dreadful modes of death, which I shall presently describe, to which they might be subjected. On my referring to the Treaty of Tientsin, which gives British subjects a right to travel within the dominions of

the Celestial Emperor, and mentioning that I had travelled a great deal in China itself, they first said that they had no information of any such treaty having been concluded; and then they ingeniously argued that, though it might allow foreigners to travel in China Proper, yet it did not apply to Tibet, which was no part of China, and only loosely connected with that country. When we pressed them for the reasons of this exclusive policy, they answered that they were not bound to give reasons, having simply to obey orders; but that one obvious reason was, that wherever Englishmen had been allowed entrance into a country they had ended in making a conquest of it. We had landed peaceably on the coast of India, and immediately proceeded to conquer the coast. We then took a little more and a little more, always pretending, in the first instance, to be peaceable travellers and merchants, until we got up to the country of Runjit Singh, and the next thing heard there was that we had taken Runjit Singh's dominions. Now we wanted to travel in the country of the Sacred Religion (Lamaism); but the Tibetans knew better than that, and that the only safe course for them, if they wished to preserve their country to themselves, was to keep us out of it altogether. On this we remarked that China had brought trouble on itself by attempting to exclude Europeans, whereas matters had gone smoothly after admitting them, and referred to Japan as an instance of a long-secluded country which had found advantage (I am not sure very much) from admitting Europeans; but they seemed to interpret this as a threat, and replied boisterously, that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed for letting us pass—there would be some amusement in that;

and if ever war came upon them, they were quite willing to engage in war, because, having the true religion, they were certain to conquer. This argument struck the Moravian missionary as especially ridiculous, and in another way it might have done so to an artillery officer, for a couple of mountain-guns could easily destroy Shipki from the Kúng-ma Pass; but it was not ridiculous in the mouths of these wild Tartar mountaineers, who firmly believe in their extraordinary religion, and whose only experience of warfare has been matchlock-skirmishing on their lofty frontiers with the men of Kunáwar, for whom they have the greatest contempt.

It was curious to find these rude men reasoning thus ingeniously, and it struck me forcibly that though the voice was the voice of the rough Tartar Esau, yet the words were the words of the wily Chinese Jacob. There was something peculiarly Chinese-like also, and far from Tartar, in the way in which they shirked responsibility. Personally they were not at all afraid of being uncivil; but when it came to the question as to who was who, and on whose responsibility they acted, then they became as evasive as possible. Thus, in the matter of supplies, though they at first refused point-blank to let us have any, yet, after a little, they adopted different and still more unpleasant tactics. They said they would let us have a sheep—a small one—for five rupees, which was about double its value. On our agreeing to give five, no sheep appeared; and on our inquiring after it, a message was sent back that we might have it for six rupees. On six being agreed to, the price was raised to seven, and so on, until it became too apparent that they were only amusing themselves with us. And whenever we reasoned on this sub-

ject with an ugly monster who had been put forward—and had put himself forward with a great profession of desire for our comfort—as the official corresponding to the *múkea* or *lambadar*, who looks after the wants of travellers,—he promptly disclaimed all pretensions to having anything to do with such a function, and pointed to another man as the veritable *múkea* to whom we ought to apply. This other man said it was true he was a relative of that functionary, and he would be happy to do anything for us if the headmen of the village would authorise it, but the veritable *múkea* was up with the sheep on the Kúng-ma, and if we found him there on our way back he would, no doubt, supply all our wants. In this way we were bandied about from pillar to post without getting satisfaction, or finding responsibility acknowledged anywhere. On the matter being pressed, we were told that the headmen of Shipki were deliberating upon our case; but it was impossible to get any one to acknowledge that he was a headman, or to find out who and where they were. I think they did supply us with some firewood, and they sold a lamb to Phooleyram and Nurdass, that these Kunaits might have it killed as their religion requires, not by having the throat cut, but the head cut or hacked off from above, at the neck-joint. That was all they would do, however; and they impounded one of our yaks, on a doubtful charge of trespassing, and only released it on payment of a small sum.

I was particularly anxious to find some official to deal with; but though there were Tartar soldiers about, one of whom we came upon by surprise, it was impossible to get any one to acknowledge that he was an official, or to unearth one anywhere. In an unguarded moment

some of the villagers told us that they were ordered by the Tzong-pon, or "commander of the fort" (*Tzong* meaning a fort, and *pon* a general or chief*), not to let us pass; but no fort was visible, or general either; and when we inquired further about this officer, they affected not to know what we were talking about. But the Tzong-pon at Shipki means the Tzong-pon of D'zabrun, the governor of the district. (This place is the Chaprang of Montgomerie's map: it has a fort, and is said to be about eight marches distant from Shipki.) But no one would undertake to forward a letter to the Tzong-pon, or produce any authority from him for refusing to allow us to proceed further.

For all this I was in a manner prepared, because several attempts had previously been made in vain to enter Chinese Tibet by this door. My object in going to Shipki was simply to see for myself how the frontier matter stood, and to have a look at Chinese Tartary and Tartars. I never supposed for a moment that, on a first experience of Himáliyan travel, and without a basis of operations near the frontier, I could penetrate for any distance into Chinese Tibet; and at the utmost contemplated only the possibility of making a few days' journey across the frontier, though I should have been quite ready to go on all the three months' journey from Shipki to Lassa had the way been at all open. It struck me there was a chance of getting over the frontier difficulty by going back to Kunáwar, purchasing yaks there, and then recrossing the Kúng-ma and passing Shipki by night; but the time I could have afforded for this experiment had been consumed during the month of my illness at

Pú, and I had the alternative before me of either not making such an attempt, or of relinquishing all hope of reaching Kashmir before it was closed for the season, or even of seeing much of the Himáliya. I had no hesitation in preferring to go on to Kashmir. It was not as if I were going back in doing so. In point of fact, to go to the Valley of Flowers by the route I selected and followed out, was to plunge into a still more interesting stretch of mountain country, and into remote Tibetan provinces, such as Zanskar, situated at what may fairly be called the very "back of beyont," and practically as secluded from the world and as unknown to the public as the dominion of the Grand Lama itself. It was also very doubtful how far it would be possible to advance into Chinese Tibet by having yaks of one's own and passing Shipki by night, because a few miles beyond that village the road crosses the Sutlej, and the only way of passing that river there is over a bridge which is guarded by Tartar troops. The Kunáwar men told us of this, and they know the country well; for the objection to the entrance of Europeans does not apply to themselves, and in summer they are in the habit of trading some way into the interior of Chinese Tibet with blankets, sugar, tobacco, and wool, bringing back rock-salt, shawl-wool, and borax. They also mentioned that a few days' journey beyond the frontier, they were exposed to much danger from mounted robbers, there being hardly any villages or houses until they get to D'zabrun, or to Gartop, except a small village within sight of Shipki; and one of them showed us deep scars upon his head, which had been severely cut

* So also *mak-pon*, a general of troops; *det-pon*, the commander of a boat; *tsik-pon*, an architect; *chir-pon*, a superintendent of stables; and *zol-pon*, a head-cook.

by these robbers. In travelling among the Himáliya, one must necessarily keep to the roads, such as they are, and the only way of crossing the deep-cut furious rivers is by the bridges which have been thrown across them; so that a bridge with a guard of soldiers would in all probability be an impassable obstacle, except to an armed force. But, once past the Suttlej and on the rolling hills of Tartary it would be possible to wander about freely in many directions. The Shipki people told us that if we persisted in going on without their assistance, they would use force to prevent us, defending this by their favourite argument that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed letting us pass. Could we have procured even very limited means of conveyance, I, for my part, should have tested this; but I was scarcely able at the time to walk at all; and I have not the least doubt, from their demeanour, that they would have carried out their threat, and would even have been delighted to do so; for it more than once looked as if they only wanted the slightest pretext in order to fall upon us, and were chiefly prevented from doing so by their respect for Mr Pagell as a teacher of religion and a dispenser of medicines. We might safely conclude, then, that the soldiers at the bridge would be equally intractable; and it is difficult to say what one might meet with in the country beyond—how soon one might be robbed of everything, and find one's head adorning the pole of a nomad's tent. The Abbé Desgodins, who lived for some time in the Lassa territory towards the Chinese frontier, asserts that the Tartar of that country takes great pleasure, when he has an enemy, in persuading that enemy that he is quite reconciled to him, in asking him to a

generous dinner, and in suddenly firing a bullet into his enemy's stomach, when that deluded individual is supposed to have reached the moment of repletion. If such be the way in which the inhabitants of the country of the Sacred Religion treat their friends, it can easily be imagined that, when they fell in with a stranger, they would not even be at the expense of providing a good dinner for him, unless that were absolutely necessary to throw him off his guard. No doubt it is only a portion of the population which are in the habit of indulging in such hospitality; but the difficulty would be to distinguish between that portion and the more respectable inhabitants. Two or three years ago the tribute which is annually sent up from Nepal to Lassa, was seized and appropriated by Tartars on the way; and on their being told that it was for the Lassa Government, they replied that they did not care for any government. Possibly such rovers might be afraid to meddle with Europeans, but that could not be relied on; and it would be almost impossible for one or two travellers to secure themselves against a night attack.

Hence, if the explorer gets beyond Shipki, and beyond the bridge over the Suttlej, it does not necessarily follow that he will reach D'zablung or anywhere else; but I expect the bridge will be his main difficulty, and I have heard of an amusing story connected with a bridge—of an officer who attempted to enter Chinese Tibet at some other point. He managed to give the guard on the frontier the slip at night, and was happily pursuing his way next morning, congratulating himself on having entered into the forbidden land, when he was overtaken by a portion of the guard, who politely intimated that, since they saw he

was determined to go, they would make no more objection to his doing so, only they would accompany him, in order to protect him from robbers. This arrangement worked very well for a few hours, until they came to a deep-sunk river and a rope bridge—one of those bridges in which you are placed in a basket, which is slung from a rope, and so pulled along that rope by another and a double rope, which allows of the basket being worked from either side. Over this river some of the Tartars passed first, in order to show that the conveyance was warranted not to break down; and then our traveller himself got into the basket, and was pulled along. So far everything had gone on well; but, when he had got half-way across the river, his protectors ceased to pull, sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as they might at an interesting object which had been provided for their contemplation. "Pull!" he cried out, "pull!" on which they nodded their heads approvingly, but sat still and smoked their pipes. "D——n it, pull, will you? *pull!*" he cried out again, becoming weary of the basket; and then he tried all the equivalents for "pull" in all the Eastern languages he knew; but the more he cried out, the more the Tartars smoked their silver pipes and nodded their heads, like Chinese porcelain mandarins. They interfered, however, to prevent his pulling himself one way or another; and, after keeping him suspended in the basket till night, and he was almost frozen to death, they made an agreement, through a Tibetan-speaking attendant, that they would pull him back if he would promise to recross the frontier.

If half the stories be true which Mr Pagell has heard from Lamas of the punishments inflicted in Chinese

Tibet, it is no wonder that the people of that country are extremely afraid of disobeying the orders of the Government whenever they are so situated as to be within the reach of Government officers. Crucifying, ripping open the body, pressing and cutting out the eyes, are by no means the worst of these punishments. One mode of putting to death, which is sometimes inflicted, struck me as about the most frightful instance of diabolical cruelty I had ever heard of, and worse than anything portrayed in the old chamber of horrors at Canton. The criminal is buried in the ground up to the neck, and the ground is trampled on round him sufficiently to prevent him moving hand or foot, though not so as to prevent his breathing with tolerable freedom. His mouth is then forced open, and an iron or wooden spike sharpened at both ends, is carefully placed in it so that he cannot close his mouth again. Nor is the torture confined to leaving him to perish in that miserable condition. Ants, beetles, and other insects are collected and driven to take refuge in his mouth, nostrils, ears, and eyes. Can the imagination conceive of anything more dreadful? Even the writhing caused by pain, which affords some relief, is here impossible except just at the neck; and a guard being placed over the victim, he is left to be thus tortured by insects until he expires. The frame of mind which can devise and execute such atrocities is almost inconceivable to the European; and we must hope that a punishment of this kind is held *in terrorem* over the Tibetans, rather than actually inflicted. But I am afraid it is put in force; and we know too much of Chinese and Tartar cruelties to think there is any improbability in its being so. It is certain that the Turanian race is remarkably obtuse-nerved and

insensible to pain, which goes some way to account for the cruelty of its punishments; but that cannot justify them. In other ways, also, Tartar discipline must be very rigorous. Gerard was told that where there is a regular horse-post—as between Lassa and Gartop—"the bundle is sealed fast to the rider, who is again sealed to his horse; and no inconvenience, however great, admits of his dismounting until he reaches the relief-stage, where the seal is examined!" I heard something about men being sealed up this way for a ride of twenty-four hours; and if that be true, the horses must have as much endurance as the men.

The question arises why it is that the Lassa authorities are so extremely anxious to keep all Europeans out of their country. The Tibetans lay the blame of this on the Chinese Mandarins, and the Mandarins on Lamas and the people of Tibet; but they appear all to combine in insuring the result. This is the more remarkable, because the Lama country is not one with which Europeans are in contact, or one which they are pressing on in any way. It is pretty well *défendu* naturally, owing to the almost impassable deserts and great mountains by which it is surrounded; and it has by no means such an amount of fertile land as to make it a desirable object of conquest as a revenue-bearing province. The reason assigned, by letter, in 1870 to the Abbé Desgodins, by the two legates at Lassa—the one representing the Emperor of China, and the other the Grand Lama—for refusing to allow him to enter Tibet, was as follows: "Les contrées thibétaines sont consacrées aux supplications et aux prières; la religion jaune est fondée sur la justice et la droite raison; elle est adoptée depuis un grand nom-

bre de siècles; on ne doit donc pas prêcher dans ces contrées une religion étrangère; nos peuples ne doivent avoir aucun rapport aux hommes des autres royaumes." This, however, is evasive; and, though they are different in the east of Tibet, the Lamas at Shipki made not the least objection to Mr Pagell preaching as much as he liked; they argued with him in quite an amicable manner, and afforded us protection.

Is it possible that the gold—or, to speak more generally, the mineral—deposits in Tibet may have something to do with the extreme anxiety of the Chinese to keep us out of that country? They must know that, without some attraction of the kind, only a few adventurous missionaries and travellers would think of going into so sterile a country, which can yield but little trade, and which is in many parts infested by bands of hardy and marauding horsemen. But the Mandarins have quite enough information to be well aware that if it were known in Europe and America that large gold-fields existed in Tibet, and that the *auri sacra fumes* might there, for a time at least, be fully appeased, no supplications, or prayers either, would suffice to prevent a rush into it of occidental rowdies; and that thus an energetic and boisterous white community might soon be established to the west of the Flowery Land, and would give infinite trouble, both by enforcing the right of passage through China, and by threatening it directly.

That there is gold in Chinese Tibet does not admit of a doubt; and, in all probability, it could be procured there in large quantities. were the knowledge and appliances of California and Australia set to work in search of it. In the Sutlej valley, it is at the Chinese border that the clay-slates, mica-schists,

and gneiss give way to quartz and exceedingly quartzose granite—the rocks which most abound in gold. The rolling hills across the frontier are similar in structure to those which lead to the Californian Sierra Nevada, and are probably composed of granite gravel. In our *Himáliya*, and in that of the native states tributary to us, there is not much granite or quartz, and gneiss is the predominant rock of the higher peaks and ranges. But granite (and, to a less degree, trap) has been the elevating power. There has been a considerable outburst of granite at Gangotri and Kaddernath, and the consequence is that gold is found, though in small quantities, in the streams beneath. Among this great range of mountains there are various rivers,

“Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold.”

The district of Gunjarat in the *Hindú Kúsh*, north-east of the *Chitral* valley, is named on account of its gold. *Kafiristan*, in the same direction, produces gold, which is made into ornaments and utensils. *Badakshan* is celebrated for its veins of the precious metal, as well as for its rubies and lapis lazuli. Also at *Fauladut*, near *Bamian*, and in the hills of *Istalif* north of *Kaibul*, gold is found. It is washed out of the upper bed of the *Indus* in certain parts where that bed is accessible, and also from the sands of the *Indus* immediately after it emerges at *Torbéla* on to the *Panjáb* plain. We have it, too, in the bed of the *Chayok* river. Gold is also washed out of the bed of the *Sutlej*, a little below *Kotghar*, where the people can get down to that bed. Now, where does that latter gold come from? We may go a long way up the *Sutlej* before finding rocks likely to produce any of that metal, unless in

the minutest quantities; but advance up that river to the Chinese frontier and we come upon a stretch of country which is extremely likely to be the matrix of vast gold deposits. Great quantities of gold may be washed out of that region by the *Sutlej*, and yet not much of it finds its way below *Kotghar*, because so heavy a metal soon sinks into the bed of the stream. Nor does this supposition depend entirely upon my unsupported geological conjecture; because it is well known to the *Kunáwar* people that gold is found in *Tibet*, not very far from *Shipki*. The largest of these gold-fields are at *Shok Jalung*, the *Thok Jalung* of *Major Montgomerie*, which is in lat. $32^{\circ} 24'$, and long. $81^{\circ} 37'$, at a height described as about 16,000 feet. But there are many more of them, especially about *Damú*, near the *Sutlej*, not far from its source, and at *Gartop*, close to the *Indus*. The fact that not only gold-washings but even gold-mines are reported to exist in that part of the country between the two rivers, affords pretty conclusive proof, when taken in connection with the geological aspect of the hills, so far as can be seen from the *Kung-ma Pass*, that the western part at least of Chinese *Tibet* has important gold-fields. Of course the people there have no means of working their mines effectually, and the *Lama* religion does not encourage the search for precious metals; but it would be very different if the appliances of civilisation were brought to bear on the matter. Besides gold, Chinese *Tibet* possesses silver, mercury, iron, cinnabar, nitre, lapis lazuli, borax, and rock-salt. The quantity of turquoises which it can turn out appears to be almost unlimited, and the women of all the *Himáliya* richly ornament their hair and dress with these gems—those about the size of a hazel-nut being the most

common. It is doubtful, however, whether the metals enumerated above are to be found in the country to any great extent, though there is no reason to suppose that some of them may not be so. A most serious want is that of fuel. It is quite unlikely that there is any coal, and wood is extremely scarce. On the east side there are great forests here and there; but, on the elevated plains of the west, the Tartars have to depend for their fires almost entirely on furze and the droppings of their flocks. This must create a serious obstacle in the way of working mines, and of a mining population existing at such a height; but if only gold exists up there in great abundance, it is an obstacle which might be profitably overcome by the resources of modern science.

There is no less reason to believe that Eastern Tibet abounds in the precious metals. The Abbé Desgodins writes that "le sable d'or se trouve dans toutes les rivières et même dans les petits ruisseaux du Thibet oriental;" and he mentions that in the town of Bathan, or Batan, with which he was personally acquainted, about twenty persons were regularly occupied in secretly washing for gold, contrary to the severe laws of the country. At other places many hundreds engaged in the same occupation. He also mentions five gold-mines and three silver-mines as worked in the Tchong-tien province in the upper Yang-tse valley; and in the valley of the Mey-kong river there are seven mines of gold, eight of silver, and several more of other metals. He also mentions a large number of other districts, in each of which there is quite a number of gold and silver mines, besides mines of mercury, iron, and copper. It is no wonder, then, that a Chinese proverb speaks of Tibet as being at

once the most elevated and the richest country in the world, and that the Mandarins are so anxious to keep Europeans out of it. If the richest mineral treasures in the world lie there, as we have so much reason to suppose, there is abundant reason why strangers should be kept out of it, and why it should be kept sacred for the Yellow Religion, for supplications and prayers.

The area of Tibet is partly a matter of conjecture, and the best geographers set it down as between six and seven hundred thousand square miles, with a very conjectural population of ten millions. With Mongolia on the north; Turk-estan, Kunáwar, and the mountainous dependencies of Kashmir on the west; Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhotan, with their Himáliya, on the south; and the Chinese province of Yunnan on the east,—it is about as well lifted out of and defended from the world as any country could be; and although Lassa is about the same latitude as Cairo and New Orleans, yet the great elevation of the whole country (which may be roughly called a table-land of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet high) gives it almost an arctic climate. The great cluster of mountains called the Thibetan Kailas (the height of which remains uncertain, and some of the peaks of which may be even higher than Gaurisankar) well deserves to be called the centre of the world. It is, at least, the greatest centre of elevation, and the point from whence flow the Sutlej, the Indus, and the Brahmaputra; while to Tibet, meaning by that word the whole country in which Tibetan is spoken, we may ascribe most of the rivers of the Panjáb, and also the Jumna, the Ganges, the Irrawaddi, the Yang-tse, and even the Hoang-Ho, or great Yellow River. The pass at Shipki, over which I crossed, is one of the lowest of the passes into

Chinese Tibet. There is another and more difficult pass close to it, about 12,500 feet high; but the others are of great height, and the Mana Pass, between Tibet and Gurwhal, is 18,570 feet. Though Lassa is the capital of the whole country, Tashu Lambu, said to have a population of about 50,000, is the capital of the western division of Chinese Tibet, and is the residence of the Bogda Lama, the highest spiritual authority after the Grand Lama.

The young persons of Shipki had none of the shamefacedness of the women of India. They would come and sit down before our tents and laugh at us, or talk with us. It was quite evident that we were a source of great amusement to them. They were certainly rather robust than beautiful; but one girl, who had come from the other side of Lassa, would have been very good-looking had she been well washed. This Tartar beauty had a well-formed head, regular features, and a reddish-brown complexion. She was expensively adorned, and was probably the relative of some official who thought it best to keep in the background. In fact, she was very handsome indeed, lively and good-humoured; but there was the slight drawback that her face had never been washed since the day of her birth. Another young girl belonging to Shipki tempted some of our Namgea men into a mild flirtation; but whenever they offered to touch her it was a matter of tooth and nails at once. Mr Pagell's conversation with the people on the subject of religion was well enough received, though his statements were not allowed to go uncontroverted, and his medical advice was much preferred. In talking with us, the men were rather rude in their manner, and, after staying for a little, they would suddenly go

away, laughing, and slapping their persons in a way that was far from respectful.

Both men and women wore long tunics and loose trousers, a reddish colour being predominant, and also large cloth Tartar boots; but during the heat of the day many of both sexes dispensed with the boots, and some of the men appeared with the upper part of their bodies entirely naked. All the men had pigtails, and they wore caps like the ordinary Chinese skull-caps, though, from dirt and perspiration, the original colour and ornamentation were not distinguishable. The women had some pig-tails, some plaits, and were richly ornamented with turquoises, opals, pieces of amber, shells (often made into immense bracelets), corals, and gold and silver amulets; while the men had metal pipes, knives, and ornamented daggers stuck in their girdles. The oblique eye and prominent cheek-bones were noticeable, though not in very marked development; and though the noses were thick and muscular, they were sometimes straight or aquiline. The bodies were well developed, large, and strong; but the men struck me as disproportionally taller than the women. The weather being warm, hardly any one appeared in sheepskins, and most of their garments were of thick woollen stuff, though the girl from beyond Lassa wore a tunic of the ordinary thick, glazed, black, Chinese-made flaxen cloth. We did not obtain permission to enter any of their houses, which were strongly built and roofed of stone, but saw sufficient to indicate that these were dark uncleanly habitations, almost devoid of furniture.

Shipki is a large village in the sub-district of Rongchung, with a number of terraced fields, apricot-trees, apple-trees, and gooseberry-

bushes. It is watered by streams artificially led to it from the glaciers and snow-beds to the south-west of the Kúng-ma Pass, where there are great walls of snow and snowy peaks about 20,000 feet high. Twenty-four of its zemindars, or proprietors of land, pay a tax amounting to £5 yearly to the Government, and the remainder pay smaller sums. The population numbers about 2000, and they have not exactly the typical Tartar countenance, though with clearly-marked Tartar characteristics, and there were two or three strangers among them whose features were purely Turanian. The people of Shipki have a striking resemblance to the country Chinese of the province of Shantung, and they were large, able-bodied, and rather brutal in their manners,—not a trace of Chinese formality or politeness being apparent. The village is separated into several divisions; the houses are not close together, and the steep paths between them are execrable, being little more than stairs of rock with huge steps. The gooseberry-bushes, however, gave a pleasant appearance to the place, and the unripe berries promised to reach a considerable size. Of course the whole district is almost perfectly rainless, and the air is so dry as to crack the skin of Europeans. It must get very little sun in winter, and be excessively cold at that season; but in summer the climate is mild, and hotish during the day. The thermometer outside my tent was 56° at sunrise; but it was 84° Fahr. at 2 P.M. inside the tent, with a breeze blowing through. The bed of the Sutlej near Shipki is about 9500 feet high, which is a remarkable elevation for so large a river.

Finding it hopeless to pass Shipki, at all events without going back to Kunáwar, and purchasing yaks of my own, I determined to

proceed to Kashmir, high up along the whole line of the Western Himáliya; and, indeed, I did not manage to reach that country a day too soon, for I narrowly escaped being snowed up for the winter in the almost unknown province of Zanskar. Mr Pagell also acknowledged the hopelessness of attempting to proceed farther into the dominions of the Grand Lama, so we left Shipki on the afternoon of the 10th August; and though the thermometer had been at 82° in our tents shortly before starting, we camped that night with it at 57° before sunset in a pure bracing atmosphere at the Shipki Rizhing, or Shipki Fields, about 2500 feet higher up on the Kúng-ma Pass, but on the eastern side of it, and still within the Chinese border. Here we had a remarkable example of the courage and ferocity of the Tartars. On leaving the outskirts of Shipki, our coolies had plucked and taken away with them some unripe apples; and at the Shipki Rizhing, where there are no houses, only an empty unroofed hut or two for herdsmen, a solitary Tartar made his appearance, and observing the apples, declared that they were his, and, abusing the coolies for taking them, straightway fell upon the man in possession of them, tore that individual's hair, and knocked him about in the most savage manner. Though there were over twenty of the Kunáwar men looking on, and several of them were implicated in the theft, if such it might be called, yet none of them ventured to interfere; and their companion might have received serious injury, had not Chota Khan, who was always ready for a fray of the kind, gone in and separated the two. Now this was between two and three thousand feet above the village, and I doubt if there were any other Tartars about the spot, except one other man who had come

to see us off the premises. Ferocity is much admired in Chinese Tibet ; and in order to create it, the people are fond of eating what they ironically call "still meat," or meat with maggots in it. We heard also that, to the same end, they give a very curious pap to their infants. Meat, cut into thin slices, is dried in the sun and ground into powder ; it is then mixed with fresh blood and put into a cotton cloth, and so given to the *enfant terrible* to suck. Mixtures such as this, combined with half-raw flesh, sun-dried flesh, and, where there is cultivation, with girdle-cakes of wheat, buckwheat, and barley, must make a pretty strong diet even for the seniors, and one well fitted to produce endurance and courage. It is to be hoped the milk (of mares and other animals) which the nomad Tartars so largely imbibe, may have some effect in mollifying the ferocity of their spirits. It is very extraordinary that the Chinese, who are a Tartar people and must have descended at one time from the "Land of Grass," should so entirely eschew the use of milk in every shape. For long there was a difficulty in getting even a sufficiency of that liquid for the use of the foreigners at the open ports in China ; and I have heard of a ship captain at Whampoa, on blowing up his *comprador* for not having brought him any milk, receiving the indignant answer—"That pig hab killo, that dog hab weillo (run away), that woman hab catchee cheillo—how then can catchee milk?" A Lama at Kaelang, on being spoken to on this subject,

admitted that he had observed that even at Lassa the pure Chinese did not take any milk ; and he said the reason they gave for not doing so was, that milk makes people stupid. I fancy there is some truth in that assertion ; but possibly the Chinese may have got the idea from the fact that the Tartars, who are necessarily milk-drinkers and eaters of dried milk and buttermilk, are a very stupid people. Sir Alexander Burnes mentions a similar opinion as existing in Sind in regard to the effects of fish. There, a fish diet is believed to destroy the mind ; and in palliation of ignorance or stupidity in any one, it is often pleaded that "he is but a fish-eater." Yet this diet, more than any other, if our modern *savants* can be trusted, supplies the brain with phosphorus and thought, so it is calculated to make people the reverse of stupid.

The next day we started before daylight, and camped again at Namgea Fields. The view over Tartary, from the summit of the pass, was somewhat obscured by the rising sun, which cast on it a confusing roseate light ; but the great outlines of the rolling hills and windy steppes were visible. I should be glad to try Chinese Tibet again, and in a more serious way ; but meanwhile I had all the Western Himáliya before me, from Lío Porgyúl to the 26,000 peak of Nunga Parbat, besides the Afghan border, and I had satisfied my immediate purpose by seeing some of the primitive Turanians, and looking on their wild, high, mountain home.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. VIII.—GLORY.

As Irish postboys used, in former times, to "keep a trot for the avenue," so, on the same principle of reserving a flourish for the finish, has Glory been held back for the final chapter of this series. In its military form it is so immeasurably the vastest of all the vanities of nations, that the temptation to talk about it sooner has of course been great; we have resisted, but need resist no longer; we can now indulge our pent-up longings, as children at last consume the central jam of tarts whose circumferential crust they have first devoured.

Glory! The name resounds like a surging sea. It dazzles us with a blaze of splendid meaning. It is the end and object of all the triumphs that human power can achieve. It has been fiercely fought for by nations and by men; it has been pursued throughout all time; it has been sought more passionately than even love or money. And it tempts not only actors, but lookers-on as well, for it corresponds to an imperious necessity which acts on every one of us; it satisfies that irresistible disposition to be sometimes enthusiastic about something—no matter what—which is at the bottom of all natures, however ponderously placid they may be. The world is of a single mind upon the subject; and, on the whole, the world is right to be unanimously convinced, for glory has been so singularly useful to its progress, that we may reasonably doubt whether we could possibly have arrived at our present state without it. Its rarity, and the extreme difficulty of attaining it, have so largely added to its value, that no reward on earth can be

compared to it. Most other prizes may be competed for by any man who has ambition, strength, and intellect: wealth, rank, and power may be won single-handed, by personal capacity; but glory, unlike those easier summits, cannot be climbed alone; no solitary traveller can reach its brilliant heights. The reason is, that while each of us can fight our way alone—on the one condition of being strong enough—to every other success in life, no man can seize glory for himself. Glory is not a diadem which any aspirant, whatever be his force of arm or will, can lift unassisted on to his own head; it must be placed there by applauding nations, and the whole earth must ratify the crowning. And if individual claimants can acquire it only by the acclamations of mankind, so, inversely, nations are dependent for it on the actions of their citizens. It is as essentially a joint product of men and states as a baby is of its two parents; neither of them can create it without the other's aid. It must be earned by them collectively, and be bestowed by them reciprocally; its sources and its nature are, consequently, identical in each of its two forms, personal and national; it is only in its consequences and its applications that differences arise. This unity of its elements facilitates its study, but still it is so huge a subject that the attempt to discuss it here is like trying to put the Mediterranean into the dip of Piccadilly. We can, however, imitate the voyagers who offer to their friends at home a phial full of sample water from the Bay of Naples, and assure them that

"all the rest of it is just like this."

But before beginning to exhibit the little specimen for which there is space here, it will perhaps be useful to put a preliminary question. Are we obliged, in talking about glory, to make up our minds beforehand that it is our duty to remain incessantly awe-stricken before it? Are we of necessity bound to speak of it as we should of some illustrious princess whose faults are all forgotten in the contemplation of her dignity and her greatness? Obligations of that description are particularly inconvenient; they strangle free discussion; they suffocate the pleasant smiles which are frequently such useful aids to the digestion of ideas as well as dinners. Besides which, we do of course intend to be most deferential: no decent Englishman could possibly be impolite to glory; and, furthermore, it is too high up above us to be accessible to our rudeness if we tried it. However much we may incline towards independence, we shall never fall to the condition described by Tacitus when he said that "to despise glory is to despise the virtues which lead to it." That state of mind is outside the possibilities of our generation; and though we must suppose that it existed in the year 100 (for, otherwise, Tacitus could have had no object in alluding to it), we are too well brought up now to be capable of despising anything so eminently respectable and grand. But, at the same time, the influence of our political education makes us naturally wish to retain full freedom for our homage, and to be able to treat glory, not as an Eastern autocrat whom we can approach only on our knees, with much trembling and emotion, but as a constitutional sovereign who does not pretend to be above the range of respectful criticism. For this reason we may,

without temerity, answer the above question in the negative. And now, after this expression of dutious and becoming principles, we can go on in safety.

A nation's glory is a complex product; it is composed of many elements; all sorts of national successes contribute to it; nothing great or noble is excluded from it; everything that has been brilliant in the nation's history assumes a place in it; it knows no limits of time or distance; it unites the present and the past; it includes both memories and realities. The halo of old victories, of bygone merits, of ancient pride, may suffice alone to keep it up in vigorous existence, even though there be no sort of actual foundation to base it on: the situation of France just now supplies evidence of this; her glory is still bright and real, but no one will pretend that it is a product of to-day. Or it may be a gleanings of the passing moment, a fresh instant growth, with no background of recollections, with no associations, with no home to rest in; such was the glory of the Southern States during the Secession war. Glory may be strengthened, or even be suddenly originated, by causes of a totally new kind, which, previously, had never aided to produce it; it is, however, necessary to add, that this is true of modern action only, and that ancient notions about the origin of fame were most exclusive and unelastic. In these days we have grown less difficult; but though we take our glory now wherever we can lay hands on it, it has suffered no loss of prestige, no lessening of its royalty, from the tendency to popularise and multiply its sources. And, to all its elements, whether old or new, a nation adds, as has been already said, the individual glories of her

children; she takes them proudly as her own, and joins them to the common stock as the property of all. Was not the glory of Cœles, of Fabius Maximus, of Cincinnatus, the glory of Rome itself? Does not the memory of Thermopylæ and of Marathon belong almost more to Greece than to Leonidas and Miltiades? And, in our own small modern way, do we not, each one of us, claim ardently for England the fame of Newton and of Shakespeare, of Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson? The rewards which great citizens receive from a grateful country go down to their descendants as a material testimony of their deeds: but their glory is no heirloom in their family; it becomes the heritage of their land; it remains associated, ideally, with their name, but the State alone makes profit of the power which that glory has created.

And yet this glory, universal and all including, wide, lofty, and effulgent, as it is, has no proper innate life; it can do nothing for itself; it has no existence without history. Homer invented glory for Hector and Achilles, whose names we should have never heard if there had been no *Iliad*; such people as Herodotus and Livy gave fame to Greece and Rome; and the glories of to-day are made ready for our use by special correspondents. It is most unpleasant to have to own that merit, however huge, has never obtained renown unless publicity has been good enough to grant it aid; that, throughout the centuries which stretch backwards from the 'Daily Telegraph' to Thucydides, heroes have been brought into repute by other people's poetry or prose; that their own good swords have only served to sharpen the pens of

their historians; that glory has always been, and continues still to be, impossible without advertising. The parallelism of conditions which is indicated by the last sentence between the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" and Epps's *Cocca*—between Charles the Twelfth and Dr Morrison—between Galileo and Messrs Moses—is so obvious and striking, that it is difficult to comprehend how it has escaped the notice of modern critics. It is to be hoped that they will now give serious attention to it, for it contains, perhaps, significant suggestions and hidden meanings, which may throw a totally new light on historical research.

And yet, though glory depends on history as thoroughly as sailingships depend on wind, its dependence has never in any way affected its nature or career. The means by which it is attained have increased and multiplied; its sources have become various and conflicting; but the effects which it produces have remained unvaried since it was invented. History, with its thousand tongues—history, "the experience of nations,"—has been able to add nothing to the qualities and results of glory since it first burst out before the walls of Troy. Through thirty centuries it has endured unchanged; it is, probably, unchangeable; at each new birth it reproduces the same unvarying features; it rests as solid as the bottom of the sea, uninfluenced by the motion of the waves of time. It has always been a fruit of "virtue," in the great, universal meaning of the word; it is so still—the one difference between past and present being, that "virtue" is now more varied and abundant, in consequence of the extension of the power and knowledge of which men dispose. Glory, as Seneca observed, "follows virtue like its shadow;" it is a public ad-

miration founded on brilliant deeds, on great intellectual results, or on vast public services; it is reserved exclusively for those who work for the public good. Montaigne says it is "the world's appreciation of great actions;" Voltaire adds that "it presupposes grave obstacles surmounted;" La Fontaine supports this last opinion by asserting that "aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire;" and Corneille confirms it in his famous line—"à vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire." It is, therefore, an illustriousness attached to doings in which the grandeur of the object is united to difficulty of execution; "it is better than celebrity, and more than honour; celebrity may result from bad actions, good ones only can give honour: but glory cannot be acquired except by doing more and better than all the world." Still, like other splendours, glory contains degrees; it is not a race in which all the runners come in first. As happens generally with sovereignties, its thrones are of unequal height; its value varies with its motives and its attendant circumstances: it cannot reach its fullest lustre unless, to quote Seneca again, its sole object is the useful, the honest, and the just. Greece fighting for its freedom was more glorious than conquering Rome; the glory of the great Alexander was feebler than that of Hercules, for Alexander sought for personal satisfactions, while Hercules was the protector of suffering humanity, the Don Quixote of mythology. Brutus was superbly glorious when he condemned his son, but Virginius was not glorious when he killed his daughter—the latter acted for the honour of his family, the former for his country's good: Virginius was a good father and an honest man, but Brutus was a grand citizen. And a hundred other similar com-

parisons might be made between the sorts, the shades, the looks of glory; each country supplies examples, each age affords us types, of the varying intensities of renown. It is quite true that, as the Romans put it, "glory enlarges life," but it enlarges it most unequally; sometimes it simply stretches it a little, with a pressure so soft and gentle that no appreciable disturbance is produced; sometimes it forces back the walls which enclose our small existences, and loudly claims more space and light for those it honours; and sometimes it uproots and clears away all limits, destroys all obstacles to its voice, calls upon the amazed world to listen, and then proclaims that another name is written on the first page of the great roll of fame. Then life is "enlarged" indeed; but, fortunately for quiet people, this does not happen often.

The means by which glory can be obtained are quite as numerous as the forms which it assumes; they are abundantly sufficient to largely stimulate ambition. Indeed it would be somewhat imprudent to assert that any cause whatever, provided it be of public interest, is incontestably and absolutely incapable of producing glory. There is no certain reason, as things are going now, for excluding any of the higher works of men from the chance of winning it. It might, in such a case, be limited and special, but still it would be, in a small way, a member of the family, a poor relation, looked down upon, perhaps, by its grander cousins, but with the same blood circulating in its veins, and with as much real right as they to stand out before the universe. And this possibility seems likely to increase; for as throughout Europe the tendency of our epoch is to overthrow monopolies, to open life to competition, to

encourage all the talents; and as we are simultaneously acquiring a keener sense of the value of success, a clearer appreciation of the relative importance of the great acts and objects of national existence,—it follows not only that we have more candidates fit to contend for glory, but that we are offering to those candidates new fields of action. We see these influences at work around us; examples stand up vividly before us; the representatives of new action are coming to the front and claiming their share of fame. Watt and Stevenson have attained true glory; other labourers of our century have almost deserved it too; and most of the careers of men are followed now with a vigour and a brilliancy which elevate and ennoble, and which promise brightly for the progress of our children. There was a time when glory was mainly won by war; but that time passed long ago, and, though war is still a fertile source of vigorous renown, it has abandoned all pretension to monopoly. Literature, religion, science, art, have claimed and have acquired the larger share in the formation of this great product. Lysurgus, Plato, St Augustin, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Goethe, Beethoven, have gained a glory which is as great in quantity, and purer far in quality, than any that mere battle has ever won. Even in those early days when fighting was the serious occupation of the world, a doubt arose as to the sufficiency of slaughter to constitute real glory. Most of the great conquerors were evidently convinced that battle was not enough; and that if they were to become really grand, they must add to it some other claim on the admiration of mankind. When we look through the glorious periods of the world's history we find that, with rare exceptions, warring is not their chief

characteristic; there is a good deal of it in some of them, it is true, but there are generally other things as well, and in one or two of them there is no victory at all.

Solomon, for instance, who was the first glorious monarch that we know much about, was certainly not a warrior. He seems to have done no fighting, and to have gained his remarkable reputation by wealth and wisdom only; unless, indeed, the story that he had a thousand wives in any way contributed to it. But even if it did, it would only show that he was very brave towards women—which form of courage has not, thus far, been usually regarded as a ground for glory.

Pericles, who has given his name to the second famous period, was certainly a soldier, and a good one too; but he was a grand administrator as well, and a great lover of the arts. Even his peculiar defect of getting his accounts into horrible disorder has not prevented the duration of his renown; it only serves to comfort public functionaries whose ledgers do not balance.

Alexander, however, was a conqueror, and little else besides; for though he did not habitually destroy, and rather tried to civilise and preserve, he did so only as a consequence of his theories of the use of conquest. He had no pacific virtues; on the contrary, he was a most offensive, murderous brute. It is true that he was friendly with Apelles; that he refused to burn up Athens; that he spared the house of Pindar at the sack of Thebes; that he treated Porus and Darius with generosity when he made them prisoners, and that he "took from them nothing but glory;" but, notwithstanding these exceptions, he was little more than a half-savage soldier, and he supplies the one example of a purely military glory.

The Augustan epoch of Roman

history was literary and brilliant far more than conquering.

Carl the Great (let us respectfully agree with Mr Freeman that, as he was not a Frenchman, it is absurd to call him Charlemagne) was a true captain; there is no room for doubt about it: but he was a famous law-giver as well; and, considering his education and his surroundings, he had the soundest notions about literature, and was singularly strong on crops and culture.

The splendid century of the Renaissance, with which the name of Leo X. has become associated, was full of political disorder; and the coming of the Reformation gave to it a character of religious struggle and excitement. But how easily we forget that Pope Leo went to war—how easily we lose sight of his anxieties and his worries; to most of us he is solely the great Medici, the patron and the godfather of a new period, when glory budded in the closet and the studio, and not on battle-fields.

Ferdinand and Isabella made Spain one nation, and drove the Moor across the seas; but their true glory is that America was discovered in their reign.

In recent times, have not the glories of the great Peter, and the greater Frederic, been based on civil merits as well as on military successes? And, to close the list with the greatest name of all, was not Napoleon something else besides a soldier?

These examples appear to be conclusive, and to show that, however largely war has been an origin of glory, other causes have produced it oftener and more largely still. And, in addition to the proof positive thus supplied, there is abundance of proof negative as well; for history is crammed full of soldiers who were always fighting splendidly,

who really did great things in combat, but who never thereby earned a place in the catalogue of true fame. The various barbarians who upset Rome, the Arabs who mastered Africa and Spain, the Turks who destroyed the Eastern Empire, were certainly good fighters and rude conquerors; but never did any one of them win standing-room amongst the great warriors of the world. We look at them as fierce bull-dogs rather than as out-shining governors of men. They augment the proof that arms alone, however successful they may be, do not invariably and of necessity bestow eternal greatness. Whatever be our prejudice in favour of military glory—and, until we really know what war is, that prejudice seems natural and justifiable—we cannot help acknowledging that more than half of the accepted glories of the world have sprung from civil sources.

This is a satisfactory result to reach; for it would have been mournful to be obliged to own that evidence and experience incline the other way, and that warfare really is the one great progenitor of glory. And our regret would have been based not only on the insufficiency of the cause, but also on the unsatisfactory character of the effect; for of all the categories of glory, that which is won on battle-fields is the only one which really constitutes a vanity. No other glories stoop to self-esteem (though they do like a little flattery), but the pride which a people feels in conquest constitutes by far the largest element of its international conceit; and conceit of that sort invariably takes a shape which is at once aggressive and offensive. The bumptiousness of victory presents the most colossal form of selfishness and impertinence; the bully of our school days and the Prussia of to-

day are examples of the fruit which it produces. We may indeed rejoice that time and knowledge have generated new seeds of glory, and that, though the flower retains its old perfectness of form, its ancient brilliancy of colour, the plant itself has discovered how to grow on other soils than those which were once supposed to be essential to its development. Even material progress may now be classed amongst the possible origins of glory; national prosperity, successful trade, great fleets of merchant-ships, increased production of the taxes, inventions, and the advance of comfort and wellbeing, may all be counted, in the actual condition of the world's opinions, as elements of the glory of a state. It is well that we have reached this intelligent comprehension of the true nature of renown; for it would have been strange indeed if glory, the child of virtue, had remained inaccessible otherwise than by war, a process which is absolutely contrary to virtue. It is true that there are around us many instances of such dissimilarity between origins and results: bright butterflies are hatched from caterpillars; sweet perfumes are now extracted from the residues of gas-making; paupers grow sometimes rich: on this showing, consequently, there ought to be no essential reason why, in principle, unworthy causes should not occasionally produce fame. But, whatever be the theoretical considerations on the point, it is manifest that, in practice, glory is unlike butterflies, sweet smells, or money; it positively will not take birth in dirty places; it is too high bred to accept low contacts; and if it not unfrequently sprouts up in blood and battle, it is from mere force of habit and from ignorance of the fact that war is atrociously unvirtuous. This last assertion renders

it advisable to look at war a little, in order to see how it really is composed; the explanation will enable us to better judge the nature of the relationship between it and glory.

What is this war which seems so grand; this war whose echoes fill the earth, whose fire-flashes dazzle onlookers; this war which agitates us beyond all excitements? Enough, in all conscience, has been written about its grandeur, its ferocity, its horror. We have all been told a thousand times that it has exercised more influence than any other cause on the history of the world; we are aware that it has made and unmade nations; we know that it produces slaughter, suffering, starvation, and disease; and that in no case, however necessary it may have been, has it done real good to men. We are conscious that it has never caused lasting benefits to either conquerors or conquered; that it has invariably, in the long-run, damaged both sides; and that the one argument which can be invoked in favour of it is, that we cannot do without it. But, notwithstanding all these convictions, we go on admiring it and building glory on it. We are divided into "the bad who think war a pleasure, and the good who think it a necessity;" but, whichever way we take it, we respect in it the sovereign tribunal of the earth. Now, here begins our blindness; here we indulge the sort of fallacy which Lord Stowell called a "wild conceit;" for how can respect be due to a tribunal whose first act is to suppress all law, to annul all right, to put an end to justice? This is what war does, for war cannot coexist with justice, right, or law; and the evidence thereof is wofully abundant. We find it everywhere. Marius exclaimed that "the din of arms prevented his hearing the laws;" the bashful Pompey, who

was so timid that he blushed when he had to speak in public, asked, "Am I, who am in arms, to think of laws?" Ennius said of soldiers, "They have recourse to arms and not to right;" and Tacitus informs us (though we were aware of it without his attestation) that "in the highest fortune what is strongest is most just." If from this purely Roman evidence we turn elsewhere about the world, we find great mounds of proofs to the same effect. The books on the Law of Nations are brimful of it, and we may consult them usefully and safely, for they do not touch the sentimental phases of the case, or even analyse its moral elements; they confine themselves to principles, practices, and precedents; they indicate the rules which ought to guide belligerents; they acquaint us with the principles on which war should be conducted.

They tell us that the first consequence of war, in its action on right and justice, is to abrogate all treaties which previously existed between the warring nations. Now "abrogating treaties" is a euphemism for doing away with law, for treaties are the law by which nations regulate their mutual relations; and though it may be urged that, as war puts an end to all relations, there no longer remains anything to regulate, that argument is illusory; it neglects the substance for the shadow; it considers only the result, and fails to justify the cause. The fact remains unaltered that the instant consequence of a state of war is to destroy all former legal bonds between the parties, including, besides treaties, all the unwritten rules and usages which are habitually applied between friendly states, and to free them from all further care for the obligations which, to that moment, had served to guide their mutual

attitude. But here again it will be said that those cancelled obligations are at once replaced by other duties fitted to the new conditions which result from war, and that these latter duties constitute a new legal bond as strict and real as that which rested on the previous obligations contracted during peace. Such reasoning is, however, in contradiction with all our ideas of right: we have been taught to think that right is based on truths which cannot vary; that it is unchanging always and for ever, in principle and in application; that robbery and murder, for example, are invariably wrong. If this be a correct impression, how can it ever become right to legalise robbery and murder? How can it be justice, to use the words of Cato, "to put private robbers into prison, while public robbers are seen in purple and in gold"? If the commandments do not mislead us, and if the code which we have based upon them is not altogether childish, it really is and always will be wrong to kill and steal. The question is, of course, open to discussion, like all other questions; and ingenious minds may find subtle reasonings to show that nothing can be more beneficial to humanity, or more in harmony with the objects of creation, than to assassinate and rob: but notwithstanding the considerations which may be invoked in favour of that view, the popular impression is at present the other way. There is a general feeling not only that robbery and murder deserve punishment, but that they never can under any circumstances become acts of virtue. Common-sense joins justice in insisting on the soundness of this view, and in protesting that the laws of war are powerless to change axioms which are as immovable as the north star. Of course, both robbery and murder

and all manner of ill-treatments are necessary in war, and of course war is indispensable and must go on ; but let war be recognised as it is, and let us cease to attribute to it the imaginary faculty of conferring upon wrong the qualities of right. We are not making the absurd attempt to prove that war in itself is bad, or that it ought to be suppressed ; that insensate effort may be abandoned to the excellent enthusiasts who are pleased to waste upon it their energy and their time : our object is very different ; it is to show that, however needful war may be, it is utterly unworthy of moral approbation, and ought not consequently to be admitted as a source of glory. Material admiration it may legitimately provoke ; but glory is supposed to derive its breath from other parents than physical endurance, brute strength, or successful violence. If this last idea be wrong, then the remains of Cribb and Sayers should be transferred at once to Westminster Abbey, a vote of thanks should be addressed by Parliament to their memories, and town and country houses should be bought by national subscription for their descendants.

All this is not much like virtue, but at all events it is truth ; and yet, though truth and virtue meet here once more, according to their old habit, they cannot travel on together in agreeable friendship, but must separate at once, with a distant bow, as if they were mere casual acquaintances. Truth sometimes obtains permission to follow a campaign and to write home letters to the newspapers ; but virtue has no place in camps, and no general would allow rations to so embarrassing a follower. Virtue would therefore starve if it tried to stop ; for though truth can pillage for subsistence (as it often pillages for

news), poor virtue could not condescend to feed itself by such unworthy means, and would have to look on hungrily and die. So it wisely recognises that it had better stay away.

One glance at war has thus sufficed to show us that its first step is to renounce all relations with those two venerable personages law and virtue ; and, as we go on, we shall find it break with so many other worthy principles that we shall end by being unable to discover any moral merit, excepting sometimes truth, with which it remains on speaking terms. And yet it has always been a source of glory. It deludes us by its dangers, its brilliancies, its results : its cruel splendours dazzle us ; the sufferings which it causes startle us ; its vast consequences impress us ; and, in our hot eagerness and emotion, we give no thought to the underlying falseness. We fancy that we know what war is, that we judge it, and appreciate it ; we imagine that we understand it and measure it exactly ; and that, though sad indeed, it really is grand and noble. It does seem so from the standpoint whence we habitually perceive it ; but regarded at other angles, looked at especially from beneath, with a clear view of its foundations, it becomes the most tremendous sham, the most incomparable imposture, which men have hitherto invented. There is no other such example of the successful covering up of the black side of a big subject ; nowhere else are all the moral principles on which life habitually rests pitched coolly into a corner to lie there behind a gorgeous curtain until they are once more wanted ; vainly should we look elsewhere for a second case of huge iniquity kept out of sight by a radiance of deceptive majesty. Nearly all of us are so blinded by this

coruscating brightness that we take it to be good honest light; and under that erroneous conviction we form our notions about war. It would be useless to define the popular impression on the subject; to describe the conflicting sentiments of horror, admiration, tumult, pity, fascination, applause, and awe which war usually provokes amongst spectators: we have passed recently through that state of mind; we know it well, and do not require to be reminded of it. But what we rarely think of, what indeed we scarcely realise at all, is the moral blank which war creates, the suppression of all right and conscience which accompanies this glory. We stare at its material consequences; we mourn over the material price at which the consequences are bought; but somehow we lose sight almost entirely of the inversion of all the rules of morality and duty which it entails. Indeed we fancy that all sorts of conscientious changes have been introduced latterly into the ordering of war; and that we have carried it, after centuries of improvements and reforms, to a singularly high state of combined gentleness and destruction. The so-called Laws of War will enlighten us as to these improvements.

The first point which strikes us in these laws is the separate, and special character which they assume, and the absence of all kinship or relation between them and ordinary laws. Their essential object is to confer on fighting nations a new class of rights which did not exist in time of peace, which are in total contradiction with all other rights, and which seem consequently to lead us to the absurd conclusion that right is not a principle but a mere matter of time and place, and that there may be two

rights on the same question. However much we may repeat to ourselves that all this is necessary, no necessity can persuade us that it is licit: we feel instinctively that these Laws of War are not laws at all: we see that they contain absolutely none of the conditions which are indispensable to legality; that they are nothing else than arbitrary, temporary rules, adopted, in the absence of all law, because any rule, no matter what, is preferable to anarchy. It may be said that what they enact is lawful, but that it is not legal; for there is certainly a difference in the meaning of the two words, although the dictionaries do not state it. Lawfulness apparently implies that an action is authorised by a law, whatever be that law, and whatever be the action authorised; but legality seems to indicate "the inward principle as well as the external form, the spirit as well as the letter" of the law. If this distinction be correct, the word legality can apply only to such provisions as are in harmony with eternal right and justice: and as the object of the Laws of War is to regulate proceedings which are in opposition with right and justice, it seems to follow, logically, that they are themselves illegal. For instance, these laws lay it down that all citizens of a nation become the personal enemies of all citizens of a hostile nation, and are bound, in theory, to kill each other whenever they meet face to face; and by another article of the same code, enemies continue enemies everywhere, the whole world over, with the one satisfactory reserve that they cannot fight on neutral territory. This principle applies so copiously that women and children are included in its action, and are, putatively, "enemies," like men; though belligerents are now good enough not to shoot them indiscrim-

inately, but limit their responsibility to the acts of war which they may personally commit. According to these definitions, war ought to render contending countries very like that odd cave in Florida in which countless myriads of rattlesnakes are continuously eating each other up. Another honest edict is, that when hostilities begin, all private debts are immediately suspended between subjects of warring States; bills of exchange remain unpaid, and contracts become void: for traders with liabilities abroad a rupture of the peace may consequently be a delightful incident, while it ruins those unlucky persons who have money to receive. And then comes that curious abomination privateering, by which energetic sailors are permitted to turn pirates without being hung; by which private individuals acquire the power of carrying on sea combat for their own account, as if they were emperors or sharks. It can scarcely be pretended that prescriptions such as these are "legal," for they are in opposition with the whole essence and signification of legality as it is understood and practised in every other circumstance of life. It cannot be asserted that the exceptional situation created by the breaking out of war suppresses fundamental truths, enables States to upset moral axioms, and empowers them to change the entire substance of their responsibilities and duties. It cannot be alleged that what was quite wrong yesterday can grow quite right to-day; that what was false can suddenly become true; that fixed principles can change at the sounding of a trumpet. Either there is no reality in anything, or else the Laws of War are an absurd and lying mask under which the world is mean and weak enough to try to hide its consciousness that war is a

foul evil-doer, knowing neither honesty, nor sincerity, nor virtue.

And it is on foundations such as these that men build glory!

There is plenty more of the same kind to say. Thus far we have talked only of the theory: let us look a little at the practice: let us contemplate these soldiers whose deeds fill history; what we shall observe in them will not modify our opinion. Is it not a curious commentary on the idea of military glory, that, since wars began, warriors have been paid for fighting? Is it not rather contradictory that fame and booty should associate together, that pillage and renown should march in company? And is it not more fantastic still that these laws of war, which allow military money-making without stint on land, should suddenly become so frightfully particular, when they turn to sea, that no naval prize is good until it has been verified and condemned by special judges? It is amusing to take note of this violent reaction towards seeming honesty; it shows us that, even in the midst of battle, there remains a memory of the old fancies about fair play, and that conscience has insisted on the partial application of those fancies as a homage to the suspended laws of peace. It must, however, be particularly vexing to sailors and marines to think, that while they are obliged to ask leave of lawyers before they can comfort themselves with their takings, their colleagues in the other service enjoy their perquisites unchecked, and can appropriate, without control or hindrance, all the loot they can get hold of on battle-fields or in stormed towns. Sailors, it is true, have one advantage which compensates them for this restriction; they can seize prizes wherever they can find them, in all latitudes; while the official

plundering of land combatants is now limited, by usage, to conquered Africans and Asiatics. Europeans seem, of late years, to have politely ceased to strip each other's dead, and to sack each others citadels and cities: they have substituted another form of pecuniary profit, less exciting but more advantageous; they have adopted, in place of the elementary system of authorised individual rapine, the larger, cleaner, and more scientific spoliation of requisitions and indemnities. This modern progress does not, however, really affect the question: the bandit practice of pillage and marauding has changed its shape; but the old principle of making money out of war remains in fuller force than ever. If we are to believe historians, kings simply fought for glory in the early days: we are assured that, until the time of Ninus, warriors "did not seek empire, but glory; and, content with victory, abstained from empire." If this be true, the ante-Ninus period may have merited much undisputed fame, only the want of a contemporaneous chronicler has prevented our knowing enough about it to judge with certainty. According to this story it was Ninus who, by inventing conquest, destroyed pure military glory. Since his day war has become a trade in which the firm, the managers, and the clerks, all seek for profit: in that respect it is like upholstering or making nails, only it is less comfortable and more dangerous. Ninus is the first example (supposing always that the legend is exact) of what we now call "a practical man of business:" he thought mere glory quite absurd; he was not content to "fight for an idea," so he employed victory to win lands, gold, and subjects; and his example has been largely followed.

It is now followed more than ever: the theory of extracting profit out of battle is growing all around us: campaigns invariably finish by a payment in cash or territory; it is in hope of a compensating gain of some kind that Europe keeps up countless armies, and feverishly goes on improving armaments. The effort to develop force is, however, not a new one: in this odd trade of fighting, "ou, pour vivre, on se fait tuer," the world has been constantly advancing: we have got on, by degrees, from the most elementary, to the most scientific forms of mutual destruction; the intellectual character of the means of war has risen in more than equivalent proportion to the development of intellect in other callings; as Mr Bagehot says, the progress of the military art is "the most showy fact in human history." And, during recent centuries at least, it has been aided by the marked change which has been occurring in the influence of our civilisation as compared with that of ancient times. Civilisation no longer makes men unwarlike or effeminate; on the contrary, it has become an invigorating, fortifying power, both to mind and body; it renders us more fit than ever to discharge the functions of a soldier. But, while it has improved both men and weapons, it has simultaneously confirmed the money-making tendencies of war; indeed, after the example we had four years ago, it is rather frightening to look forward to the fate of the conquered country in the next struggle which comes off. We may be quite certain that tons of gold will be demanded as if they were cigars or *allumettes*; and that the character of ill-tempered commercial speculation which war is more and more assuming, will come glaring out with a ferocity of

purpose of which we have had no example since the time of Shylock. We shall hear no more of generosity: no one will ever think of imitating the conduct of the Romans to the population of Camerina; indeed, it will probably be denied that there is any truth in the story told by Grotius, that after the Camerinotes had been defeated, seized, and sold by Claudius, the Roman people, doubtful of the justice of the proceeding, sought out the recent slaves, repurchased them, restored their liberty and their property, and gave them a dwelling-place on the Aventine. Modern war is not conducted after that foolish fashion; it winds up now, just as a police case does, with a fine of five milliards and costs.

These considerations seem to prove the soundness of the view which has been advocated here; they lead us to admit that, whatever be the utilities of war, it never has been, and never can be, an honest process; and that, consequently, it is an unclean origin for glory. As that is what we have been endeavouring to establish, we can now change the subject, and lift up our eyes to purer sources of renown.

The genius of creation confers a very different glory from that which the faculty of destruction is able to bestow: the originators of human knowledge, the great teachers of mankind, have a vastly higher and brighter claim to our admiration, than all the chieftains of the hosts of war. The progress of the sciences, the letters, and the arts, has raised up a larger mass of spotless fame than all the world has known from war; fame of a sort that we can all applaud without distinction of nationality, for we all gain equally by its causes, whatever be our country. That glory illuminates the whole earth; it has opened for

us new conditions of existence and sensation; it has raised us nearer to eternal truth by enabling us to better understand that truth. That, indeed, is glory undeniable, whether it be won by studying the living things around us, the rocks beneath us, or the stars above us; whether it rests on abstractions of pure thought, on the analysis of man himself, or on the display of mind in art or letters. To celebrate it we need no battle-pieces and no trophies, no soundings of the trumpet, no laurels and no cannon; it can be duly honoured in one form only, by the gratitude of all society, throughout the centuries, for the immensity of the service rendered. This glory is complete, unsullied, unattackable; for it has been gained without inflicting suffering or practising injustice. Of each of those who have acquired it we may say, in the words of the inscription on the bust of Molière at the French Academy—"Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la nôtre."

The purity of the sources of non-military glory suffices, singly, to authorise these big descriptions of it; but there is about it a special characteristic which justifies them further still. Nations usually become wildly vain of their successful soldiers; but their pride in their great civilians never stoops to vanity—it remains high, wise, and worthy. Soldiers rouse up a feverish excitement which civilians, luckily, do not provoke. The crowd is always ready to feel personal conceit about the warrior; while civil virtue causes a calmer but far nobler emotion. The pride of nations is less permanently served by triumphant wars than by great uses of the mind for public good; but that pride remains strictly national in the latter case, while it becomes singularly individual in the former. Each member

of a nation associates himself with the heroic deeds of his fellow countrymen, and fancies, half unconsciously perhaps, that he personally had some share in them; but never does he picture to himself that he has assisted in discoveries or in great works of thought. We Englishmen all imagine, for example, without much difficulty, that we have helped, indirectly, by our character, to win England's battles; or, at all events, that we could help seriously if we tried; but very few of us suppose that we could have aided to find out the laws of gravitation, to paint Reynolds's pictures, or to write Childe Harold. It naturally results from this wide difference of impression that, while the military glory of a state is appropriated, in small fractions, by each of its enthusiastic citizens, its civil glory remains always condensed and national; it continues to be the undivided property of all, with no individual claim to any part of it. Consequently, as vanity is, after all, a purely personal product, as it cannot become national unless—as, however, is frequently the case—the members of the nation unite their own prides in a concrete form, in order to create a common stock, it follows that, as no single citizen feels vanity for himself in the civil glories of his land, that land can have no vanity about them either. They stand up, therefore, above and beyond all vanity; and that is a quality so rare, that it would suffice alone, even if they possessed no other, to endow them with matchless value, and to entitle us to say all good of them.

But civil glories are so rich in other merits that even this striking excellence can scarcely amplify them; it cannot largely add to what is so large already; it consequently serves for little except to

prove that the superiority of civil glory over military fame is not limited to the greater purity of its sources, but that nations take a higher attitude about it too. And if, from origin and attitude, we pass on to uses, we find civil glory more admirable still; for each and every one of its employments is an encouragement and a counsel.

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;”

and certainly, no example is more stimulating or more strengthening than the one they set before us. Not that it has any application to the persons of our ordinary selves; but it authorises us to indulge the hope that, after Aristotle, Bacon, and St Thomas—after Raphael, Mozart, and Canova—the world may some day see successors of their power rise up to brighten coming ages.

And yet, though in origin, in attitude, and in uses, the peaceful elements of fame possess all these exclusive merits, it must be owned that the outer aspects of glory remain, as has been already said, exceedingly alike in each of its two forms. The varieties are all virtually the same to look at: they vary in brilliancy and force, but that is the only external difference they present; each glory that exists, whatever be its source, is like all other glory: no special type of it exists for civil merit, and it only remains for us to regret once more that success in war and success in peace should still continue to stand on the same level in the world's eyes.

And now, if we behaved properly, we should put back glory on its pedestal, dust it carefully, surround it with flowers, lights, and music, make a profound bow to it, and withdraw. But, as we have got hold of it, we will keep it a little longer and will profit by the op-

portunity to offer to it one small, respectful observation. We reserved at the beginning the right to speak out frankly : let us use it.

Glory is so great, so high, so distant and so different from all other privileges, it is so thoroughly itself, and nothing else, that one might reasonably suppose it to be uncopyable, and an imitation of it to be inconceivable. Such, doubtless, would be the case if glory always held itself in its lordly place; if it never forgot its sovereign dignity; if it refused to stoop to make acquaintances. But glory is *only human after all; it is like all other powers, its grandeur bores it somewhat—it finds imperial solitude rather stupid, so it surrounds itself with a court.* So far, however, glory simply gives in to a not unnatural weakness, and can scarcely be reproached for not having the mournful courage to live all alone, like Simeon the Stylite, on the top of a solitary pillar. It is in its consequences, rather than in itself, that relationship with the outer world becomes damaging to glory; it is in the neighbourhood of parasitic envies and toady parodies, in the facility of imitation which easy contact gives, that the true danger lies. The wish to make cheap copies of real glory—to create, by impudent reproduction, an unauthentic and ungained fame—is frequent enough in history; so frequent, indeed, that we see almost everywhere, side by side, the reality and the sham, and perceive how the little counterfeit has endeavoured to struggle into existence beneath the shade of its mighty model. Glory has, from all time, permitted assimilators to get close to it: they did not wait for the invention of photography; they began to simulate the features of the original as soon as it first stood out in the

light of day. Icarus flying upwards to the sun and melting his waxen wings in its contemptuous heat; Phaeton madly striving to share Apollo's glory and tumbling headlong from his car; Erostrates setting fire to the Temple of Diana with the sole object of making known his name,—are instances of sham glory in ancient times. Constantinople pretending to replace Rome; Amerigo Vespucci standing sponsor to the new world; John of Leyden setting up as monarch of New Sion; Louis XIV. assuming as his own the victories of Condé, Villars, and Turenne,—are more modern cases. And recently we have contemplated George IV. professing to be the first gentleman in Europe, and M. Thiers regarding himself as King of France. This last example is the most tremendous and the most conclusive of the list. M. Thiers had written so much about the Empire, he had lived in such intimacy with the glories of Napoleon, that he could not help attempting, as soon as he got a chance, to play at glory for his own account; but, in his presumption, he got too near the sun, and there, like Icarus, singed off his wings, and, parallel to Phaeton, upset his coach. And yet there are people who pretend that history does not repeat itself!

The lamentable story of the late President of the French Republic ought to be a lesson to real glory, as well as to aspiring quackery. It leads us to remark to glory, that if it had always stood away on its own high throne, it would not have turned the ambitious head of M. Thiers; and that France might, not impossibly, have obtained a government by this time. It renewed towards him its old habit of making love to history, and thereby encouraged the envious historian to imagine that it was not impractica-

ble to acquire, in his own small person, some portion of the fame which it was his duty to describe. This example ought to impress on glory that it is really time to leave off stimulating small vanities second hand, and that is the advice which we presume to offer to it. Of course it is quite evident that in venturing to blame glory for foolishly condescending to provoke third-rate candidates to run after it, at any cost to the people round them (as Phaeton grilled up the earth in his upstart folly), we are, in fact, blaming nobody but ourselves: we speak of glory as an existing personage, in the same sense as happiness, enthusiasm, disgust, or rage, may be called living entities; but, like them, it is nothing but a sentiment of our own making, for whose qualities and defects we are answerable ourselves. It is we who have created it, who have rendered it what it is, who have assigned to it its merits, and have attached to it its faults. It is the most superbly brilliant of our creations; it seems indeed almost to lie beyond our power of production; and yet, with all its gorgeous attributes, it remains helplessly under our control. Dependent on contemporary approbation for its birth and baptism, dependent upon history for its preservation and transmission, it is forced to follow the caprices and the weaknesses of successive ages. The responsibility of misleading it is therefore ours: in pretending to remonstrate with it we are discussing with ourselves; but we are talking on a subject so infinitely noble, that we should be both foolish and ungrateful to listen carelessly. Our interest and our dignity are alike concerned in the maintenance of glory unparagoned and unspotted; to keep it so we have but to lift it higher still, above the reach of little hands that can but

finger-mark it, and little tongues that can but smear it. What we should do is to decide unanimously, throughout the world, that, henceforth, glory shall be guarded from the profanation of impertinent approach; that everybody, as heretofore, may win it if he can: but that no one shall, under any pretext, be allowed to copy it, and that all new yields of it must be original. We have had too many struggles for fictitious fame; it is time to put a stop to them for good, and to insist that, for the future, we will admit nothing but authentic types. Plated work is bad enough even when limited to forks and spoons; it is altogether inadmissible for glory. False hair, false teeth, false eyes and noses are excusable on the ground of physical necessity; but imitation glory corresponds to no need whatever, either personal or national, and we ought all to swear that we will have no more of it. False great men are not, however, easy to demolish; and even if we make up our united minds that we will suppress them, we shall not find the task a simple one. But that is no reason for not trying; and certainly the result, when once attained, would confer an enormous service on posterity. An Index Expurgatorius of spurious renowns should be attached to all school histories, so as to prevent inexperienced students from being any more deluded. It would naturally commence with that first sham glory, the Tower that was built at Babel; and would finish, for the present, with the sea-serpent, Thiers, and the open ocean at the pole.

It is worth observing that the longing for usurped celebrity has been, almost invariably, confined to men, and that women have but rarely stooped to it. From Semiramis to Mrs Somerville, from Deborah to Joan of Arc, all famous

women have fairly won their fame. Even such minor lights as Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, had honest claims to the small positions they assumed. This is probably because, with their finer instincts, women see and feel, as men do not, that no faithful likeness can be made of glory, and that when we foolishly attempt to produce a portrait of it, we never get beyond caricature. Caricature!—A startling thought comes into us. Have we ourselves fallen into that same disaster without knowing it? We stop with a shiver of alarm.

But we stop about glory only; it would be most discourteous if, under the sudden influence of this emotion, we were to leave the vanities of nations without wishing them good-bye. Whatever we may think of them, let us, at all events, be polite. We have made acquaintance with them in some detail; we know approximately what they are, and in what fashion they behave; and we are aware that, notwithstanding all their outrageous faults, they have an excellent position in society. So let us conduct them to their carriage. Another reason for offering them our arm for the last time is that they are so wonderfully like certain painted, over-dressed, old women that we all have met, who persist in youth and sprightliness despite their years, who try hard to get us to make a little love to them, who are particularly ridiculous and absurd, but who give good dinners, and to whom we are, in consequence, civil from pure selfishness. Their gowns are riotous and show too much faded skin; the diamonds on their fingers attract too much attention to their shrivelled hands; their talk is simultaneously amorous and spiteful: but with all these repulsive peculiarities, they are so full of experience of the world, so crammed

with amusing stories, so well up in social scandal, and so excessively insinuating, that one supports them as an inevitable nuisance which has its pleasant side. We don't respect them, though we dine with them: we think they might just as well expire at once, and leave their fortunes—which are very large—to less deceptive candidates for public admiration: but we should shrink from killing them, even if we could do so without being caught; for our ill-will against them is scarcely deep enough to tempt us on to crime. International conceits are much of the same nature as these old ladies, and inspire the same sort of sentiments; but as they do not act for their individual advantage—as they operate in no way for themselves, but for all of us collectively—they differ, morally, from worldly dowagers. The likeness, therefore, does not go beyond outside similarities of features and of manner. The vanities of States wear rouge and ostrich-feathers, just like the others, and go to Court, and have themselves announced by tremendous names, and make so much noise that they oblige everybody to turn round and look at them; but they do it all with a good intention, and are, for that one reason, more edifying than the wizened dames with whom we have been comparing them. But still we can imagine no equally correct similitude for the antiquated pretentious mannerisms by which each nation manifests its self-esteem. It would be far pleasanter, of course, and more patriotic too, to liken them to charming children, full of grace and truth and innocence; and to comfort ourselves, on taking leave of them, with the thought that they have, deservedly, before them a long career of brightness, usefulness, and teaching. But, alas! we cannot

imagine that at all: it is quite the other way. These vanities will continue to last on—their duration will, according to probabilities, be terribly persistent; but they will not lead the cheery, lightsome, laughing life of well-taught girls, who are fitting themselves to become useful women. There is nothing for them but the pertinacious though propped-up existence of frivolous, affected, rich old females, whose early education has been neglected, and who have never recovered the lost ground.

Yet nations hold on solidly to their vanities. They do not appear to be at all ashamed of them, or to think that they are either comical or inutile. They treat them very seriously, and do not generally see anything to laugh at in them,—which utter want of the sense of the ridiculous makes one sorry for the nations. When we look back at them, they seem scarcely worthy of the respectful treatment they everywhere receive. We have glanced at Titles, Ceremonial, Decorations, Privileges, Forms, and surely we cannot urge that any of them are essential to our progress or our honour. Some of them are occasionally useful; that is undeniable: but when they do happen to be useful, it is always in small ways; there is absolutely nothing in them, even in their best shape, which elevates or ennobles. It is

in the Flag alone that we find a great idea; it is in Glory only that we find a noble pride. The others, without exception, are little and unworthy. But they are like war in one respect—we can use nothing else instead of them; so apparently we shall go on employing them, as we go on fighting.

Yet, after all, why should we desire to suppress them? It is no particular concern of ours if other nations are rather foolish; indeed it might be advantageous to us that they should be so, if only the United Kingdom were a model of superior wisdom. But there again arises an objection; superior wisdom is often such an insufferable bore, that we should probably get quite tired of it in a fortnight, and should wish ourselves back once more amongst the general average of foolish people. Perhaps things are better as they are than they would be otherwise: we are not invariably safe judges of what suits us; and in this case, as in others, we might make a considerable mistake by purifying too much.

And now we say farewell to International Vanities. Not with emotion or regret, but with civil, calm indifference, as one salutes a fellow-traveller (on the Continent) at a journey's end. They have not gained much by being better known; they still deserve to be described as little subjects with great names.

THE PARLIAMENTARY RECESS.

FOUR months have elapsed since the prorogation of Parliament, and the prevailing characteristic of the recess has been extreme quiet, almost stagnation, at home; and a restless growing distrust and disturbance abroad. Sooner or later the influences at work in Europe react on our own political and religious world, bringing to us issues to decide similar in character to those which occupy the Continent, but, fortunately for us, less portentous in their degree and consequences. The silver streak of sea which separates us from Continental nations frees us from a conscription, and marks off a home for freedom and peace against the millions of armed men who have turned Europe into a vast military camp. It helps and favours us in other ways also. We are not drawn into the vortex of Continental strife, whether political, military, or social; we work out, in our more compact community, and in insular security, our own domestic problems for ourselves, with the advantages derived from observation of our neighbours; difficulties come to us in a less aggravated form, and they assail a people of established rights and liberties, inured for generations to habits of self-government and self-reliance. Whatever storms assail the nations of Europe, at times almost threatening their very existence, we have hitherto managed, with some variations of fortune, to secure tranquillity and progress.

In a military point of view, the most striking circumstance of the recess has been the calling out an additional force of about 175,000 men from the reserves of the German military organisation, in order to swell its effective army. The

state of the Continent is such that, after all the Germans have achieved,—having triumphed over Denmark, crushed Austria, and for a time at least destroyed the whole power of France,—they do not feel secure unless at a few weeks' notice they can muster in the field 1,800,000 men. France is rapidly developing a reformed and powerful army; Spain is torn by civil strife, of which no one can foresee the end; while Russia reluctantly follows German lead in recognising her Government; and France, probably under German encouragement, is addressed by that Government in firm, but unusual language. The great military achievements of Germany are reacting on their national sentiment, and Prussian arrogance is perhaps not easily compatible with a general goodwill amongst European nations. The enormous development of her power has probably created distrust and dislike in the east and south, as well as permanent hatred in the west. The ominous passage at the close of the speech of the German Emperor at the opening of his Parliament, discloses the policy of his Government. After referring to his pacific and amicable relations with all foreign Governments in the usual language of international courtesy, he uses the following words of threat and defiance, which betray the apprehensions of danger, chiefly aroused, let us hope, by the language of the French press, and the necessity of preparation and caution: "I know myself to be free from all tempting thoughts to employ the united power of the Empire for other than defensive purposes. Conscious of the power at our disposal, my Government can afford to pass

over in silence the suspicions unjustly cast upon their policy. Not until the malice and party passion to whose attacks we are exposed proceed from words to actions shall we resent them. In such an event the whole nation and its Princes will join me in defending our honour and rights." Prince Bismark, powerful as he is, is alert to detect and punish opposition, even in men of the rank and influence of Count Arnim. He probably feels that he, like Czar Nicholas, "sits upon a volcano;" that the struggle to consolidate Germany comes at a time full of difficulty and perplexity; that the conflict between Legitimism and Republicanism, between Ultramontane bigotry and the first principles of social order, pervades the whole of society; and that its most flagrant manifestations are on a sufficiently broad theatre to give him constant anxiety and alarm. Germany has had to face the difficult problem of defining anew the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and of recasting the relations between Church and State. Its Government declared war against Ultramontanism, and the battle was strong enough to convulse society in the struggle. The hostilities aroused are not mitigated by any common principle or sympathy between the combatants, who daily drift further apart into open and avowed antagonism. Between those who rally round the last decree of papal infallibility on the one hand, and those who bring science to the support of every doubt, or who recognise civil authority and civil allegiance as the ties which bind States together, there must be increasing division. The contest between them breaks out upon every topic and almost every institution, and increases in vehemence and bitterness. The spirit of national hatred and hoarded vengeance is also

abroad, and those who rule the destinies of nations have every stimulus to watchfulness, and every cause for anxiety.

We in England have similar anxieties; but at present, though perhaps equally threatening, they are on a smaller scale. The echoes of the strife speak through Mr Gladstone's recent pamphlet. He says that one-sixth of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom hold doctrines which, after the Vatican decrees of 1870, if logically carried out, are "incentive to general disturbance, a premium upon European wars." Roman Catholic Peers who place a different construction on the decrees from that which justifies Mr Gladstone's language, are immediately disavowed by their co-religionists and threatened with excommunication by Monsignore Capel. In reference to those decrees, it should be borne in mind that they were issued by the Papal Court just three days after the declaration of war by France against Germany. They convert the Roman Catholic Church into a political institution within every constituted State. It is a terrible rift in the panoply of Germany. It may at any time become no small cause of dissension and disturbance to ourselves. Then, in lieu of intense national hatred and jealousy, we have growing class animosities, which are fostered for political purposes. The strikes which have been so frequent are signs of a growing desire upon the part of the working-classes for more prosperity and greater independence than they have hitherto enjoyed; and the results in the future depend upon whether that desire is encouraged and stimulated in the direction of attaining greater capacity for labour, and greater capabilities for industrial organisation, or whether it is perverted into mere hostility to the class or classes immediately above

them, and into efforts to reduce those classes to their level. Growing experience is gradually unfolding the lesson that the friends who teach them that political changes and the spoliation of others are the true remedies for their ills, have more to gain than themselves from the delusions which they spread. The truth must gradually force its way that any advancement in their condition, or improvement in their general surroundings, can only result from increased efficiency, increased self-control, and more sustained efforts; more reliance upon themselves, and less repining at a lot which no one but themselves has the power to alter or elevate. Then in Ireland we feel at every turn the influence of that Ultramontane spirit, which is full of hostility alike to the existing condition and the future development of States. The influence was felt alike in the introduction and in the rejection of last year's Irish University Education Bill. That Bill was thoroughly retrograde and Ultramontane, but failed to satisfy the intolerant party whom it sought to conciliate. The movement for Home Rule is for the present discouraged, but it may at any time increase in activity and threaten injurious and important consequences. The spirit of aggression has been aroused, and it is matter of deep congratulation to all loyal subjects that the aggressors no longer hold the balance between political parties and command the bidding which such a position attracts.

Whatever disturbing elements may be beneath the surface of society, and whatever convulsions may have stirred the Continent, no one can deny that England remains tranquil and content. The working-classes do not yield a ready credence to those who endeavour to spread disaffection amongst them, or if they do they learn their mistake

and acknowledge it. According to a recent theory, no one without land or capital has anything to conserve, and is bound to be a Radical and revolutionist on pain of being denounced as an "anomaly." The English operatives fail to see the matter in that light; and the new constituencies protected by the Ballot have placed England in a position of vantage and tranquillity which she has not occupied for many years.

A harvest of unusual plenty throughout the world is an item in the events of the recess which all must regard with satisfaction. It has, no doubt, had something to do with the prosperous and contented condition of the country, and must have been especially welcome to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We were especially glad to note in Mr Disraeli's speech at the Mansion House the following passage:—"There is a considerable revival of trade and a great promise of increase in our commercial transactions. And speaking on this subject, I hope I shall not disappoint those who have offered premature conclusions as to the state of the revenue, if I take the liberty of saying it is realising all that we anticipated." It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the prospect thus held out; no Conservative would have seen with patience the whole of the immense surplus of 1874 followed by a deficit in 1875.

The parliamentary recess has, as usual, been fruitful of extra-parliamentary utterances. Dislodged from their habitual supremacy, the Liberal party has not displayed any great originality or resource, or any increased evidences of capacity to mind either their own or the national business. The bitter and apparently increasing feuds in their ranks were by no means healed by the temporary pertur-

bation caused by the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill; the Radicals persist in regarding the more moderate Liberals with an aversion greater than they bear to Conservatives; and the Secularists in regarding Mr Forster and the exponents of the recent education policy with almost fanatical hatred. Mr Gladstone under these circumstances maintains an unwonted and judicious silence, except upon those ecclesiastical matters which are so dear to his heart, and are assuming in the present state of opinion a great importance. In answer to a memorial which complimented him upon hostility to Establishments, he accepted the compliment, but denied the use of the particular expression to that effect, which was attributed to him. In the 'Contemporary Review' he has explained away the hostility to the principle of uniformity which his six resolutions clearly expressed; but he was silent on the one question which Parliament and the nation are attending to—the extent to which ritual in the English Church may be conformed to that of Rome, with the view of establishing doctrines and worship which were abolished, or believed to be abolished, at the Reformation. In his recent pamphlet he has done a great political service; nor are we amongst those who discern any ulterior object in view beyond that of calling attention to a serious position of affairs, and of having a thorough explanation with those upon whose support he has so long and, as we think, so disastrously relied. Upon no one point of cardinal importance, either in reference to present political or ecclesiastical institutions, or in reference to future dealings in regard to them, or in reference to the leading principles of Irish, Educational, or Electoral policy, the Liberal party point to

essential agreement in their ranks; or to any symptoms which indicate a tendency to unite; or to the existence of any authority which can enforce submission to discipline, and the suppression, temporary or total, of existing disputes. The personal precedence of Mr Gladstone himself is apparently in dispute, if we may judge from certain oratorical exhibitions last session, and the frequent discussions of his fitness and title to the post of Opposition leader, which his friends, with singular indiscretion and forgetfulness of party custom and etiquette, persist in conducting in public.

Under these circumstances, the speeches of the prominent members of the party must possess a mournful interest, both to themselves and to their followers. It has been deemed necessary, so we are often told in the Opposition organs, "to raise the spirits of the party;" and wake it up from its extreme and exaggerated despondency. Several speeches have been made with that view, notably by Mr Goschen, who has been making praiseworthy efforts to work his way to the front, but whose speeches have been irreverently described by malcontent Liberals of one class as mere "whistling for the wind;" whilst, on the other hand, they fail to charm even Liberals of Mr Bouverie's class, who persist in lamentations which make the task of "raising the spirits" of the party exceedingly difficult and complicated. It is beyond the power of Mr Goschen, or anybody else, to administer a restorative to men who talk in this way. "I have ever belonged to that great Liberal party, moderate in its views, and desirous of improvement and advancement; and I was spared by not being in the House of Commons the being a witness of the

consummation of that great catastrophe which, at any rate for a time, has pretty nearly annihilated that Liberal party in the House of Commons. We were led by our generals with drums beating, trumpets blowing, and flags flying, into the jaws of destruction, into the Caudine Forks, where we were practically annihilated." This does not say much for Mr Goschen's powers of consolation, or his success in reanimating the Liberal party. For Mr Bouverie proceeds in anything but a cheerful or even a resigned spirit. "I can't but mourn and lament the chaos which seems to have fallen upon the Liberal party." And in regard to the future policy of that party he says: "It is a mistake to suppose that the business of the Liberal party in this country has been historically, or is now, one of perpetual alteration and change. . . . A notion seems to possess a great many people, that if you are a Liberal you are ultimately to contemplate the destruction of the Monarchy, the abolition of the House of Lords, the annihilation of the Established Church, and the redistribution of property throughout the country." He expresses the view that an epoch has come in the history of Liberalism when the "national" Liberals (a new epithet, equivalent perhaps to Lord Hartington's imputation of "educated") must separate themselves from a certain Mr Bradlaugh and others who appear to forget that "extreme democracy, the sway of numbers, in any civilised country like ours, is likely to end in despotism."

Successful oratory in this country has immense power and commands everywhere unlimited applause. But it may not, perhaps, be an ungraceful act to turn aside for a few moments to pay a tribute of cour-

tesy to oratorical performances, which, whether regarded as whistling for the wind, or as attempts to stop the flow of tears as plentiful as those of Mrs Gummidge, must certainly be regarded as unsuccessful applications of the art. The "spirits of the party" have not been raised; and it seems to us that the stimulants which have been applied for that purpose have been of that weak and watery description that not even Sir Wilfrid Lawson could condemn them as unduly exciting.

The two best speeches were those of Mr Goschen from the official, and of Mr Fawcett from the non-official, ranks of the party, and may fairly be taken to disclose the present attitude of the Opposition.

We may refer to Mr Goschen first, partly because he speaks with authority as an ex-Cabinet Minister, partly because, by comparing his speech at Frome in the first half of August with his speech at Bath in the last half of October, we can not merely analyse the present condition, but understand also the recent growth, of the official Liberal mind. At Frome, Mr Goschen was "willing to concede that there might be strong reasons why the recent change of Government might be advantageous to the country." Their hands, meaning his own and Mr Gladstone's, he said, were not upheld; "the executive on some points were extremely weak;" and "the Liberals did a great many things at which the public grumbled excessively." Apparently, all that was left to them was their principles, and even these, unfortunately, were "enshrined in the breasts of the men now in office, in the measures, the estimates, and the budgets of Conservatives." At Bath, however, there was a change of note and tone. The achievements of the Gladstone Government were then written in the Statute-Book; and

"the fact is, that the Liberal Government were lied out of office," was an observation which he did not "endorse" (whatever that barbarous Americanism may mean), but "which he thought very curious," apparently regretting that he had at Frome spoken in a manner ludicrously inconsistent with that bright idea. There was a chance even of recovering their principles, which he had recklessly thrown away at Frome; it was all a mistake to suppose that they, in all their sanctity and purity, "were enshrined in the breasts of their opponents." They "reigned with the power of a despot," which Conservatives could not shake off. Either way, therefore, Mr Goschen's principles are in no danger, and he may "rest and be thankful." The only thing to occasion him any disquiet was Mr Disraeli's expression last year at Glasgow—"Do not mumble the dry bones of political economy;" it is, he says, "strong and solid food," and not in the least "dry." What Mr Disraeli really said on the occasion referred to was to deprecate "munching the remainder biscuit of an effete and stagnant Liberalism." The country has taken the advice, and Mr Goschen would do well to follow the example.

The difficult task which Mr Goschen had to perform was to answer the question so often put to a Conservative Opposition—What is your policy? When in office, Mr Goschen and his friends are apt to say to their foes—What is it you want; surely you are not going to reverse all our measures with your reactionary views? Now their turn is come, and their Radical allies retort—And what is it that *you* want; surely you don't want to be taken back and no questions asked, just as if impunity was your object, and simple restoration ours.

It is a difficult position; and meanwhile the all-important principles are, it appears, enshrined elsewhere. So we observe that at Frome the differences in the party which have torn it in pieces, and threaten to keep it distracted and divided, are delicately alluded to as differences respecting "the rate and direction of progression," which Liberals must endeavour to sink, and "work as far as possible for a common end;" not the faintest indication being given of what the "common" end may be. The Radicals say that the end is office for you and disappointment for us, and for that end we won't stir a finger. Accordingly, two months afterwards, at Bath, the idea of sinking differences is for the present abandoned. The Liberals have plenty of thankless work to do in securing the continued triumph of principles which, if not "enshrined" already, "reign with the power of a despot" over those in office. "They must not sacrifice principles for union; conviction must succeed union. Conviction would come; but let it not be said that they were unable to face defeat, and that they were like an army which wanted to storm a citadel every day." It is due to Mr. Goschen to admit that he "munches his remainder biscuit" like a man. Something of the flavour of Cabinet-pudding still hangs about it; whilst Mr Bouverie, whom his party has long fed "with the bread of affliction and the waters of affliction," is scandalised at the disappearance of all the victuals. Still the two speeches taken together form but a lame and unsatisfactory party manifesto. The legislative measures of the existing Government, it appears, are all successful, their administration is worked harmoniously with the services, and is approved by the public. They carry out the very principles which

Mr Goschen regards as the salvation of the country, with far greater credit and success than Mr Goschen's colleagues could achieve, and yet Mr Goschen and his friends must combine to turn them out, and strive for that "common end," in the name of those very principles which, in the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers, are in his opinion triumphantly carried into execution. The fallacy that pervades Mr Goschen's deliverance was, that those excellent principles—viz., those which have hitherto been applied by her Majesty's Ministers—are his private property. Our view of it is, that in his hands, and those of his colleagues, the principles which he admires so much were caricatured and rendered odious by maladministration, and all hope of their beneficial application was lost.

One or two of the Ministers apparently were scared at Mr Goschen's assertion that they had carried out successfully enlightened principles, and modestly denied the charge. "Put a little more starch into your collar," was Lord Palmerston's advice on one occasion, and never apologise for anything which is not condemned. This bluster about principles is no new device. What the Conservatives undertake to give the country is sound policy and good measures; as long as they succeed, their opponents will claim the principles for their own. As long as Conservatives are confident in their measures, it matters little by what epithet others may find it convenient to distinguish them. Lord Palmerston, when he first became Prime Minister, coolly told Sir James Graham, in the House of Commons, rather than give him a weapon of attack, that the principles of the new Government were those of Lord Aberdeen. All he meant was, that, strong in the confidence of the country, the Peelites might

call his principles what they liked, so long as they only voted straight, and supported the Government.

The chief feature, however, of Mr Goschen's speeches, which is also observable in those of several of the leading and more responsible members of the party, and honourably distinguishes them from the reckless rank and file who want new Reform Bills, or else that "Parliament should make its teeth meet in the Church," and also from speeches like that of Sir Henry James, who adroitly left himself uncommitted upon any topic of serious interest, is that they boldly and unhesitatingly refuse to pledge the Liberal party to a sensational programme. It is, no doubt, by far the wiser course to adopt in view of the party interests; that, however, is not our affair. It is an honest course to take as regards the country; and we believe that, when the wheel of fortune brings Mr Goschen's party to the front again, as sooner or later it is sure to do, he and they will find their task easier, and their difficulties lessened, if they employ the interval of opposition in teaching their Radical allies, whose voices it is that are to predominate in their councils. "National" Liberals, as the new section is called, differ very little from "national" Conservatives. The one has to lead its party; and the other to hold its party back. The rivalry between them must be that of sound measures and wise administration undisturbed by those "nincompoops of politics," whose understanding is completely lost in the seductions of notoriety. The power which these latter hold in reserve may be easily read in Sir Henry James's carefully balanced speech, which establishes his position as an excellent Vicar of Bray. It contrasts amusingly with that of the Solicitor-General, who certainly is not given to "hedging," and who

argued the case of the licensed victuallers with an *abandon* which leaves a shadow of regret that the learned gentleman is not a licensed victualler himself.

The next Liberal of note who assayed to "raise the spirits" of his party, was its returned prodigal son Mr Fawcett. Whilst receiving from his former constituents at Brighton an acknowledgment of his services, and a testimonial of their regard, he took occasion to describe the political position from the standpoint of a member of the non-official rank. Like Mr Goschen, he did not "consider the accession of the present Government a very serious misfortune." He expected that under its auspices there would still have been progress, though at a somewhat slower rate. And certainly no one member of the Liberal party in the House of Commons is more disqualified than Mr Fawcett from bewailing in any terms, extravagant or otherwise, the fall of the late Government, or from applauding either its measures or its administrative acts. After, however, describing his disappointments, which on the face of them had sprung in each case from the apprehension rather than experience of evil, he, like many other orators before him, worked himself round to a totally different point from that at which he started; and forgetting that there had been no "very serious misfortune," he deplored "the mischief which ensues, and the danger which is incurred, when a party that is in opposition secures office by raising expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and by creating hopes which cannot be realised." Clearly this was oratorical exaggeration, or else we should like to know what on Liberal principles constitutes a "serious misfortune" to the country. According to Mr Fawcett the Conservatives "lied"

themselves into office; according to Mr Goschen they "lied" their opponents out of it. Yet both these Liberal orators, on their own showing, regard the transaction with qualified approval, admit its necessity, describe the moderate hopes of progress with which it fills them, and never cease to congratulate themselves, notwithstanding temporary alarms, that it is their own principles which perpetually triumph. Certainly the history of Liberalism for the last twenty years and more, from the fall of Sir Robert Peel to the Reform Bill of 1867, was marked throughout by raising expectations in opposition, which were never fulfilled in office. It has evidently demoralised the political judgment of the party, for they regard the practice, even when erroneously imputed to their opponents, as "no very serious misfortune" to the country. When the Government is complimented on its Liberal principles, they may naturally reply, that approval is always welcome, and it is officious to look a gift horse in the mouth. But this device of raising the wind in opposition and allaying it in office, is so extravagantly Liberal in its origin and character, that such a compliment can only be accepted at the expense of those to whom it exclusively belongs. When, however, in respect of the substance of this speech, as compared with that of Mr Fawcett's addresses in Parliament and early in the year to the electors of Hackney, we find that in the judgment of a Liberal of non-official but considerable standing, a Liberal Administration is loudly condemned as powerless for good, while a Conservative Government is only held up to scorn as powerless for mischief, we do not, looking to the quarter from which it proceeds, quarrel with the criti-

cism. Nor do we think, having regard to its present distractions, that the Liberal party will be united, if no other policy is recommended for their adoption than the expedient which Mr Fawcett suggests of freedom from electioneering expenses.

Taking these speeches of Mr Goschen and Mr Fawcett as typical of the mental condition of the party, both official and non-official, the obvious conclusion is that the Opposition has at present very little to thrive on, and that the Government maintains utterly undisturbed its great authority. There has, however, been one eccentric exhibition of irrepressible mischief. Mr Stansfeld and Mr Mundella have apparently organised a crusade against the Contagious Diseases Acts. The former is reported, we trust erroneously, to have laid down these scandalous doctrines on his own authority as an ex-Cabinet Minister. First, that Acts of Parliament passed without sufficient discussion have no claim on our obedience, a doctrine which is plainly subversive of public order. Second, that men and women should meet together to protest against these Acts, the latter "being kept to the front;" a doctrine which is subversive of public decency, and, unfortunately, is not unlikely to be obeyed. These Acts are condemned on two inconsistent grounds: first, that they have not checked the spread of disease; second, that they facilitate the practice of vice.

The rapid legislation of the last few years has led the country to the distinct and determined conclusion that a period of legislative rest, at all events in respect to organic changes, must be endured. The "row of extinct volcanoes" show no signs of renewed disturbance; and the lesser prominences of the party can con-

sume their own smoke in unsuccessful elections at Nottingham and equally unsuccessful articles in the 'Fortnightly.' A review of the parliamentary recess cannot omit to notice the remarkable production of Mr Chamberlain, entitled, "The Next Page of the Liberal Programme." Last year a whole creed, "free land, free church, free schools, and free labour" was published on the authority of the same gentleman, who has since been elected by Birmingham as its mayor, and rejected by Sheffield as its representative. It has the common property of most creeds of being somewhat unintelligible; and so its author has since compressed it within a single "page," in the hope that what it gains in brevity it may lose in obscurity. Everything free, gratis, for nothing, is a policy which will soon empty the pockets of taxpayers and ratepayers. It certainly requires no refutation. Mr Roebuck, whom Sheffield with wise discernment preferred to Mr Chamberlain by a large majority, took occasion the other day before his constituents, not perhaps without some reference to this rhodomontade, to hope that the working-classes would be "free men, free not merely in body, but free in their action, politically, socially, civilly; and free in the far higher and important consideration—free mentally." Otherwise—and here his late opponent surely sits for his portrait—they "may be swayed to anything and anybody by a mere word, by the mere voice—and I will use a word which I have used before, and I fear given some offence by so doing, but I will repeat it—and that is, by the mere word of the unworthy demagogue."

It is no part of Mr Chamberlain's mission to "raise the spirits" of the party, or to promote union in their ranks; and it will be a long

time before he will figure, to use his own expression, as its returned prodigal son. He accordingly scoffs at the notion of the accumulated discontent of several years being wiped out by the speech of "a young and inexperienced member of the Ministry." He pointedly remarks that a Liberal victory will bring office to the Liberal leaders, but that he, Mr Chamberlain, and his friends, will derive no advantage. It is nothing to him whether a Roman Catholic marquis or a prosperous Dissenter controls the working of the existing Education Act. The Advanced Liberals are sure to be ignored, but they at least serve "to differentiate the Whigs from the Conservatives," a task which under existing circumstances is, doubtless, one of no ordinary difficulty. They at least give all the flavour to their party, and without their re-union with their leaders office is impossible; and that re-union will never be obtained unless "a cry" is got up which Mr Goschen, as the representative of the official leaders, and Mr Bouverie, as the representative of the non-official leaders, both denounce as impolitic.

He notes that moderate Liberals support and welcome these indications of wisdom, and he steps forward to warn them that they will never regain power on moderate terms, but that he and the Radicals are in favour of "extreme measures and extreme men," and that in any new Liberal Government they must have some guarantee that both will be represented. Otherwise they will be condescending to take Mr Gladstone back as they recover a stolen watch—viz., on the condition that no questions are asked. They are "impatient of small changes and intolerant of infinitesimal reforms." The harassing legislation of recent years is denounced as "nagging" legislation. By abundance of small legis-

lative provisions the late Government alienated the country, and in its great measures the spirit of compromise disfigured their acts and destroyed the enthusiasm of their friends. The absence of any definite programme intensified the disaster of the general election, and half-a-dozen different leagues which were silent in 1868 are described as everywhere producing anarchy and confusion. "A cry" is the absolute condition of the separate existence of the Liberal party. We have always insisted ourselves, in these pages, on this characteristic of Liberalism and the Liberal party, and we deduce from it the conclusion of its total unfitness to guide the destinies of the country, or even to serve as a political machinery for the purposes of government. Mr Chamberlain draws from it the conclusion that the single duty of a Liberal leader when in opposition is at once to select a new cry utterly regardless of any consequence except a party advantage; and he suggests the completion of the reform of the representation as the most favourable question ready at hand to supply the needs of the party. But he says, "We can hardly be surprised if the responsible chiefs shrink from inscribing this part of their programme at the head of their list." Another little matter which his leaders might, in his opinion, confidently take in hand and speedily settle, is the "re-casting of our land system." But if Mr Gladstone is not ready to undertake it, it had far better stand over for a time than fall into the hands of Mr Forster, who is apparently regarded with a malevolence which is perfectly insatiable and hardly sane. Running over these and other momentous questions with an ease which assumes that he is master of all of them, he comes at length to the conclusion that the most prac-

ticable crisis to create is the crisis of disestablishment; and if Mr Gladstone feels that he has done his work, the crisis cannot wait for leaders, but must create or do without them. If the country cannot take its time of day from Greenwich, Birmingham is the chosen spot out of which all good things will come. Everywhere the Church is felt by Reformers and Radicals to be hostile to progress. Everywhere the secular and ecclesiastical authorities are coming into collision. The party which disestablished the Irish Church has thrown the principle of establishment overboard, and in order to ascertain whether it is wise to apply the practice to the English Church, it is only necessary to consider two things—(1.) whether the reform is practicable; (2.) what will be its probable result on the fortunes of the Liberal party. Even the principles on which it should proceed, let alone its probable consequences to the nation and to the cause of religion and social order, are beneath consideration. The task of discussing the effects of disestablishment in Ireland, and of showing whether they are beneficial or the reverse, and if beneficial, whether the different circumstances which exist in England would allow of similar benefits resulting from a like disestablishment here, is a task which ought to be accomplished by the projectors of such a reform. If an experiment has been tried, one would think that, before it is adopted as a precedent, its results ought to be tested, and the circumstances of a fresh application considered. But this would require labour, knowledge, and judgment; and Mr Chamberlain's *forte* lies in issuing programmes, and recommending cries, and pining for great crises. Accordingly, when the time comes for details, he is content with arguing that the proposal will have "attrac-

tions"—with recounting instances of want of sympathy between working-men and parsons—and with quoting a few foolish and reprehensible expressions towards Dissenters on the part of members of the Establishment. The existence of parties and occasional scandals within the Church are then glanced at, and the grounds are discussed for assuming that a crusade against it would be popular with the working-classes.

In all this there is not a pretence of an inquiry whether the continued existence of an institution which for centuries has played so great a part in English history, is likely to prove injurious, or whether such injurious influence would be increased or diminished by its becoming a voluntary association; what are the difficulties in the way; whether the consequences of his scheme, if successful, would compensate the country for the enormous effort it would have to make; and whether its success would have any appreciable effect in improving the moral or physical condition of the people, which we are glad to see, in another part of his paper, he regards as the Conservative Government regard it—as the great question for the consideration of statesmen and philanthropists. Mr Chamberlain is evidently but a drawing-room politician; he knows nothing of the labour involved in settling great questions, and in disestablishing Churches. Mr Gladstone, with all his powers, unrivalled as they are for mastery of principles and details, found the task of carrying the Irish Church Act, with a majority of more than one hundred behind him, to be a work which tasked his capacity to the utmost. But that was as nothing compared to the task of disestablishing the English Church. The distribution of the plunder, also, is still an unsettled difficulty. It will be high time to talk of an-

other policy of disestablishment when the first has been completed. This accomplished "friend to humanity," however, waits for neither time nor tide; the needy knife-grinders of the party have nothing to tell, and he can rectify, at a moment's notice, all deficiencies. Mr Herbert Spencer, in his 'Study of Sociology,' tells us that, in seeking after political truth, one should make as much allowance for one's "personal equation" as the inquirer into physical truth—i.e., for "the enormous errors which his own nature, variously modified and distorted by his conditions of life, is sure to introduce into his perceptions." Mr Chamberlain should endeavour to adjust his "personal equation" by experiment and observation. His condition of life, which we are told is that of a prosperous manufacturer of screws, would afford him an easy method of correcting his perceptions. Let him add "free screws" to his programme, and reduce it to practice, while Liberalism is eclipsed, and in a short time he would appreciate the full bearing of a policy of everything free, gratis, for nothing. The next page in the Liberal programme would then be its last. His perceptions, we fear, are at present distorted by total inability to anticipate results. One step forward in experimental science would cure this defect. It would "reform" his views, "develop" his understanding, and give him a practical taste of the advantages of disendowment. Canning's "friend to humanity" was, however, as little likely to part with his sixpences as Mr Chamberlain with his screws. These prodigal sons of the party scatter abstract philanthropy in profusion, but in its more concrete shape regard it with discreet aversion.

It is amusing to contrast this wonderful performance with an article on the Session and the Minis-

try which appeared shortly afterwards in the 'Edinburgh Review.' The writer is evidently a Whig of a very old school, one which has long since passed away. Years ago the Review was complimented upon having completed the "entombment of Whig principles." It now presents itself as a sort of political Witch of Endor, an ancient Whig summoned from the grave to rebuke alike the Government and the Radicals for "having disquieted her to bring her up." With regard to the former "it throws up its hands in astonishment;" with regard to the latter, they "have received some few lessons, which they much needed, to teach them that progress is unlikely to be made well, wisely, and safely" by other than Whigs. The Liberal leaders, moreover, "have too frequently allowed Radical men and Radical doctrines to override those Whig principles of progressive improvement which are the only safe basis for a Liberal party in this country." In other words, if this basis is impossible, the Liberal party should cease to exist. So far from agreeing with Mr Chamberlain, who says that the Liberal party will never regain power on terms like these, or with Mr Mitchell Henry, who writes on Home Rule, "disguise it as they may, the Liberal party can never return to power until they make their peace with Ireland," and that "the Irish people have the cards in their hands if they play them properly,"—its one counsel to its distracted readers is to revive Whig principles. If those principles "can be better secured and advanced under an Administration nominally Conservative, it has very little objection to such a state of things;" otherwise the Opposition leaders, "grown wise by experience, must avoid the errors which destroyed the Gladstone Government." Under those circumstances

there is not much to tempt Mr Gladstone from retirement ; nor is it difficult to discover who holds the cards in his hands. The upshot of it is, that the nation in an overwhelming majority has determined upon a prudent and progressive policy, and looks to the Tory or national party to interpret its will. The Whigs of forty years ago may "hold up their hands in astonishment" as much as they please ; they at the same time appeal to the Government to save them from their worst enemies, who, associated with a leader always squeezable and sometimes enthusiastic, have ruined their party.

The result of the parliamentary recess, whether exhibited in extra-parliamentary utterances, or in the current literature of the period, is that all classes and parties are turning their attention to two subjects—the condition of the people, and the position of the Established Churches. Measures on the former of these two subjects have been promised with more or less distinctness. The public mind is being gradually formed, also, upon the latter. Few would deny the powerful agency of the Church of England in developing our previous history. And at the present time, with the forces of materialism and mediæval superstition both actively at work to disturb and agitate the public mind, the healing influence of that famous institution must be maintained and strengthened. It is in its present form, and must, if it is to remain the national Church of England, continue to be the child and representative of that free thought which it has ever since its birth assumed to guide, though not to control. It was founded upon the right of private judgment, and associated with the State in a spirit of protest, on the one hand, against implicit sub-

mission to authority, and on the other against that wanton disruption of human life into separate spheres which is impending over Europe, and threatens ourselves. The union of Church and State seems to harmonise liberty with religion, and to place in accord the two powers which regulate between them the most vital of human relations and interests. The blending of these two powers has been and is distinctly beneficial. Government cannot afford to rest for its support on brute force alone ; it requires the aid of religion, and the sentiments which religion teaches. And certainly, we are perpetually reminded, and never more so than at the present time, that a religious organisation needs secular control, and is apt, especially in the case of a Church which rests on long tradition, to grasp at too great and despotic power. The Church of England is one of the few great things left in the land, and to render it truly the Church of the people is a paramount object of public policy. In all Catholic countries the divorce between intellect and literature on the one side, and religion on the other, is complete ; and in Germany the separation between civil and ecclesiastical authority, and the growing divergence of their aims and interests, have produced the most violent hostility. In England some dally with mediæval superstitions without an idea of the baneful spirit which lies beneath them ; others listen to doubts regretfully, and with the wish to remain loyal to their faith. Those who know what mediævalism means, and those who believe that however able, and vigorous, and cultivated an atheistical society may be, it has within itself the seeds of anarchy and corruption, and is powerless to develop a permanent civilising influence, must regard the relation of the State

to religion, the mode in which temporal and spiritual authority is fused, and the spirit which dominates in the English Church, as matters of primary importance and interest. The present is doubtless a favourable time for settling the questions which have been raised concerning the Church of England, which imperil both her liberty and her Protestantism. For our part, we have no hesitation in saying that the only principle on which its influence should be founded, should be hereafter, as heretofore, the utmost comprehensiveness of doctrine consistent with the principles established at the Reformation. The primary political principles are—that religion is a public and national concern, and is not entrusted for all time to an exclusive *caste*, and that the power of Parliament is supreme over the whole clerical system, public worship, and religious teaching. The spirit in which they should be applied is that of conciliation, with a view to the fusion of two authorities, whose harmonious co-operation is essential, and can only be secured under the restraining influence and ultimate control of the State. The world, unfortunately, does not outgrow its most famous controversies. Science is as busy as ever with the eternal atoms, and uses the influence of its recent rapid discoveries to assault as unsuccessfully as ever the authority of revealed religion. The Papacy, on the other hand,—notwithstanding that its temporal power is dethroned, and Rome is in possession of the heretic—notwithstanding that every year it becomes more and more at variance with the philosophy, literature, laws, and politics of even Catholic countries,—does not diminish one jot of its pretensions. The Vatican decrees of 1870, recently and wisely brought by Mr Gladstone

into extraordinary prominence, at least reassert, if they do not exceed, its most authoritative claims in times past, to fetter human thought and action, and to control absolutely and without appeal the most sacred ties which mankind can form in the state or in the family, in this world or in the next. The whole tendencies of modern thought and literature render the attitude of both these rival powers, strange to say, of real political interest even toward the close of the nineteenth century. The process of levelling down, of weakening the influences both of loyalty and religion, has gone on, till everywhere the cry is raised, that mankind are drawing off into two opposite camps, freethinking on the one hand, and servile submission on the other; and a deadly encounter is foretold, if it is not already beginning, between the temporal and spiritual power.

To those who believe that it is of primary importance that the faith of this country in an active Providence should not be impaired, and that the free exercise of its religious spirit should be maintained, the present position of the Established Church is of extreme interest. The stream of the Reformation is broad enough to absorb all that love of ceremonial, enthusiastic devotion, or free inquiry, may bring to the service of religion. It flows from an open Bible and the right of private judgment; it is essentially violated by any attempt to substitute the voice of a Catholic Church interpreted by a single clique as the arbiter in questions of faith and conscience. It is further violated when, in order to enhance the priestly office and power, the Articles and Ritual of the English Church are sought to be identified with the teaching and worship of Rome.

Nothing that has happened during the recess has served to throw any doubt upon the wisdom of the

policy which the Public Worship Regulation Act is intended to effect—namely, to prevent impunity for wilful violation of law by certain ministers of the English Church who are not in harmony with her spirit and teaching, and to prevent Protestant money being paid to disseminate Catholic doctrine and practices. Difficult as it is to interfere in questions of this kind, we trust that the same Parliament which unanimously passed this measure, and which represents all but the unanimous feeling of the country, will persevere in a purpose which it has already more than half achieved. It is a sufficiently humiliating reflection that, in spite of all the advances of knowledge and science, Englishmen and the English Parliament should be obliged to turn their attention, with a pressing sense of its extreme importance, to the subject of sacerdotal pretensions and superstitious observances. Yet the present position of affairs is the inevitable result of a religious struggle and movement which has been going on for forty years, and which the current number of the ‘Quarterly Review’ rightly describes as “only second in importance to the Reformation itself.” That movement was headed by Dr Newman, and throughout has exhibited a more distinct proclivity to the Church of Rome than has ever before been developed within the pale of the Establishment. Many of its promoters, including Dr Newman, preceded; others pretend to find an impassable barrier in the thin and flimsy pretext of denying papal infallibility. It seems only reasonable that an infallible Church should have an infallible mouthpiece; and those who uphold the former might easily acquiesce in the latter, and the difficulties about civil allegiance can apparently be

cleared at a bound. All the promoters of this disastrous reaction have laboured to show that the Articles of the English Church do not condemn the authoritative teaching of the Roman institution, but, on the contrary, square with its creed, and establish the position of the national Church as a branch of the latter. Added to that, the most persistent efforts have been made during the last twenty years, in spite of the censures of bishops, the prohibition of the Privy Council, and the indignation of all sensible men, to square the ritual of the English Prayer-Book with the worship of the Romish Church, and especially to assimilate the Holy Communion of the one with the Mass of the other. It has been shown that when once the Acts of Uniformity are openly set at defiance, and their object and spirit lost sight of, the widest licence will reign in their stead.

Starting from the position, which no sophistry can obscure, that the Reformed Protestant Church of England was established by Parliament, under the supremacy of the Crown, in distinct rebellion from that of Rome, that the Mass-books were swept away, the altars abolished and tables put in their places, the Privy Council has laid it down that the directions of the Prayer-Book must be strictly observed, and that “no omission and no addition can be permitted.” The Act of last session has simply provided a cheap and summary method of repressing and punishing wilful violation of the law after such law has been finally ascertained and declared; and can only be condemned by those who would emancipate priests from subjection to temporal law, or, as an intermediate position, secure them a vested interest in all hindrances to its due execution.

Unfortunately, the recent practices and extravagant doctrines of a small

clique, which have led to measures for the speedy enforcement of law, have raised the question of the degree in which uniformity should be permitted, and of the limits within which nonconformity within the pale should be allowed. That is the difficulty—surely a lesser one than that which was successfully solved by the recent Act—which awaits solution during the next session. Hitherto it has been left entirely to the discretion of each clergyman in charge, controlled only by the operation of a tribunal which, with its expensive procedure, has found it easier to create martyrs than to secure obedience. Hardly any arrangement could be worse. That discretion will soon, when the recent Act comes into play, be more easily guided and controlled; but the further question remains, within what limits its more fettered exercise is to be allowed its scope. This is supposed to raise insuperable difficulties; but from the readiness with which Mr Gurney pledged himself to legislation, we may assume that the plan has been matured, and that the same tact and resolution which secured unanimous support to the Bill of last year, will be equally successful with the measure of next.

The primary object in view is to maintain and extend the influence of the National Church as the Church of the people, and to prevent its teaching from being set at variance with all the intelligence of Englishmen, and its ritual from offending alike their common-sense and self-respect. In the present distracted condition of men's minds the Church of England has a great work before it, to bind together various disjointed agencies, and to prevent in an age of transition a premature—perhaps unnecessary—disruption of life and thought amongst us. It was never more important that it should work

harmoniously with the State; and it would be disastrous in the extreme if, from timorousness on the part of statesmen and bishops, it were allowed to fall under the guidance of a party which obstinately, without intellect or learning to back it, pursues its practices and pretensions in opposition to the remonstrances of the laity, the hostility of Convocation, and the condemnation of bishops. The real impotence and miscalculation of that party were never more manifested than by the unanimous vote of last session; which, we trust, has abolished, at least within the limits of the Establishment, a movement which, if successful, would certainly subvert the character, the faith, the ritual, and the purposes of the reformed Church of England.

It is no part of our business to speculate upon the details of the promised legislation. We can, however, call to view the present position of men's minds upon the subject, so far as the parliamentary recess has hitherto afforded the opportunity of observing it. There is no man in England whose attitude upon this question would be more interesting than Mr Gladstone's; and no man whose course in reference to it is more difficult to divine. Political resentments are not without a certain influence upon his course. There was a tone of exasperation in reference to the Roman Catholics in his article on *Ritualism*; and his recent pamphlet evinced a determination to bring home to the Irish Catholics who defeated his University Bill a charge of disloyalty and disaffection upon the strength of decrees, which a Roman Catholic Archbishop immediately demonstrated imposed no new obligation, and a Roman Catholic Peer thought himself justified in disavowing as a dead letter, and of no binding force. No one wants

a casuistical argument from Catholics as to the mode in which they reconcile civil allegiance and religious duty. The legislation of forty years has proceeded on the footing that they do effect the reconciliation; and it seems somewhat late in the day for the responsible authors of that legislation to ostentatiously doubt its sincerity, and divert the public mind to that subject, in lieu of those which more immediately affect our own Church. The pamphlet brings before the public mind at the hands of the Liberal leader an existing peril; it also brings out in strong relief Mr Gladstone's hostility to the Roman Church on grounds which every Ritualist can readily adopt. Both the pamphlet and the article, however, are entirely beside the immediate political question which at the present moment interests so deeply the people of England. The article, too, is content with discussing the relation of ritual to a due cultivation of æsthetic sentiment in the people, a fervent worship in the congregation, and perhaps, may be intended to explain the limits within which the hostility shown by his six resolutions to the whole principle of Acts of Uniformity is to be understood. It is quite silent upon the question, how far there have been attempts in fact to assimilate by means of ritual the Church of England to the Church of Rome; how far such attempts are sanctioned or condemned by existing law; and how far it is his present policy to uphold or to discourage them. The author admits that it is impossible to bring the country back to Romanism; and so far, at least, he does not give way to any spirit of undue Protestant panic; but there is no condemnation of the men whose boast it is that Rome may come to them.

The subject has not received much elucidation at the hands of extra-

parliamentary orators; indeed, we are somewhat surprised that the disestablishment advocates have made so little capital from what at first sight is a promising subject for them. One of the most hopeful signs has been a general spirit of moderation in the comments made and advice given in reference to the subject within the Church; and we are not without hope that some way of retreat from their more extravagant pretensions may be found for the ritualistic clergy, and that they will confine their doctrines and their practices within the limits hitherto observed by those who are known as the High Church party. Meanwhile, if the alliance between Church and State is being strained, the whole country is interested in the question with whom the ultimate control rests; and as long as the Church remains established and endowed, there can be but one answer to that question. We are glad to observe the agreement of opinion upon this question. We have already referred to the outspoken article in the 'Quarterly.' The press is fairly unanimous on the question.

The 'Edinburgh Review' is at one with its rival. It discusses the subject of Convocation, Parliament, and the Prayer-Book. It argues that the National Church must be upheld, and that this can only be done by maintaining the historical Protestantism of the nation. It traces the unwillingness to touch religious questions which Parliament in recent years has displayed, to the belief, which experience has shown to be erroneous—first, that the political Nonconformists were the strongest support of the Liberal party; second, that extreme sacerdotal theories have been spreading. The recent action of Parliament is hailed as a revelation to the country which makes it conscious of unity and

power, and which gives new life to the National Church; and in reference to future legislation of the same class, it argues, and we entirely agree with it, that the moral offences of the clergy should be tried by the ordinary procedure of the common law; that doctrinal offences should be tried as at present; and that matters of ritual should be treated mainly as administrative details, the law first being made absolutely plain.

Then upon the subject and position of Convocation, which may shortly be of more public interest than hitherto, it gives a useful sketch of its history. It points out that, by a recent Bill introduced by the Bishop of London, it has been attempted to secure to Convocation the initiative in dealing with the rubrics; to transfer—that is, from the nation to a class—the settlement of the rules which are to regulate public worship. Upon that subject it speaks with no faltering tongue. From 1717 to 1853 the Convocations were never assembled. For nearly a century and a half any powers they might have possessed were in complete abeyance. In 1853, they were revived by a Ministry of which Lord Aberdeen was the Prime Minister, and in which Mr Gladstone, as member for the University of Oxford, exercised the prexailing ecclesiastical influence. A more retrograde measure was never attempted by a Liberal Government. Every one recolects the unsparing sarcasm with which Lord Chancellor Westbury dealt with some of their proceedings, and inveighed against the folly of reviving their establishment. That it is unwelcome to many of their party we fully believe; and the Edinburgh Reviewer has discussed the relations of Convocation to Parliament and the Prayer-Book in an article which, in tone

and spirit, does not differ from that in the 'Quarterly' on the ritual of the English Church. It discusses the early history of Convocations to show that, although they started fair by the side of the House of Commons, they have had throughout but a shadowy existence, while the Commons year by year grew in strength. When the separate taxation of the clergy was given up in the middle of the seventeenth century, Convocations lost the chief constitutional ground for their existence, and became an empty pageant. They are mere Councils of the Metropolitan; they are entirely under his control, and their Acts often run in his name alone. At the Reformation, the supreme power of Parliament over the whole clerical system was asserted and maintained. Parliament enacted that the clergy should not meet without the king's authority; that they should not make canons without his consent, nor promulgate them without his sanction; while the existing canons were partly abolished, partly re-enacted, entirely by royal authority. The essence of the Reformation was to transfer the supremacy over public worship and religious teaching from the clergy to the laity. Lay persons were appointed ecclesiastical judges, and laymen dealt with matters of doctrine and worship. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the primer which contained the rudiments of the Book of Common Prayer was issued by the king alone. The first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. apparently was not submitted to Convocation; nor was the second Prayer-Book of that reign, which is in all substantial respects that which we now use. It was put forward by the authority of Parliament, and Convocation was not permitted to pass judgment upon it. At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the great Acts which

re-established the Reformation, and restored the whole power over religion to the Crown, were passed without consulting the Convocations. Parliament passed a Bill on public worship, not merely without Convocation, but while Convocations were inhibited from making any canon, and were passing resolutions in favour of the Papacy.

From the Reformation to the Great Rebellion, the power of Convocation was *nil*, except so far as it framed the canons of 1603 and 1640; the former of which are nearly all obsolete, opposed to subsequent Acts of Parliament, and therefore inoperative, or sanctioned only by excommunication, which there is no procedure for expressing; the latter of which are repudiated. From the meeting of the Long Parliament for nearly two centuries, Convocation was not allowed to meet for despatch of business, except (1.) in 1689, when at the time of the Revolution, and after the Toleration Act had been passed without consulting them, they were invited to co-operate in a measure intended to give greater comprehension to the Church, and responded to the invitation by inactivity and sullen resistance; and (2.) during the first seventeen years of last century, after which it was laid aside, and remained closed with the universal acquiescence of the nation for one hundred and thirty-five years. Even since their revival in 1853, Parliament has passed Acts relating to the Church and public worship without reference to them.

It ought to be remembered that Convocations are simply assemblies of the clergy; that they are provincial and not national: they do not even represent the clergy, and their relations to the laity are utterly indefinite. From the nature of things they are only fitted to discuss and consider clerical interests.

Now, in respect of this summary of the history of Convocation and its constitutional position, it is certainly worth while to recall it, if there is any settled design to assert the exclusive right of Convocation or the clergy to deal with the rubrics and the ritual of the Established Church. If a collision is to occur, it ought to be clearly understood whose voice is paramount, and the Edinburgh Reviewer may in that view have done good service. But Convocation is now an established institution, and the circumstance of Parliament including members of all denominations, and of no denomination at all, militates against its fitness to legislate upon these subjects without the means and opportunity at least of consultation with ecclesiastical authorities. Whenever we come to Church matters, we cannot too strongly deprecate the raising of any unnecessary party division, either as between Liberal and Conservative, or as between lay and clerical, with regard either to the maintenance or the government of the Church. We cordially agree with Sir S. Northcote that it is undesirable to give a party character to any proceedings in defence of the union between Church and State, and very wise to take every occasion to diminish any occasions of friction between them. It is easy to believe that, with ordinary wisdom on both sides, both in Parliament and in Convocation, the existence and co-operation of the latter may greatly facilitate the progress of the promised settlement of 1875. Convocation has not placed itself on the side of the Ritualists; nor has it shown any undue eagerness to question the supremacy of lay power. It allowed the Judicature Act of 1873 to pass without any protest, under which a purely secular tribunal will be the ultimate court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases, in lieu

of one which is partly lay and partly clerical. With a lay court of appeal, and a new lay court established by the Act of 1874, and a Parliament composed as at present, there will be no disposition to dispute the just influence of Convocation in Church settlements; and the strong attack of the 'Edinburgh Review' will probably, in the result, only be useful so far as it may impede any attempts to assert any extravagant and untenable claims. The fusion of parties and interests in sup-

porting and maintaining the existing Church of England is the object to aim at, if we wish, in Mr Disraeli's language, to exhibit "to Europe the example of a State which has solved the great political problem, by combining order and liberty; and which, if some of those troubles which are anticipated may occur, will, while it still vindicates the principle of religious liberty, not shrink from proclaiming the principle of religious truth."

AGATHON.

AWAY with me to Athens, Agathon !
 Again we pause in idle mood to see
 Great Pheidias' pupils shape the marble fair,
 Where perfect forms by Art from chaos won,
 And garments broad and free
 Stand cool and clearly limned in violet air,—
 Statues and workmen in such beauty clad,
 We cannot pause to judge but are divinely glad.

Bright Agathon, once more I challenge thee ;
 The shade has reached the wrestlers, 'tis the time
 For merry play and contest. Hark ! with sound
 Of laughter rippling, pausing daintily,
 What shouts of welcome chime !
 Young Charmides methinks doth take the ground,
 Or naked Lysis fresh from eager game
 Draws down the strigil light o'er breast and limbs aflame.

There will we lie and listen, too, for know
 I spied but now amid the olive-trees
 That strange old face you loved a while ago ;
 Ay, it was Socrates !
 Or else a satyr by some god's gift wise
 Leered through the dusky leaves to mock our dazzled eyes.

O that gay supper when he lay by me,
 And talked and talked, till I was wild with joy
 Of thinking bright new thoughts, nor cared to see
 The dancing girl from Corinth nor the boy
 Who bore the wine-jar to us,—and 'twas good
 To see thee lie and laugh at my unwonted mood.

O Agathon, and how we burned that day,
With Æschylus' great chorus in our ears,
To see our queenly vessels far below
Ride down and dash to foam the quiet bay,
And thine eyes turned to mine were filled with tears,
And thy fair face aglow,
For the old bard who fought at Marathon,
And that our sires were brave when Salamis was won !

My friend, canst thou call back our friendship's dawn,
What time I checked my horse on yon steep road,
Where the slow pageant moved in order mete,
And boys from lowland lawn
Passed upward to the shrine with fragrant load,
When 'mid all voices thy voice sang so sweet
That as I heard my joy was almost pain,
And many deemed I was Harmodius come again ?

Vain, vain—the hope is vain !
Our skies are dull, and through the ragged firs
A slow cold wind is blowing. Far away
From driving clouds and rain
A joyous breeze the rich Ægean stirs,
And o'er the dimpling waves light sea-birds play ;
But no queen Athens in her beauty bare
Bathes warm with golden hue in the deep violet air.

The city of the pleasant gods is cold ;
No more the mellow sunlight streams
On naked rocks that spring to marble rare ;
Temples and legends old
Are empty as a poet's vanished dreams ;
And though we hear the dawn was wondrous fair,
Yet by no flash of art nor labour slow
Can we bring back the light that faded long ago.

Bright Agathon, we cannot strive with time ;
The shadows steal around us, and from far
Grows in our ears the moan of ocean gray :
Weak hand nor feeble rhyme
Can charm again that spirit like a star
That rose awhile o'er Hellas. Stay, O stay,
Sweet friend ! I cannot bear the days to be.
Ah ! Hermes, give him back ! Must he too fade from me ?

THE FRENCH CHAMBER AND THE SEPTENNATE.

FRENCH politics always present a certain interest, and, at the moment when the Chamber meets again after four months of holiday, that interest becomes temporarily greater, if it be only from curiosity to see what new surprise is to be administered to spectators. We are told that there will be a message from the President insisting on the immediate adoption of the Bills which are to fix his powers; but, as the attempt to regulate those powers has been made already and has altogether failed, it seems scarcely likely that it will be made again, or that, if made, it will succeed better than before. France is, however, as has often been remarked here, the country of all others in which probabilities are never realised, and in which unforeshadowed events are precisely those which habitually come to pass. According to the successive probabilities which have arisen since the war, Monarchy ought to have been proclaimed at Bordeaux; then a Republic ought to have been proclaimed at Versailles; then M. Thiers ought to have remained President; and then Henry V. ought to have become king. But all these coming events disappeared one after the other; and at this moment we are left with only two eventualities before us—the Republic or the Empire,—all else have vanished out of sight. At least all else *seems* to have disappeared; for on the same principle of the regular occurrence of impossibilities, used-up chances may float again—Henry V. may yet be crowned at St Denis, M. Thiers may be appointed Doge, or the Comte de Paris may move down the Faubourg St Honoré from his present house to the Elysée. Not one of these

results is likely; but who shall venture to assert that not one of them will occur?

It happens, however, that just now the French Chamber is thinking of the present a good deal more than of the future. The Left wants a dissolution—the Right refuses; the Left thinks that new elections would open out the future to a declared republic—the Right thinks it may just as well sit on in the present Chamber. If it were safe to prophesy at all, it might be predicted that the first fight of the session will take place on this point, and that the Left will probably be beaten, as it has been already beaten on the same question. This probability that the dissolution will be once more vigorously rejected, gives a special interest to the precisely contrary idea of “septennialising” the Chamber which was first formed in August by one of the ablest members of the Right Centre. By that scheme the Chamber would declare that it intends to go on sitting as long as the Septennate lasts; and, curious as such a notion seems at first sight, the arguments invoked in favour of it by its author are worth examining, for they give an insight into the situation from the stand-point of a French Liberal Conservative. As they have not yet been published anywhere, we may usefully state them here, especially as, though they express only individual views, and though a good deal may be said against them, they have at all events the merit of setting forth very frankly a new suggestion which everybody can understand.

On the north side of the Channel all political movements are effected

by reforms ; on the south side they are invariably produced by revolution. Reforms leave distinct results behind them, which nobody attempts to alter ; but the most violent and unexpected reactions are the usual fruit of revolution. This latter fact is not sufficiently understood in England. Last summer, for example, when the law on universal suffrage was being discussed in the French Chamber, several amendments were brought forward proposing various restrictions of the suffrage. The result was that the English press, applying English theories to France, strongly disapproved these amendments, on the ground that they attacked a definitely acquired principle. This disapprobation was the consequence of a confusion. Universal suffrage is simply an electoral process which sprang into existence with a revolution ; it is not a political institution worked up patiently and laboriously into permanent existence. The English press mistook an accident for a principle. As it knows of no such accident in England, it imagined, without taking account of the violent transformations which France has had to support, that universal suffrage is an indisputable right, whereas it is nothing but an instrument of ambition for a party. The Legitimists first invented it, but turned against it directly it began to send Republicans to the Chamber ; then the Republicans took it up, but they too became disgusted with it when it elected no one but Imperialists ; it is possible that the day may come when the Bonapartists also will find that it no longer serves them, for to them, as to all the others, it is nothing but an expedient, a more or less well-regulated instrument, which they would try to employ hereafter as they did before, but which might not render them the same services

as they have hitherto extracted from it. But universal suffrage does exist for the moment, whatever may become of it in the future, and it is exercising a grave influence on the immediate destiny of France ; it would consequently be worth while to examine its inner nature, in order to appreciate the motives which guide its action. Scarcely anybody, however, is really in a position to make such an examination with precision, and the French press, to which English newspapers naturally refer for information on it, is peculiarly unfit for such a task. Two-thirds of the electors who compose the universal suffrage of France live in country districts, and, in reality, it is they who decide the elections ; but the press knows only the voters in the towns. It is with the latter only that newspaper writers are in communication—it is for them that newspapers are made. Newspapers have a very small circulation in the country, and scarcely ever receive from the rural population any indication of its thoughts, its wishes, or its preferences. In the town districts, and in manufacturing neighbourhoods, a large party has grown up recently—a party of moderate opinions, which has nothing in common with the Radical group ; but which, having become tired of the Empire, and confounding all other monarchical institutions with it, has taken up the Republic, under the impression that nothing else is possible. This group is deceptive, in consequence of its marked qualities ; those who compose it are honourable and intelligent ; but it does not possess the first main element of success in an election—it has not number. The same movement of opinion has also taken place in the large villages, wherever local manufactures have drawn together a community, however small ; and the growth of these two groups

has led the press to think that Republican opinion has spread into the country districts. Nothing is more incorrect.

In the rural communes, where the population is thin and scattered, everybody knows everybody else; from birth to death everybody leads the same existence as his neighbour, and lives under his neighbour's eye. The result is that two sets have naturally formed themselves, not according to political opinion, but according to the personal habits of each one. All those who are respectable and decent hold together, while the black sheep make up a band of their own; *ce qui se ressemble s'assemble*. The same families have lived for years in the same circle of habit and old acquaintance; friendships and hatreds date back often for several generations; and the one effect of political revolutions on such a state of society is to aggravate social and personal dissidences and hostilities by suddenly conferring municipal influence and power on each of the two camps alternately. The second camp has adopted the Radical Republic, because it promises socialism; the first group, by instinct of self-preservation and by fear of the other band, has become Conservative, which means anti-Republican. The real key to the future action of universal suffrage lies in the dispositions and intentions of these rural anti-Republican electors, for they at all events have number on their side. The destiny of France depends on them just now.

Before 1848 there really was a Conservative party in France, with leaders, organs, and a powerful organisation based upon the community of conviction of its members. That party was earnestly attached to constitutional monarchy, which it considered to be the only possible form of parliamentary government;

and it sincerely endeavoured to insure its regular working by ministerial responsibility, by electoral liberty, by freedom of the press. The Revolution of February drowned that party in the sea of universal suffrage; the wreck seemed to be complete: but, notwithstanding the Revolution, the Conservative party remained strong and powerful. It was naturally hostile to the Republic, first, because it had upset a state of things to which the Conservatives were attached; secondly, because the attempt to establish the Republic produced all kinds of disorder in the country, and caused legitimate apprehension to everybody who had anything to lose. The result was that the larger portion of the Conservative party threw itself into the Empire; not because the imperial constitution pleased it; not because it saw in the Empire any satisfaction for its opinions or its wishes; not because it was content or satisfied with the acts of Napoleon III.; but because it found in the establishment of the Empire a momentary security which it could not obtain from the Republic. The events of four years ago once more rallied the Conservatives; they clustered around those of their representatives who had protested, throughout the Empire, against the destruction of public liberties; the elections of 1871 supplied evidence of this movement. The turn of the party seemed to have arrived at last; the entire country carried to the front place one of its former chiefs, from whom it expected—and from whom it thought it had a right to expect—a new reconstitution in some monarchical form. M. Thiers did not realise the hopes then formed; he refused to make a Monarchy, and he turned towards the Republic; but the prestige which surrounded him, the esteem which his experience provoked, were so

real and strong, that the Conservatives, still trustful, though astonished, continued steadily to follow him. They were at first so strong that the Republicans were obliged to flatter them, and to try to get round them by their old weakness—fear of revolution. The Republicans said to them: “The chief of the State is with you; you have the direction of the affairs of the country; we do not wish to take it from you; we are satisfied to live under a government of the form we desire; we ask no more. Observe, however, that if you vote against the Republic, which exists *de facto*, you will change the situation; it will be you who will then become revolutionary, and we who shall become Conservatives.” The greater part of the Conservatives responded amicably to these advances; but one day, at a certain election, the Government and the moderate party were vanquished together by the Radicals; and then, to the astonishment of everybody, the Government suddenly became fast friends with the very people who had just beaten it. Thereupon the Conservatives abandoned M. Thiers, and replaced him by Maréchal MacMahon, the only president whom the Legitimists would accept. The Maréchal belonged to the Legitimists by his family; but he had been the fellow-soldier of the Orleans Princes in Africa, and he was indebted to the Empire for his military dignities and for the honorific distinctions which he possesses. All the Monarchical parties could therefore hope something from him, for each of them had contributed to his career. The Legitimists tried immediately to use him as their Monck; the rest of the Conservative party, hesitatingly and unwillingly, consented to join in the attempt, which might possibly have succeeded if it had not broken down by the will of the Comte de Chambord. Then

the Septennate was proclaimed; it still constitutes the legal political formula which everybody accepts or professes to accept, excepting the Radicals. What will be its future?

At the elections of 1871, the Bonapartists were beaten everywhere; the few of them who got into the Chamber managed to do so by concealing their opinions; and when, later on, M. Rouher was elected for Corsica, the event attracted but little notice. But the nomination of Maréchal MacMahon, and the breakdown of the attempt to found a Monarchy, largely served the Imperialist party. The great majority of the Conservatives had accepted the Septennate, although they did not at all like the title of President of the Republic which was preserved by the new chief of the executive power; but the proposal to definitely proclaim the Republic, which was made soon afterwards by several deputies, who protested that they were devoted to the Septennate and to the person of the Maréchal, excessively annoyed the Conservatives, who imagined that the new Government which they had created was going to imitate that of M. Thiers and lean towards the Republic. The proposal was rejected by the Chamber, but the effect on the Conservatives was produced; they grew suspicious and discontented, and began to look about for another basis on which they could establish themselves with security, without the constant fear of further surprises. Legitimate monarchy had made itself impossible; constitutional monarchy had abdicated; but the Conservatives were more and more decided not to accept the Republic, and a great many of them leaned once more towards the Empire. The Bonapartists had naturally recognised the advantage they would derive from the election of the Duke

of Magenta to the first post in the State; and, profiting by social relations and old friendships, got hold of the Maréchal in spite of himself, as soon as Henri V. withdrew. "He is with us," was the cry which they adopted, and which they unceasingly repeated to the Conservative party. They carefully abstained from all attack against the Maréchal, his position, or his powers; on the contrary, they stated that his position constituted a useful and advantageous mode of transition, leading pleasantly and naturally to a restoration of the Empire. The Empire was to come back cured by misfortune of all its faults, but bringing with it, in triumph, complete security for material interests and a new era of prosperity. All fear of another revolution being thus suppressed, and the odious Republic being thrown aside, what better solution could the Conservative party desire?

Towards the Democrats, however, the Bonapartists used another language: they told them that the principles of Democracy were identical with those of the Empire; that the Empire had done more for Democracy than all the Radicals in the Chamber put together; that Democracy could not hope to gain so much in any other way as by an Imperialist restoration.

Aided by lucky circumstances, the Bonapartists have, in this way, obtained a success which it would be puerile to deny. The Pas-de-Calais, the Nièvre, the Calvados, have recently elected Bonapartist deputies; the Oise did the same on the 8th November; others will doubtless be elected elsewhere, and we are therefore obliged to ask ourselves a question. As M. Thiers was not a sufficient rampart against Radicalism, and was consequently turned out, will Maréchal MacMahon be a sufficient rampart against Bonapartism?

Obstacles of two kinds oppose themselves to a triumph of the Bonapartists; one class of difficulties is inherent to their peculiar position; the other class is created by the general circumstances of the case. Without speaking of the causes which pulled down the dynasty (the blame of which causes it has to bear), that dynasty rests to-day on the head of a child. What will that child be? Nobody can pretend to say; and the doubt is a very grave one in a case where it is proposed to restore by a child, and for a child, an authoritative *régime*, a *régime* in which the will of the master must be preponderating, if not exclusive. The mother of this child is unpopular; the ministers of his late father are not respected; his hangers-on are needy. These objections are all serious. Furthermore, if the Conservative party prefers heredity to election as the means of selecting the chief of the State, it is because heredity seems to prevent those sudden changes of persons which, in France, have brought about the establishment of the Republican form of government; and a young man, not twenty, cannot be relied on to possess the stability necessary to insure this result. He must marry and have children before the Conservative party can see in him any certainty that this condition will be realised. Until then a monarchy reconstituted in his person would remain exposed to all the uncertainties of life, and would offer no advantage. And this is not all: the French people are so eager for security and quiet, that one of their constant preoccupations is to think about the death of those who govern them, or may hereafter govern them, and to speculate as to their possible successors. That was one of the reasons—the only serious reason perhaps—which was advanced in

favour of the adoption of the "Septennat Impersonnel." If this same calculation be applied to the Napoleon dynasty, it creates a new and special difficulty; for after the Prince Imperial appears Prince Napoleon, the mere mention of whose name is enough to provoke a shiver. Furthermore, the enlightened part of the nation foresees all sorts of new perils following on an imperial restoration; it knows that the Bonapartes, notwithstanding the three invasions to which their defeats have exposed France, still owe such renown as they may continue to possess to the fact that they represent a military idea. What would the nation think, then, if the son of Napoleon III. were to accept the painful consequences which result from his father's faults, if he accepted as a natural hereditary responsibility the obligations which his own father has imposed on France? Such a situation would morally destroy him, and he could get over it in no other way than by preparing for France "a new epoch of adventures." It is not forgotten that all the foreign policy of the Second Empire was directed to the recovery of the Rhine frontier; Napoleon III. never disguised his conviction that he should not consider himself and his dynasty to be solidly established on the throne until the Empire had obtained the Rhine for France. This dream has disappeared, and is replaced by vain regret at the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. But as the Imperial Government disturbed Europe for twenty years with its aspirations after what it called the "natural frontiers" of France, could it wait in peace and patience till the moment comes to win back the provinces which it lost? Even if it wished to wait, could it possibly delay? It would be pressed upon all round; it would stagger under the responsi-

bility of the recent dismemberment of the soil; it would be fatally dragged on to a premature war, of which, unhappily, it is easy to prophesy the issue.

Finally, it may be remarked that, in the actual situation of France, an Imperial restoration could only be brought about by a *coup d'état*—that is to say, by employing force against existing legal powers. Such an attempt would not be easy; it has succeeded twice already, because the Bonapartists have either obtained strong accomplices beforehand, as was the case on the 18th Brumaire, or because they had the keys of the house in their pocket as on the 2d December; but this time the conditions would be different. Neither *Maréchal* MacMahon nor the present Chamber can be expected to become an accomplice or a traitor; and that is why the Septennate is a real barrier in the way of the Empire. It must not, however, be imagined that this barrier would retain its force if the form of the Septennate were modified—it is the Septennate in its present state which alone can secure temporary security; new elections might change the dispositions of the Chamber, and then all would once more become doubt and danger.

The Septennate has not been established exclusively as a bar to a restoration of the Empire; M. Thiers, when he was President, was in the habit of painting, in very vigorous colours, the character of the different parties which divide the country against itself, and of adding somewhat triumphantly, "I am here on purpose to prevent them from eating each other up." This same thought actuated, on the 24th of May, the deputies who upset M. Thiers, because M. Thiers was manifestly sacrificing to one single party, which had gained him

over, all the other parties which he had promised to respect; and the same thought decided the majority on the 20th of November 1873 to create the Septennate. By this last act the Chamber has abandoned a portion of its sovereignty; but this sacrifice appeared to it to be necessary in order to obtain a sufficiently long truce between the hostile parties which were fighting for power. Having called the Septennate into existence, the next best thing to do was to organise it, to adopt certain laws, without which it would remain little more than a name; and the Ministries which have succeeded each other since the 20th of November have endeavoured to persuade the Chamber to vote that organisation. M. de Broglie and M. de Fourtou failed, one after the other, in this attempt; it remains to be seen whether the present Cabinet will be more successful. In order to form an opinion as to the probability of this, it is essential to look at some elements of the object which we have not yet considered.

Amongst the questions which have been most frequently discussed in France during the last eighty years, is that of the nature of the Constituant power; but nearly all that has been said about it would have been unnecessary if it had been recognised that that power ought to be essentially different, in its origin and its authority, from legislative power properly so called. A legislative Assembly coming together after a Constituant Assembly, elected in the same manner as itself, necessarily asks why its powers should be limited, while those of its predecessor were unlimited. It asks how it can be that it, just elected, and therefore representing the exact present state of popular opinion, should not exercise the same power as the Assembly whose place it has

taken. The electors who have chosen the second Assembly will be quite disposed to support its claim to exercise the same rights as its predecessor; for universal suffrage is absolute, and can produce none but absolute results: it is the manifestation of the will of everybody, and its rights extend to the representatives whom it elects. The will of universal suffrage admits no limits either in its origin or in its expression; it admits neither restraints nor counterpoise; it is a resolute unity, which absorbs everything, contains everything, and leaves out nothing. The result is, that every Assembly elected by universal suffrage is thereby invested, theoretically, with every kind of power, both Constituant and legislative; and that is why M. Naquet said, with much exactness, that if the Republic were established on the basis of universal suffrage, it would only be a "provisoire permanent." No constitution can be considered to be safe under such conditions: the momentary inclination of the Assembly becomes the sole principle of everything; all sorts of power become mixed up together. The Left felt this when it refused to vote a constitution for the Septennate, and insisted on a dissolution of the present Chamber, and on new elections, which would produce another Chamber independent of the Septennate.

To constitute the Septennate at all, it is essential to maintain the next Chamber in a purely legislative capacity, and to prevent it from becoming Constituant; and how can that be managed if the next Chamber has identically the same origin as the present one, without any difference in the manner of election? Why should this one be Constituant and the other not? Having the same origin, they ought to possess the same facul

ties, and this is so evident to everybody that no one seriously pretends that the next Chamber will respect the decisions of this one; on the contrary, every one believes that its first act will be to upset all the barriers which the disappeared authority of the present Chamber will have sought to set up in the way of its omnipotence. It is evident that if the majority of the new Chamber is either Legitimist, Bonapartist, or Radical, that majority will instantly proclaim the Monarchy, the Empire, or the Republic, and will put an end to the truce called the Septennate.

That is where the danger is, and the danger is so real that it has been proposed to bestow on the chief of the State the power of dissolving the Chamber; that is to say, to give to him a truly royal prerogative, contrary to the theory and practice of republicanism, but in which it is supposed that the only possible check to the sovereignty of a Chamber elected by universal suffrage would be found. It is, however, difficult to comprehend how any real value can be attached to such a combination. It is all very well for hereditary monarchs to exercise the right of dissolving Parliaments: they have on their side both tradition and the constitution of their country, and the Chamber which they dissolve is not elected by universal suffrage. The late Emperor, it is true, by the constitution of 1852, could dissolve the Corps Législatif, which was so elected, although he, the Emperor himself, was also a product of universal suffrage; but then, he had been elected by a vastly larger number of votes than had been given to any member of the Assembly, and consequently possessed a dominant position towards it. No comparison is possible between him and the President of a Republic appointed by a

defunct Assembly, but who would pretend to dissolve another Assembly just fresh made by the universal choice of the country. If, under such circumstances, a conflict arose between the Chamber and the chief of the State, it is evident that, though the latter would have in his favour the text of a law, that text would be of very little value in opposition to the will of the entire people expressed distinctly in a recent general election, and represented by a sovereign Chamber supported by public opinion. The chief of the State would either have to give way, or to act on a doubtful right and to employ force against the Chamber, which would probably entail civil war. The disproportion of authority between the two opposed powers would be so evident, that, in order to diminish it, the authors of the project of a constitution for the Septennate have proposed to create a Senate which would share with the President the responsibility of ordering a dissolution. But that scheme is a bad one; for the authority of a Senate created under such conditions, would be annulled by the existence of a new Chamber really representing the country. The one practical and probable result would be the triumph of an omnipotent Convention established on the ruins of the Septennate.

All this, however, in no way means that it is impossible to found a durable constitution for the Septennate. That end would be attained by modifying universal suffrage in such a way that the new Chamber would be unable to assert that it is the *sole* expression of national sovereignty, and that it alone has the right to govern the country. Such a modification could not, however, be carried through the present Chamber excepting by assuming a distinct mastery of the

situation. If the Government itself had threatened to support the dissolution movement, the majority would probably have obeyed it, and would have voted the requisite measures for changing the conditions of suffrage; but that plucky policy has been abandoned, and all that now remains is for the Government to scrape together, if it can, a majority to support its views. The extreme Right and the three Lefts will accept no change in the present organisation of universal suffrage, and the Government has vainly endeavoured to soften their opposition by promising to allow the new Chamber to be elected on the present basis. It has gained nothing by this foolish and unnecessary concession; the extreme Right remains exclusively monarchical, and the Lefts continue to insist on the immediate declaration of the Republic. The three groups of the Left, though they quarrel with each other on so many points, agree, at all events, on this one, that, if they can prevent it, they will not allow the Republic to wait for seven years at the door. So, as the centre Right and the moderate Right do not form a majority against the four other portions of the Chamber, it follows that it is hopeless to attempt to organise the Septennate at all by any of the means which have hitherto been proposed. Every member of the Chamber is convinced of that impossibility, and the Government itself is perfectly aware of it.

There is, however, a plan which would prevent the dissolution of the Chamber, and the possible fall of the Septennate; that plan is the prolongation of the present Chamber for a time equal to the duration of the Septennate. No one can pretend to predict what form of Government would result from a general election; the two currents of opinion which exist upon the question point

to two absolutely different results; the Empire and the Republic are each considered certain by a portion of the population. But in the midst of the struggle between two equally violent parties, what would happen after the fall of the present Government?

The desire for a definitive solution of some sort is scarcely a sufficient motive for risking the possible consequences which might occur; and, furthermore, it is by no means certain that new elections would inevitably lead to a definitive solution. It might be, after all, that the prophets would be quite wrong, and that the next Chamber would be cut up, like the present one, into helpless portions, no one of them strong enough to override the others; if so, new elections would only make the situation worse than it is now, because the one hope of a possible solution would have disappeared.

For these reasons it is fair to urge that the Septennate and nothing else can keep things quiet; that dissolution would mean either a revolution or a continuation of the present dead-lock in a worse form still; and that the Septennate can only be maintained by retaining the present Chamber, and by making its existence correspond with that of the Septennate itself. If this last view be once admitted, certain consequences ensue. The first of them would be the absolute necessity of restricting new elections for vacant seats; for if those elections are to be continued indefinitely, some party or other will end by obtaining a majority in the House, in which case all the dangers which have been set forth here as a consequence of the convocation of a new Chamber, would arise in the present one. A reasonable argument may be advanced in favour of the suspension of supplementary

elections. This Chamber was elected by *scrutin de liste*; that manner of election is its essential basis; but as no such form of voting is possible when there is only one deputy to elect at a time, it follows that all the single deputies who are elected, are chosen on a totally different basis from that on which their colleagues, the original members, were named. To avoid this inconsistency, all partial elections should be delayed until a certain minimum number are required in a department, so that the *scrutin de liste* can be once more effectively applied.

But as the permanence of an omnipotent Assembly is contrary to all regularity of Government, the duration of the sessions ought to be reduced, the Chamber should limit its discussions to real business, and should stop the salary of its members while they are not sitting.

To all this, however, there are numerous objections. It will of course be argued that the suspension of all further elections amounts, in fact, to a confiscation of the national will for the benefit of the present Chamber; it will be said, that as the temper of the country is showing itself by separate elections to be hostile to the present Chamber, that Chamber coolly suppresses those elections because they are disagreeable; it will be asked how the Maréchal and his Government, who have constantly insisted on the necessity of organising the Septennate, can suddenly abandon that idea and join the majority in doing nothing; it will be argued that, even if such an impossibility were to come to pass, even if the Chamber were to decide that it will sit as long as the Septennate lasts, no solution would have been obtained—the difficulty would simply be postponed; it would come up again in six years in a still worse

form—for, at that time, both Chamber and Septennate would be dissolved together, and what would happen then? For these reasons it will be urged that the Septennalisation of the Chamber is an unrealisable idea.

To these objections there are answers. The powers which this Assembly holds are unlimited both in duration and in nature. The position of this Chamber is altogether exceptional, for no law applies to it. It can do precisely what it likes, for it is not bound by precedents, rules, or usages. If it is in opposition with the will of the country (which pretension is in no way proved), it would not become more so by continuing to sit for six years longer. The argument that further elections could be suspended because their supposed results would be disagreeable to the majority, may be fairly answered by again referring to the regulation of the *scrutin de liste*, which was imposed at the last general election by the Government of the 4th September, which has been abandoned since, and which can only be applied once more when several elections are to take place in the same department. The Right may therefore logically tell the Left that its motive in stopping further elections is not at all because they are "disagreeable," but solely because it wishes those elections to be made in conformity with the only rule which refers to the present Chamber, that of enforcing the *scrutin de liste*. As to the abandonment of the project of giving a constitution to the Septennate, that, after all, is a question of material possibility; if the Chamber refuses to constitute, no influence can force it to do so; but if it will not *constitute* it can *organise*, and can carry out in that lesser form the engagement which it has contracted towards the Maréchal to insure the proper work-

ing of his power during seven years. The Chamber is as much bound towards the Maréchal as towards its own electors; and it has no right to risk the destruction of its own handiwork—the Septennate—by new elections, if by prolonging its own existence it can honestly carry out the stipulations which it has made with the Maréchal. To do the contrary would be to imitate the man who jumped into the river in order to avoid getting wet in the rain.

The country requires rest, and by this means it would obtain six quiet years. And as for the parties who are fighting for power, they could not deny that such a plan would supply the fairest means of enabling the country to judge calmly and maturely what is the form of government which it shall ultimately adopt.

Such are the views of one of the leaders of the Right Centre. There is a good deal in them that is very true and honest: but there is a manifest holding on to the pleasant present, to the agreeable place of deputy; and it may be observed, in the most friendly spirit, that that disposition of mind is not quite a safe guide in such a position as that which France now occupies. It might be an excessively wise act to retain the present Chamber for six years longer, but the probabilities seem to tend the other way; for we, who are looking on from far, can plainly see that this Chamber is helpless and discredited: we are therefore less disposed than the members of the Right to desire that it should have half-a-dozen sessions more. Besides, as has been already said, it does not appear to be at all proved that new elections would really give a decisive majority to either the Radicals or the Bonapartists; it does seem clear—so far, at least, as anything can

seem clear in France—first, that the Royalists, of both sections, will have scarcely any voice in the next Chamber; secondly, that the Radicals are losing ground and that the Bonapartists are gaining votes; but that is about all that can be said with reason, and that does not suffice to justify the expectation that a fresh Chamber would necessarily attain either a Republican or an Imperialist solution. Why, then, do the Conservatives shrink so nervously from the idea of a general election? The reason is, that everybody in France who has anything to lose, has gradually acquired the habit of regarding with terror any change whatever. This feeling is carried to such a point, that these very Conservatives who now loathe even the name of a Republic would, in all probability, hesitate to throw over a Republic, if they had one. The whole essence of the ordinary Conservative of France is to let well alone, to keep things quiet for to-day; he has no convictions, he follows no line of action, he has no principles to guide him; his one cry is, “No revolution.” Of course he has large excuses for this timid, empty shuffling; he has gone through a good deal during the last eighty years, and he remembers it; but instead of growing vigorous and strong from his hard experience, he has been emasculated and enfeebled by it. In France the Conservatives have no party; the only rule they know is—each one for himself; although the Radicals and the Imperialists set them an admirable example of what party action ought to be, and merit by their energy the accusation that “they have replaced patriotism by partiotism.”

The arguments which we have just repeated here are a product of this state of mind; they are put forward by men of much intelli-

gence and high honour; but who are so habituated to the notion that their sole chance of peace is to keep jealously what little they possess, that they cannot make up their minds to go in energetically to the struggle, and to employ heartily and manfully the same means as their opponents use, in the hope that by pluck and resolution they will win even more than they have now. The system of hand-to-mouth is the only one they know; there is nothing long-sighted in their views; their imagination never produces anything bigger or better than a stop-gap.

It is indeed deplorable that a great cause should be served in this way; and, especially, that this miserable poverty of will and action should exist precisely in the very country in which Conservatives, if they did their duty, should show the boldest face, the completest organisation, and the most resolute policy. Nowhere is there more need of cohesion, order, and unity of purpose than in France, and yet it is the land where those qualities are most unknown. This scheme of septennialising the Chamber is ingenious, but its adoption would be, in our eyes, an act of useless poltroonery; we cannot comprehend that big difficulties can be got over by little means; our national temper leads us to go to the front and have it out; and as, after all, questions of this sort involve universal principles, and are not solely French, we may disagree with the author of this plan without exposing ourselves to the occasionally well-founded accusation which he makes against the English press, of talking about things that we do not understand.

And in addition to these general considerations, it seems to us that as the two royal heirs have left the field, and as no monarchical solu-

tion is open for the moment except the Empire, the French Conservatives might, practically and wisely, accept the Empire, and use their votes to bring it back. Ever since the war, we have expressed here the opinion that an Imperial restoration will take place, and even if it be only a temporary and not a final solution, it will at all events give momentarily to those trembling politicians a greater and more solid peace of mind than Septennates or Republics can bestow upon them. Furthermore, it is not impossible that the Empire might really turn out to be a good Government; it would be on its best behaviour for years to come; it could not afford to make mistakes: the very disasters through which it has just passed would pitilessly keep it straight. The Right Centre, and the group of electors which it represents, are, however, opposed to a third Empire, for the double reason, that they mistrust Imperialism, and that they continue to dream passively of a presidency or statholderate of the Duc d'Aumale, as a first step towards the revival of constitutional monarchy, in the person of the Comte de Paris, when his obstructive cousin, M. de Chambord, shall be no longer in the way. This vision is most respectable and most correct; in theory it is the one which fits in best with the principles of orderly government; but whatever be its merits, its realisation seems, just now, to be particularly difficult.

According to all recent experience, power can only be won in France by resolutely seizing it; it is not to be attained by standing silently out of sight and waiting till you are called for. During the last thirty years, the French people have allowed themselves to be laid hold of and appropriated by anybody who has had the skill or the audacity to declare himself their master; but

there has been no example since 1830 of their running after a pretendant to offer him the throne. That they will change their ways does not appear to be very likely; and if they did show any sign of readopting the inert Orleans family, the tendency would instantly be opposed by the combined forces of the Radicals and the Imperialists, who constitute the only vigorous, organised factions in the country. Great as are the qualities of the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris, they have no political position whatever; they have taken the greatest pains to avoid acquiring any position; they have no backers; for the timid theorists of the Right Centre, and the old friends who have remained faithful to the Orleans family, cannot be said to really constitute a party. These excellently-intentioned men go on, like Mr Micawber, expecting that "something will turn up," but they never make the slightest effort to twist luck their way; they look on in fear of what is coming, and trust to fate to avert danger somehow, and to convert it into success for their desires. And while they wait, their enemies are hard at work intriguing, organising, proselytising, and winning votes. The Constitutional Monarchists have put their boat ashore above high water mark, and, while their rivals are all out fishing actively, they sit sleepily on the beach like lotos-eaters, and sing, "There is no joy but calm." The crown of France is not to be won in that way.

Still, repeating what we have so often said about the uncertainties of events in France, this may, perhaps, after all, be the right road to follow. The more incomprehensible and insufficient be the means employed, the more fitted may they be to produce results. If the right centre

is acting on that conviction, then its persistent hibernation assumes the character of crafty policy, its torpor becomes vigour, its self-effacement conceals unsuspected skill. All this, however, is contrary to our experience and our notions; we remain under the impression that when energy is real we see it struggling, that when consequences are coming we see their causes working. It is that impression which has led us to believe that the future of France belongs to one or other of the only two parties who are seriously fighting for it, and that the Orleanists will be thrust aside without ceremony or civility.

It is a vast pity to be obliged to think so. It would be infinitely pleasanter to be able to anticipate the return to power of a Government somewhat like our own, of a Government which would respect all liberties, and be respected in return; but, can we reasonably look forward to anything of the kind? Of course, on the theory that impossibilities do precisely come to pass in France, this impossibility may come off too; but so long as chances can continue to be estimated and compared, there will be no crown yet for Louis Philippe II.

The Septennate may perhaps last on; the present Chamber may manage to subsist a little longer; more idle schemes may be put forward by honest men; but there will be no solution of the difficulties of France until the Conservative party is resolutely organised, and has taken resolutely its place in the strife. As, unhappily, there seems to be no prospect of any such event, all that we can do is to look on, with deep interest, at the fight between the Radicals and the Imperialists, and rejoice that the latter, at all events, do know how to defend their cause.

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